Songbird

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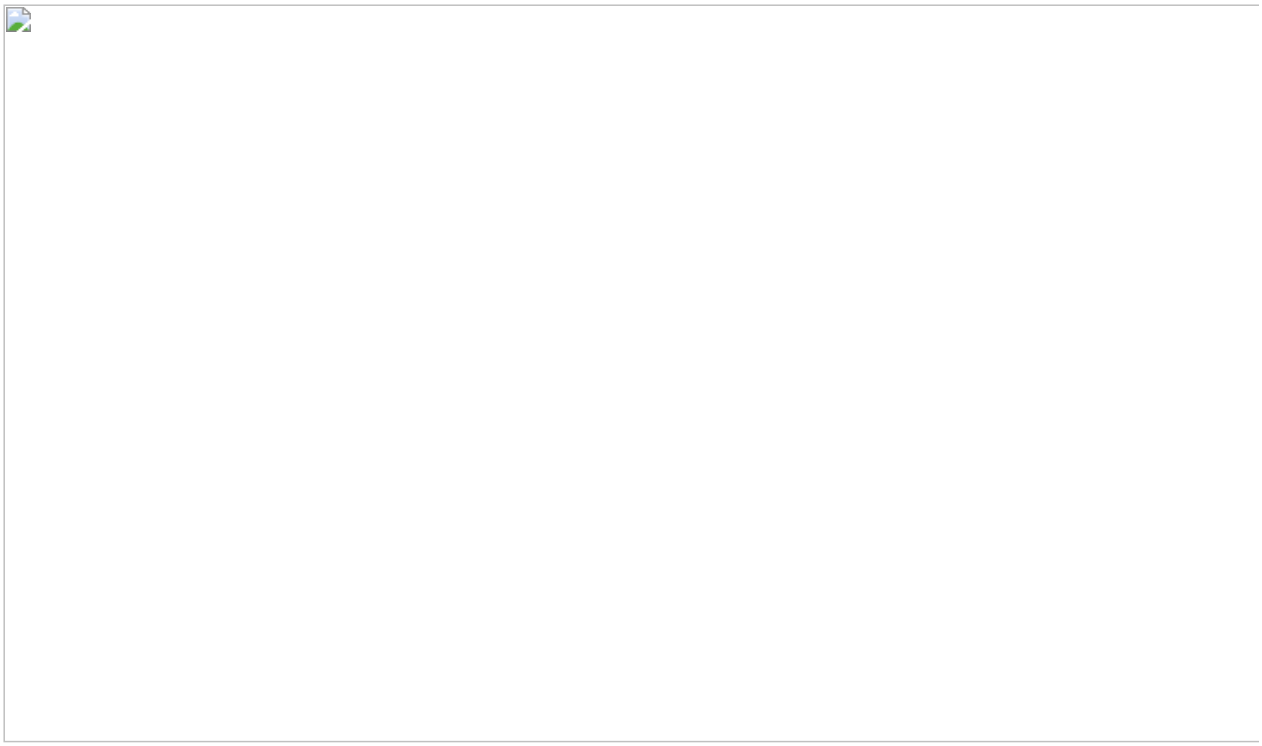
by AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened, Identically_Different

Summary

Hannibal Lecter just moved to New Orleans for a fresh start. He never imagined that he'd find the most remarkable and rarest of Omegas there. Restraint on such a rare breed is almost more than even Hannibal can handle as he realizes he can't live without Will Graham.

Chapter 1



After finding himself in need of a change of scenery, Hannibal flew to the States from Italy. The Alpha had thought long and hard over exactly where he would go and had decided on New Orleans, Louisiana. It was in the southern region, and he knew that the area lended itself to a high volume of tourists. It would be more than ideal for what he had in mind there. Apart from that, the unique environment would be beneficial for blending in, which is something he wanted to do. While the locale's party scene did not appeal to the elegant forty-one year old doctor, it was rich in French history and had enough going on there that it would serve to be a great source of amusement and opportunity. A mate, was not one something he was seeking out, however, even as a unbonded Alpha. He'd simply never found an Omega that appealed to him. If he ever were to form that lifelong bond, it would have to be someone truly rare and beautiful. A partner worthy of his company and affections.

Once Hannibal had arrived, he procured a home close to the water, but not directly in the city. He wanted to have a bit of privacy so that he might indulge in his extra curricular activities as he pleased without interruption. It was a stunning three bedroom brick house; lavish with formal areas including a foyer, grand staircase, library, solarium, and of course a gourmet eat-in kitchen. As for work, he had opened a private practice in the city and saw only a small number of patients, on a case by case basis. The doctor had a strict screening process and often refused banalities such as general depression, or marriage counselling, though there were exceptions from time to time.

Tonight, dressed in a cream striped three piece suit, the doctor had decided to the Mardi Gras parade. It, of course, was not something he would ordinarily attend but he needed to get his appetite back and it should prove to have a bevy of ingredients to choose from there. He did enjoy a good hunt. The fact that most everyone in attendance would be too intoxicated or otherwise occupied to notice his presence or actions, was merely an added bonus.

Hannibal arrived, parking his Bentley a ways back from the commotion and began leisurely strolling the streets, keeping his keen eyes peeled for any prospects. He'd perused the French Quarter for a while when his adept nose lead him closer to the water, picking up the usual smell of fish and insects. Walking closer, the older man began picking something else up and inhaled deeply, realizing then just what the fragrance was: an Omega, male, young and unclaimed. Ordinarily, he would not give it another thought, he was a purebred Alpha and could control such impulses but this particular Omega's aroma was delightful. Whoever this was smelled of lavender and just a hint of citrus undertones; piquant and sweet with a bite of power. It wafted through the air, overpowering Hannibal's senses. This was the first time ever that he'd felt so drawn to the pull of an Omega. *Intriguing* . Suddenly, the doctor was more interested in finding the source of the intoxicating scent than continuing to look for ways to expand his palette. There would always be time for that.

As Hannibal walked closer to the docks, staying somewhat out of sight, he discovered exactly where the scent was coming from. It was from a lithe young man, perhaps no older than eighteen, who was evidently watching the parade from afar. The fact that he

was alone and away from the crowd indicated to Hannibal that he most likely was not the sociable type. The good doctor continued to watch stealthily, when the clouds happened to part for a moment, giving the full moon the honor of bathing the young man in it's soft white light. Only then did Hannibal have the chance to drink in the boy's features more accurately. He stood in awe then, observing shaggy chocolate tresses that seemed to scatter like feathers in the breeze, and noted the sea blue of his eyes that stared off into the distance, before finally settling his own golden gaze on the plush rosy lips. The Omega was breathtaking and more beautiful than any work of art that Doctor Lecter had *ever* seen.

Still, the Alpha knew he could not simply approach the boy haphazardly, especially not in the dark of night and with his all too obvious need for solitude. No, this would require finesse, and as such the doctor merely walked close, pretending to be taking in the water for a while. Once a suitable amount of time had passed, he neared, and finally turned to face the exquisite young man.

"Forgive me, I do not wish to disturb you, I was not aware anyone else was out here," Hannibal apologized, his tone soothing and his amber eyes warm.

The young man turned his gaze down to the man on the ramp below him. He was seated on the side of his father's boat, where they lived. Having just graduated high school, the kid was off the suppressants until he could get into college, which his father told him was unlikely, given their situation.

Simply watching the other man, and scenting him out, the boy decided against answering. An unmated, older Alpha was never a good sign, and his father warned him about them, how they were often very traditional, would hold and keep an Omega at home.

"My name is Doctor Hannibal Lecter, I mean no harm," the Alpha said, smiling. He naturally saw the boy scenting him and wished to let him know he was not like other Alphas, since it was already clear he was not like other Omegas. Most Omegas, by now, would be tripping over themselves to garner his attention but this young man was not, which only served to make him more intriguing. Hannibal was patient and began walking a few paces back. "Nonetheless, I wish you a good evening."

The boy turned his gaze away, not meeting the doctor's eyes. "Doctor of what?"

Hannibal stopped and flitted his eyes over the boy's profile as he sat on the side of the boat. "Of the body, as well as the mind, though I only focus on the latter as of late. I am a psychiatrist and I have a private practice in town."

"Can…" the young man bit his lip and froze up a little, "My dad drinks too much. Don't s'pose you can fix that?"

"Unfortunately, your father would need to be willing to allow me to assist him with his addiction. I would certainly be willing to offer my services, should he be agreeable," Hannibal answered, walking one step forward, seeming as though it were more to be heard better.

"He won't," the brunet sighed, and looking back toward the boat, where his father passed out just inside the cabin. They were supposed to have watched the parade together. He looked back at the doctor. "I'm Will."

"A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Will," Hannibal nodded, almost in a elegant bow. Judging from the way the young man kept looking back towards the boat's cabin, he became aware that his father was inside. "I could take a look at him, if you wish, to ensure he has not incurred alcohol poisoning."

"He'll be mad if you wake him," Will said with a shake of his head. His father was a decidedly, burly Alpha, and not the nicest of persons.

"We would not want that, would we, Will?" Hannibal smiled, walking over to the ramp. "If you desire my assistance, I promise to do my best to avoid waking your father."

Will shook his head. "He'll be fine. He always is. Just sleepin'." Will kept his eyes on the doctor, avoiding any real contact, but making sure he didn't step onto the boat.

"Very well," the doctor began, not walking any further. He didn't want to seem intrusive, not yet, nor risk scaring him away. "Not fond of eye contact, are you, Will?"

"Eyes are windows into the soul, and I see a little more than most," Will explained, having forgone the glasses he usually wore for the evening, not expecting to have a run in with someone else.

"One can learn a great deal from looking into the eyes of another, yes," Hannibal agreed, looking out over the water and then back to Will. "I would assume that is why you have chosen to watch tonight's festivities from here, rather than out amongst the crowd." The empathic young Omega was growing more fascinating by the minute.

"I like it here, by the river. Quieter. I can observe without having to feel," Will explained, hands gripped tight into the rail of the boat.

“It is peaceful here,” The doctor agreed, leaning on the railing casually. “I admit such a festival is not normally to my liking either.”

“You don’t like lavish parties and flamboyant drinking?” Will asked, canting his head at the doctor, trying to get a good read on him, but was starting to find himself overwhelmed by his scent as the man stayed close.

“My tastes lean more to elegant gatherings, I prefer the intimacy,” Hannibal answered, also inundated by the Omega’s pungent scent. Luckily, he was still able to maintain his control. “As for my choice of spirits, I often enjoy a nice glass of wine.”

“Lots of that here, French mostly, you’ll find all the wine bars down the adjacent street from the parade,” Will said, pointing that direction.

Canting his head in the direction he was pointed to, Hannibal nodded. “Are you old enough to enter such establishments, Will?” He was sure it was a subtle hint to either get him to leave, or perhaps for an invitation but he needed to be sure before making a move. The doctor also wanted to make sure the young Omega was of a legal age, he wouldn’t consort with a minor.

“I don’t have to be old enough to know where they are and what they sell,” Will explained, brows furrowed in, grumpily. He bought enough stuff for his dad, everyone in town knew him. “Lived here my whole life, I’m not stupid.”

“Of course not, my apologies, I did not mean to imply you lacked intelligence,” Hannibal assured, offering Will a charming smile. “I am rather new to the area, so I was merely wondering if an experienced native, such as yourself, would do me the honor of being my guide.”

“I can take you, I can’t go in with you,” Will said, and finally, he hopped down the edge of the boat and onto the dock, next to the Hannibal.

“Thank you,” the Alpha doctor said, his nostrils flaring as he took in another dose of the young man’s alluring scent. “I assume your father will remain asleep and will not miss your absence?”

“He won’t wake until morning. If that,” Will murmured, hands deep in his pockets. His father, when not working or getting drunk, had been trying to make Will as pleasing as possible to get him picked up by an Alpha and out of his hair. All Will wanted was to go to college.

“Well I am happy for the company,” Hannibal said, his tone deep and low. He looked the young man over again and started to walk, casually, towards the parade. “What do you do in your free time, Will?” A little small talk was sometimes required to get to know someone, and he wanted to know *everything* about Will.

“I fish, or read.” Will didn’t go into details, he had no reason to, and was starting to wonder if this was another one of his father’s suitors.

“I enjoy reading as well,” Hannibal said, not unaware of the boy’s hesitance. He had known it would be a bit of a challenge getting him to open up, but luckily, it was something he was versed in with his line of work. There were still a lot of people walking and drinking, enjoying parade as they neared the action but Hannibal’s attention was focused solely on the Omega beside him. “Being such an intelligent young man, I’d imagine you have certain ambitions for your life, I would love to hear what those are, should you care to impart them.”

“I wanted to go to college, we haven’t the money though. My dad keeps trying to find me Alphas to bond with so I’ll be out of his hair, instead,” Will spat out, angrily, looking at the ground as they walked, his worn sneakers and Hannibal’s polished dress shoes. “He sent you didn’t he?”

“No. As I mentioned, I am new to the area, it was only by chance that I happened upon you tonight,” Hannibal answered, honestly, head canted over in his direction. He already felt a pull to groom and provide for the young Omega, but knew better than to offer such a thing this early. “You should be free to choose an Alpha on your own and at a time of your choosing, not simply to please your father.” The doctor felt a pang of anger coil in his belly that Will had to endure such a pathetic excuse of a parental figure.

“I’m not. I’m trying to find the means to move away from here, go up east, try to get into school. I wanted to be a police officer,” Will explained softly, only then looking at Hannibal.

Hannibal took a moment then, to admire just how beautiful the young man’s eyes truly were. “A sound plan indeed,” he said, his tone melodic and smooth. “I would imagine such a career would allow you to showcase your strength, prove to the world that you are more than the traditional Omega, yes?”

“Exactly,” Will sighed, taking deep, deep breaths. “No one understands that.”

“I, too, see more than the average person,” Hannibal offered, smiling warmly. “Would you like something to eat or drink?” The Alpha asked as they neared a vender on the side of the street. It was not out of pity but courtesy.

“No,” Will said shaking his head. “I thought you wanted wine?”

“Yes, but I find I desire the pleasure of your company and conversation more,” Hannibal explained, his hands in his suit pants. “If you will allow me to continue enjoying it, of course.”

Will lead Hannibal through the streets and down an alley, and through the back of a small restaurant that was not busy in the slightest. Dirtier maybe than Hannibal was used to, but it was the only place Will liked, as it was quiet and secluded. “They have wine and beer here, food too.”

“I am sure it will be wonderful, if it is to your liking, Will.” True, it wasn’t a place the elegant Alpha would normally frequent, but it hardly mattered with the beautiful boy at his side. After requesting a table, Hannibal walked with the hostess and sat down, thanking her and taking the offered menu. “Please, should you see anything you want, do not hesitate to order it,” he said, quietly, gazing at Will with adoration.

Will ordered hush puppies and shrimp, the only two items he knew he safely had money to pay for, and a glass of water.

The doctor ordered white wine, and smoked salmon with vegetables. Once they’d both finished ordering, he handed the waitress the menus and thanked her graciously. He didn’t try to push Will to order something more, but would have been okay if he had. “Should you ever want to partake of something stronger than water, I would be more than pleased to have you over for dinner at my home. Furthermore, I have a passion for the culinary arts and yet have no one to cook for.”

Will could feel the anxiety of the proposed situation clench in his chest and belly. “I'm only eighteen, Doctor.” Though Will did drink his father's stash often of bourbon and whiskey.

“It would be our secret then,” Hannibal whispered, with a wink. “However, as you are an adult, you are free to make your own choices. No obligation of course.” He didn’t wish to make Will uncomfortable with the proposal but he did hope he might at least consider joining him. The waitress brought over Will’s water and Hannibal’s wine a moment later. Hannibal picked up his glass, lifting it to his nose where he inhaled deeply before taking a slow calculated sip, it’s flavor rushing over his keen tastebuds. Not the worst he’d ever had, but far from the best.

Will took a sip of his water and then clasped his hands together, between his legs, floppy curls in his eyes. “I’m sure you could have any number of Omegas out there tonight who would love to be the test subject of your food and booze, Doctor Lecter. No offense, but I’m…I’m not looking for an Alpha.”

Hannibal chuckled quietly at that and sat his wine glass down, licking his lips contemplatively.

“Perhaps...but none that have caught my eye,” the doctor admitted. “The offer, Will, was for dinner, not to be your Alpha, I merely would like to cook for you, but I would not press it.”

The young Omega flushed, pink blooming through his face and to his ears. Bright blue eyes turned away from Hannibal. “Maybe.”

“A ‘maybe’ is all I could hope for,” Hannibal crooned, noting how the rosy flush brought out Will’s eyes even more. “I hear there are excellent scholarship programs and grants available for University, have you tried applying for any?” the Alpha asked, leaning forward ever so slightly in an attempt to catch the boy’s azure gaze.

“I have, but it’s getting there. I was accepted into George Washington University on the East Coast,” Will explained, taking another sip of his water. “I’m working right now to try and get a plane ticket out there.”

The doctor nodded with understanding and took another sip of his wine, an idea springing to mind. “I happen to be in need of some help restoring my deck, I have limited knowledge in such areas,” Hannibal began. “Naturally, I would be willing to pay you, if you are looking for more work?”

“I do handy work, my dad taught me,” Will replied, feeling less odd about it all than just taking the money. Most Alphas would have handed the money over, but expected payment in bond.

Honestly, Hannibal would have offered the money without any work needed, but Will wasn’t the usual needy Omega, which was preferable to the doctor. “Excellent, I am available tomorrow, as it is a weekend. Would that be agreeable?”

“I could do that. Do you have the supplies?” Will asked, as the waitress set their prepared food down, and the boy dug right into the hushpuppies first.

“I will make sure the supplies and tools are available before you arrive tomorrow,” Hannibal answered, cutting into his salmon. “Shall we say noon?” He watched as Will ate his food eagerly, finding it endearing rather than distasteful. Once cut, he took a small bite of his fish, chewing slowly. *Adequate.*

Will stuffed more into his mouth, a few shrimp, too. Clearly, the Omega was malnourished, underfed. He wiped his mouth with a napkin after some thought, and then nodded at Hannibal. “Noon’s fine. I can be there sooner, honestly.”

If it were up to Hannibal, he would whisk the boy to his home after their meal tonight, so that he might wake to his presence, warm and disheveled in his bed. Another time, perhaps. “Very well, even better. Tell me then, what would be your preferred hour?” The Alpha took a bite of the vegetables next as he awaited Will’s response.

“Dad leaves at eight. I can come then,” Will replied, taking a sip of water. Though they were in a public space, being so close, Will could smell nothing but Hannibal's animalistic scent, spicy and blunt. There was something alluring to it that Will had never experienced before.

Hannibal naturally was an early riser, but he hadn’t anticipated Will being one as well, it was a pleasant surprise and showcased the Omega’s maturity. “That is perfect, Will. Would you like for me to come pick you up, it would be no imposition,” Hannibal offered, sipping his wine. “However, should you prefer to find your own way to my home, I will not be offended in the least.”

“How far out do you live?” Will asked, curious if he could walk it or not.

“About twenty minutes from here, by car,” Hannibal answered, aware that it was much to far to walk for most.

“Oh.” Will shrugged his shoulders. “I can walk it if you give me an address.”

Hannibal borrowed a pen from the waitress who had walked over to refill Will’s water and his wine, and wrote down his address and phone number, handing the pen back right after. Pursing his lips, he hesitated before handing over the slip of paper. “If you insist on walking, I cannot stop you, but I would not mind picking you up. One never knows how the weather will be from one moment to the next.”

“Hopefully nice enough that I can work on your deck,” Will said, and nodded. “Alright, at eight then?” He pushed the last of his food into his mouth.

Hannibal took the last bite of his salmon and gingerly wiped the corners of his mouth with the napkin. “Yes, at eight,” the doctor smiled and handed Will the paper anyways, since he’d written his phone number on it as well. “Incase you find something has come up, please call and let me know.” He would hate to make the trip over only to find Will was unable to go with him back to his place.

Will touched Hannibal’s fingers when he took the paper, and a pulse of liquid desire burned right through his core, making his blood boil. “Thanks.” Will took out his wallet to put money down for his food.

Hannibal felt the charge between them as well, his mind instantly filling with imagery of the boy nude and writhing beneath him. “I will see you in the morning then,” the doctor smiled. “Would you allow me to pay for your dinner? You might consider it a gift in honor of our newfound business agreement and what I hope will blossom into a friendship.”

“This time,” Will said, quietly, and put his money back.

“Thank you, Will,” Hannibal said, and pulled out his tan leather wallet. He placed a crisp one hundred dollar bill on the tray and handed it to the waitress. “I have enjoyed dining with you, but since we will be seeing each other early tomorrow, I should probably see you home after this.”

He wasn’t wanting to be rid of the boy so soon, but he also did not wish to overstay his welcome given Will’s predilection to solitude.

“I can find my way back, if you’re parked close by here,” Will suggested, gathering himself up.

“As you wish,” Hannibal said, the wisp of a smile playing on his lips. The waitress brought over his change and he left a generous tip on the table before standing up. Smoothing down his jacket, he briefly placed his hand on Will’s arm. “Thank you again, for a lovely evening. I will see you in the morning.”

Will nodded, and stuffed his hands into his pockets. “Thank you for dinner, sir.”

The older man chuckled, removing his hand. “You’re welcome, but please, call me Hannibal,” he insisted, looking at the boy’s lips briefly. Still, he appreciated the show of respect. He walked with Will towards the door, opening it so he could pass through first. It wasn’t anything more than a kind gesture on his part.

As Will passed Hannibal first, he caught scent of him, a full waft of it, this time leaning in a little as he did, desire boiling thick in his veins suddenly. He’d heard about these sort of things, but never had experienced one.

Hannibal was able to smell Will’s aroma and his sudden rush of desire, as he’d been passed. It was potent and even sweeter than when he’d first scented him near the bay. Now outside, the Alpha leaned in as well, licking his lips slowly, trying to maintain his

composure. The beast within was threatening to surface as his need for the boy increased. “Will,” he rasped, “I should be on my way…” He wasn’t sure how much longer he could remain passive.

“Can you find your way back?” Will asked, leaning in closer to Hannibal neck, to scent him properly, which warmed him from the inside out, toes curling in his ratty sneakers.

Of course Hannibal *could* find his way back but the opportunity to have more time with Will was tempting. “I should be able to manage, but if you would like to accompany me, to insure I do not become lost, I would be honored,” the doctor answered, quietly. He was feeling quite torn in the moment to say the least, but was enjoying that the young Omega was scenting him, which was evident by the deep Alpha rumble that emanated from his chest.

“The streets can be really confusing,” Will whispered, and touched Hannibal’s arm to lead him toward the alley they had taken to get here.

“It would appear as though they can indeed,” Hannibal murmured, letting Will lead the way. As they entered the alley, the breeze picked up just enough to waft Will’s scent even stronger into his nose. It was so powerful that he actually had to stop in his tracks, just to attempt to calm himself.

“Are you okay?” Will asked, worried, having grown a little attached suddenly to the older man, and he couldn’t quite place why.

“Yes, please pardon the pause,” Hannibal said, looking into Will’s eyes. “If I am honest, I needed to steady myself.” He wanted nothing more than to push him against the brick wall then and there.

He was equally becoming attached, if not more, from the moment he’d first laid eyes on him.

Will knew Hannibal was at least twenty years his senior if not more, and suddenly worried if he were ill. “Here,” Will said, offering up his shoulder, should Hannibal need to lean on him.

Who was Hannibal to refuse such a sweet and appealing invitation, be it chaste or not? He leaned on the boy, not because he needed the aid, but more so that he might have the opportunity to scent him properly. “Thank you, William, you are too kind,” he whispered, getting perhaps a little too close, his nose brushing up against the Omega’s scent gland.

A low purr resounded through Will’s chest, a noise he couldn’t help, nor shut off, and hoped Hannibal didn’t hear it. He kept them walking from the alley and then to the main street once more, back toward the docks.

Hannibal had heard and it pleased him to no end, but he didn’t point it out, not wanting to embarrass the young man. He was almost thankful for the distraction of the crowded street as they walked along it, towards the docks. It was becoming harder and harder to behave and the last thing he wanted was to do something which might impede Will from coming with him to his home in the morning.

“Not sure where you parked, but will you be able to get there on your own from here?” Will asked, looking toward the boat, the light was on, which meant his father was up.

“I will, thank you,” Hannibal said, following Will’s gaze to the lit boat cabin. “I do hope your father will not be angry…” the doctor said, speaking quietly. He was feeling very protective of the boy suddenly.

“He’s probably just using the bathroom,” Will whispered, stepping back from Hannibal, aware he had some of the Alpha’s scent on him now, as he could still smell it as he wandered toward the boat. “I’ll see you in the morning.” Will hopped up and over the railing with agile grace, and slipped inside the boat.

Hannibal had nodded and once Will was inside the boat, he stepped out of sight, listening in case something should go amiss. As he waited in the shadows, he delighted in the fact that he was able to smell the boy on him.

Will closed the door to the cabin behind him, and his father immediately took him by the shoulders and gave him a good sniff. His drunken gaze bore into Will, looking most past him and not at him, unable to keep focused.

“You smell like someone else. Finally doin’ what I told ya to do?” his father snarled, and Will shook his head. “Then what were ya doin’ with an Alpha? Fucking around?”

Again, Will shook his head. “He got lost and I helped him. He offered me job for tomorrow, so I’m gonna do that, too.”

Will’s father stared at him harder, like his inebriated mind was trying to wrap around the situation. “A job from an Alpha, huh?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Good. ‘Bout time you brought money into the house if ya aren’t gonna find a mate,” his father smirked, and then grabbed the bottle of whiskey, and fell back onto the one bed on the boat, taking a swig. “Shut the light out, Will.”

Will nodded once more and did as told, and the light in the boat cabin went out, darkening the dock

Chapter 2

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

The night before, Hannibal had finally left once the boat went dark, not hearing any problems and went home.

It was six in the morning when Hannibal awoke and he'd had breakfast and gotten ready, dressed in a charcoal and maroon suit with a matching tie. He realized then that he had no idea exactly what tools might be needed for the job Will was to perform and as such thought it best to take him to the store on their way to his home.

Two hours later and the doctor was walking up to the dock, looking for Will, who was just stepping off the boat. His father was gone already, but the boy looked far from well rested. He smiled at Hannibal, forgetting that he had told him he could pick him up after all. Will had on a clean t-shirt but his jeans were same, as were the sneakers.

"Mornin'," he murmured.

"Good morning, Will," Hannibal greeted with a warm smile, his amber eyes appearing gold in the sunlight. He noticed then that Will was in the same jeans as last night, and had already made a note to himself to get him some new attire when he thought the boy might be agreeable to the gesture.

"Shall we?"

Will nodded, jumping down from the boat. "Okay."

Hannibal smiled and started walking with Will away from the docks. "You appear tired, Will, did you not sleep last night?"

"I did," Will yawned. "Just not very well. I slept on the floor."

"Why on the floor, William?" Hannibal asked, looking over at him as they reached the main street. The thought was making the doctor angry, but he kept it concealed. The handsome young man deserved only the best.

"Dad was drunk, so I let him have the bed," Will shrugged. "It's not a big deal. He needed the sleep, he had work." Will reasoned, though of course he hated the way his father was to him, but he was working on getting out.

"Very courteous of you," the doctor said out, as they neared his car. "It's the black Bentley, just over there." He wouldn't push the conversation about Will's father, for now he was just elated to have the young man at his side and coming to his home.

Will said nothing else about it and got into the passenger side of the car. He'd only ever been in his father's truck. "This is a nice car…" Suddenly, he felt far too out of place, let alone to be at Hannibal's side.

"Thank you," the Alpha said, looking over at Will. Hannibal assumed that the young man had probably never been in such a fine automobile before, and hoped that if anything it would offer him a taste of what he might have, should he and Will progress later on. After buckling up, he started the engine with the press of a button and backed out. "I am afraid I was not altogether aware of what materials you might need for the deck, so we can go to the hardware store on the way."

"Oh. Do you need the deck resurfaced? Do you need wood? I don't know if you should put those things in your car," Will suggested, looking at the fine leather seats.

"The wood I have procured already, thanks to a patient of mine, however it is the tools and anything else you might require that I am lacking," Hannibal explained, offering Will a smile, placing his hand gently over the young man's hand briefly. "Resurfaced and stained is what I am hoping for."

"Patchwork. You have the stain you want? If so, I need just a few tools," Will managed to get out before a spark nestled itself inside his belly again, sitting there warming him from the inside.

"I do, yes," the doctor replied, his eyes narrowed and practically twinkling with the surge of emotion from the brief contact. He looked back at the road, and continued heading towards the hardware store that was just another few blocks away. "Did you have breakfast, Will? I would not want you doing such hard work on an empty stomach."

"I had a banana and some smoked fish," Will insisted, making mental notes for what he would need to fix Hannibal's deck, and trying to ignore the swell in his chest and made him feel warm and almost creamy down below.

"Very well," Hannibal answered, trying to keep himself from pulling off somewhere secluded, Will's scent was much more potent in such a confined space. He managed to maintain his poise and after a few minutes, pulled into the hardware store parking lot, killing the engine. Taking off his seatbelt, he canted his head to the Omega and then back, opening his car door right afterwards. He'd thought of saying something but decided against it.

Will got out and shut the door behind him, arms wrapped around himself as they walked, trying to keep the distance. He didn't need his father being right. Will lead them through the store and got the tools. He set them down on the counter to be paid for, quiet the whole time.

Hannibal didn't try to force conversation and had quietly strolled along with Will as he selected what he needed for the task. At the register, he paid for everything and once it was bagged up, walked out with Will. The doctor loaded the items in the trunk and unlocked the door with a click of a button, both of them slipping inside the car once again. "Is your father aware that you are working for me today?" He asked as he drove out onto the street.

Nodding, Will rubbed his hands in his lap, watching the scenery out the tinted windows. "I told him last night. He thought it was a good idea."

"I am sure he is pleased you are working to save money for your move," Hannibal said, trying to discover a bit more about the conversation since Will seemed somewhat clipped.

"That's not likely happening," Will said, quietly, still trying to figure out how he could keep his money from his father.

The doctor arched his brow in Will's direction, alternating between observing him and watching the road. "Why is that, Will?" He had an idea why, but needed to hear it from the boy to be certain.

"As much as my dad wants me mated and bonded off to an Alpha, he would prefer in the meantime that I bring in money to help, so I won't get to keep any of it," Will explained.

Hannibal took a calming breath at that, his lips curling into a faint snarl. "He needn't know exactly how much I pay you, perhaps that way you can keep some for yourself, " he suggested, as they neared his home.

"It won't take me long, I wouldn't overcharge you," Will sighed, and shook his head. "Don't worry about it, I'll make it work out, Doctor Lecter."

While Hannibal admired the boy's maturity and independence, he also knew it would be a challenge getting Will to allow him the things he had planned. The doctor loved a challenge, fortunately. "As you say, Will," he smiled and turned down the street his home was on. "I will insist on paying you a fair wage, however."

"That's all I asked for." Will watched the road, and how far they were going, leading up on a nice, large house. "This is *yours* ?"

Hannibal was positive that his definition of a fair wage and Will's would vary greatly, but he would attend to that later. He had no intentions of letting him go home with a poultry amount. "Yes, it is," the Alpha chuckled, the corners of his eyes crinkling

warmly. Pulling into the garage, he parked and shut off the engine, undoing his belt and exiting the vehicle.

Will pulled everything from the back, slung over his shoulder, and followed Hannibal out and around to the deck. The sun was out, and it was unusually warm today. He set everything down, looking at the wood provided, and set up the bench saw.

The doctor watched as Will set everything up, leaning against the post. “Would you like something to drink?” he offered kindly. He wouldn’t crowd him of course, but would be watching from inside.

“Water, please,” Will said, the sun already beating down on him, making him sweat through his thin t-shirt.

Swallowing thickly, Hannibal nodded, and went inside, taking another moment to compose himself as he pulled out a bottle of water from the refrigerator. Once he’d poured it into a glass with ice, he walked back out onto the deck and handed it to Will, his eyes roving up and down the young man’s body. “If you should require *anything* else, do let me know.”

“Thank you, I will,” the boy said, wiping his brow and then took the water, drank some, and set it down. He set to work, sawing, and hammering, and soon an hour in, he took the shirt off and tossed it over the rail.

Hannibal had gone back inside and was reading, though admittedly he was more focused on the beautiful boy working on his deck. When he saw Will had taken off his shirt, his mouth parted slightly, his cock filling halfway at the mere sight of his sweat slicked skin that shimmered in the sunlight. The older man pushed down against his bulge and went to the kitchen to get another water. “More water, Will, please,” the Alpha insisted, stepping outside once more. “I do not need you dehydrating.”

Will caught scent of the desire, and looking into Hannibal’s eyes as he took the glass, he could feel everything the doctor didn’t say. Will shifted his jaw, and drank the water, slowly, purposefully. “Thank you.”

Stepping closer, Hannibal nodded and licked his lips, hungrily. He very much wanted to devour the boy whole, and in this instant. “You’re welcome,” he rasped, clearing his throat afterwards in an attempt to mask just how much he wanted him. Of course he knew that Will could smell his desire, just as he had smelled his previously.

Hannibal made Will feel things he never had before, not even with people his own age, after suppressants, but Will needed connection, he needed companionship, and Hannibal seemed to have that quality Will was seeking in a mate, a mate he didn’t even know he wanted. Oh, but his body did. Will drank slowly, and handed the glass back, panting as Hannibal got closer. Will leaned in, scenting him.

Hannibal took the glass and sat it down blindly on the saw bench when Will leaned in to scent him. The doctor had never anticipated meeting someone as rare and unique as Will, especially not someone so young, but the boy shined like a diamond amongst the rubble. “Will-” the Alpha murmured and leaned down, scenting him back, his hot breath ghosting over the boy’s unmarred mating gland.

The boy turned his head to look at Hannibal, in the eye, and then reached out to touch him, his chest, anything, and pulled him closer, pressing wind chapped lips against his smooth ones, decidedly new at this.

It was what the patient older man had been waiting for, Will to make the first move, despite how badly he’d wanted to many times before now. His hands immediately went to cup the boy’s strong jaw, his tongue running along the seam of his lips, encouraging him to open up and let him in.

Will took Hannibal’s lead, lips parting and tongues sliding together slowly, as he felt up Hannibal’s board chest, every inch of him feeling more and more lust as he realized he’d found his perfect match. “Doctor Lecter-”

One hand slid from Will’s jaw to card through damp curls, tugging enough to expose the long column of his neck. Hannibal groaned and kissed down from his mouth, to his throat, scraping his teeth over the boy’s smooth skin. “You’re exquisite, Will-”

Will wouldn’t try to pretend he understood why it was him, why a man twice his age wanted him, but all that mattered was their connection, instant and perfect, and begging for Will to let go, even just this once. He tucked fingers between two buttons, feeling out thick chest hair on Hannibal’s chest. “I should finish…”

Kissing back up to Will’s lips, Hannibal pressed their foreheads together, panting. The deck was the last of his concern in this moment, for he knew he had found everything he had ever wanted, should he want a mate...and he wanted that very thing with Will. “If you insist, dear boy…”

“I can finish and you can…” Will didn’t know what, but he did want to get done so that they had this behind them, so he could kiss Hannibal more, touch more of his skin, see more of him...

The doctor sucked the young Omega’s lower lip through his teeth and pulled off with a pop, releasing his hold completely. “Certainly, Will, thank you for all your hard work, I will be just inside.” He offered Will a smile and then went back in, feeling more than eager for him to finish. So many things he wanted to teach the inexperienced boy.

Will got back to work quickly, and in two hours, he was spraying the sealant on the deck and slipped into the house, shirt left on the rail.

Hannibal had removed his suit jacket, and rolled up his sleeves by the time Will came in. He had been dicing up vegetables, and marinating the meat for the meal he would prepare for them both later, should he agree to stay. The Alpha had smelled the boy before he saw him, and went to wash his hands after he'd sat the chopped vegetables aside. Looking around the corner the older man saw the young Omega, shirtless and sweaty, standing in the living room. Hannibal came up behind him and slid his large hands around his torso, nosing behind his ear at his hairline. "I gather this means you have completed your task, yes?" he murmured, seductively.

A chill rose through him, quickly put out by the fire that spread in his belly, and over took all his senses. "I did. It's drying." Will swallowed, not sure what he was getting himself into, but he couldn't help the way his body responded to Hannibal.

"Thank you," Hannibal replied, nuzzling against the boy's neck before releasing him and encouraging him to turn around to face him. "May I kiss you again?" The doctor asked, not wanting to force the young man into anything, even if he was pretty sure Will wanted it too.

Hannibal was the first person Will had ever kissed, let alone got close enough to to scent them, and let himself be scented. He was wary, and turned to face Hannibal, nodding. "Yes…"

The doctor wet his own lips, looking from Will's sea-blue eyes to his mouth and leaned in slowly, kissing him softly at first. Wrapping one arm around him, he held the boy gently by the nape of his neck, once again licking between the part of his lips to gain entrance to his warm mouth. Hannibal knew Will was inexperienced and was in no hurry, despite his more primal urges begging him to rip the rest of the young man's clothing off.

Will's sun warmed skin was slicked with sweat where Hannibal touched, hair sticking to his head, which only made him more angelic looking, and his scent filled the air pungently. The boy pressed his hands again into Hannibal's chest, a push and pull to keep him there early he gave the doctor access once more.

Hannibal snaked his tongue inside Will's mouth, twirling their tongues together slowly, exploring every succulent corner of the young man's mouth. The sweet scent that permeated the room was only urging the older man further, his cock fully hard and pressing against him as they kissed deep and slow.

On feeling Hannibal's hard cock against his thigh, Will pulled back, sheepishly, almost too innocent looking as his skin honed the perfect flush. He was highly attracted to the older man, but he didn't know him, wanted to feel more in their connection. "Would you happen to have a spare shirt I could borrow?"

Panting, the Alpha released his hold, gazing into Will's eyes. He made no move to press forward again, knowing he would need to ease him into things with patience and time. "I do, of course," Hannibal said, gently. "Perhaps a shower as well?"

Will laughed, light heartedly. "Do I smell?"

Hannibal chuckled, warmly, tucking a damp errant curl behind Will's ear. "No, dear boy, I only thought it might serve to cool you off, being that you have worked so hard."

Will tucked his bottom lip between his teeth, not sure how to respond to such affections, though his body clearly wanted to lean in, his mind was caught up in the whys and how comes. Will was just Will, nothing special. "That's okay…. I might have to retouch it later, so I'll shower then. Just a shirt, please."

Smiling, Hannibal nodded and ran the back of knuckles gently down Will's cheek. The older man was attached already. "One moment, Will...Please feel free to have a seat," he said and went into the bedroom. A minute later and he had returned with a blue button up shirt that matched the boy's eyes beautifully, the fabric would be extremely soft against his skin. "Here you are, I hope this will be to your liking." the Alpha said, offering Will the shirt. Naturally, he had made sure to scent it when he'd been in the bedroom.

Will took the shirt, standing from where he had taken an awkward seat, and put it around his shoulders, less sweaty now as the house air cooled him. He slowly did up the buttons, and only then did he meet Hannibal's eyes again. "Thank you."

Hannibal watched as the Will donned the shirt he'd given him, his eyes following the boy's fingers as they worked the buttons slowly, finally locking on his gaze with a laser like focus. "You're most welcome. It looks quite fetching on you."

Will wore t-shirts mostly, and jackets when he needed to, things like this shirt were too expensive, and he felt strange wearing it. "It's little big…"

"It is, but handsome all the same," Hannibal complimented. It was more of a test than anything, a hint of things to come. "Are you hungry?"

The shirt was stunning, but lacking with the jeans the young man wore. He hardly notice though as he nodded his head. “Yes.” He was starved, the banana and smoked fish hadn’t lasted him quite as long as usual with all the work he had been doing.

The doctor looked Will over once more, wishing he had some pants that would fit the boy but knew they would be far too large. “Come, William. I will prepare us some lunch,” Hannibal offered, walking towards the kitchen. Once inside, he pulled the marinated meat from the refrigerator and turned back to the young Omega. “Would you like a glass of wine?” True, Will was under the legal drinking age but it hardly mattered to him.

“I… guess so.” Will knew nothing about wine, but he wouldn’t refuse the offer.

Hannibal canted his head, expressing his satisfaction at the acceptance and pulled down two wine glasses. After pouring them each a glass of a sweet red that had been breathing on the counter, having given Will a little less than he’d given himself, he handed it over. “The correct way to drink wine, is first inhale the aroma, let it fill your nostrils with its pungent scent,” Hannibal began, demonstrating. “Then you take a slow sip, let the vintage wash over your tongue, bathing each taste bud, allowing it linger there before finally swallowing.” After he’d explained that to the boy, he showed him again, making sure to maintain eye contact.

Will took up the glass and sniffed it, feeling silly, and then took a little sip, making a face, and then swallowed it. He cringed, but tried again, each sip that followed tasted a little better. “It’s… good.”

“I am glad you find it pleasing, Will,” Hannibal crooned, taking another sip of his own. “You may watch me, or if you’d rather sit, please feel free to do so, I want you to be feel comfortable.”

“Nothing I can do to help?” Will asked, not wanting to feel awkward alone at the table, so he stayed close, watching Hannibal, learning about him without having to ask so many questions. He was a man of means, who lived lavish because he could, and he enjoyed it, that much was certain.

“I could use a Sous chef, if you would like to assist in that manner,” the cannibal began, and then knew he should probably explain. “I had not finished chopping the vegetables, which are on the cutting board, I would appreciate the help.” Hannibal smiled, watching Will as he watched him. “I would only ask that you please wash your hands first.”

Will took a long sip of the wine and set the glass down on the counter. He sidled up to the sink and washed his hands with the dish soap thoroughly, and then rolled the sleeves of his new shirt up to his elbows. He went to the cutting board and picked up the knife, and began to finish chopping the vegetables.

“Thank you,” Hannibal said, and then pulled out the pans. A few minutes later, he was cooking the filet mignon and waiting for the vegetables. “Tell me about your mother, Will, do you see her often?” He too, desired to know more about the other.

Will set the veggies he’d chopped to the side for Hannibal’s other hot, oiled pan. “No. I’ve never known her.”

Hannibal took the vegetables, and placed them in the pan. “I am sorry to hear that, Will,” he said sincerely. “Both of my parents were killed, so a large portion of my youth was spent at an orphanage.”

Will could almost prefer that over being with his father, who so cleared loathed him, for being the reason his mother never stayed, for being an Omega instead of an Alpha. Male Omega were rare, which made it quite a bit worse. “Sorry to hear.”

The doctor nodded his thanks and turned over the steaks, the rich meaty flavor filling the air. “I assume you have no siblings?” The Alpha asked, turning around to face the boy fully, leaning against the counter.

“No. My mother left before they had any other pups,” Will sighed, and washed his hands again, and then the knife as well, and the cutting board he had been working with.

“I see,” Hannibal said, his tone quiet and sympathetic. He was very pleased at the young man’s tidiness, as well as the manners he’d shown thus far. “Would you like more wine?” the doctor offered as he took another sip of his wine, keeping an eye on the food. It wouldn’t be long now until it was ready.

Will grabbed his glass and finished what was in it and then nodded, the flavor growing on him. “Please.”

Hannibal refilled Will’s glass and then his own and sat the bottle down onto the counter. “Is this the first spirited beverage you have tried?”

“No, sir,” Will said with a little shake of his head. “I… steal some of my dad’s whiskey sometimes.”

Leaning forward, the older man took Will’s chin between his thumb and index finger, bringing his face up to meet his eyes, gently. “That *is* quite naughty, Will,” Hannibal winked and then released his hold.

The pupil of his blue eyes spread wide and dark as the pang of heat bit at Will’s lower back once again. “He doesn’t know.”

“Cunning boy, aren’t you, Will?” Hannibal murmured, his amber gaze drifting between the Omega’s lips and his eyes. The Alpha felt his cock pulse in his trousers simply at the way he was being looked at.

“I dunno, am I?” Will asked, almost too innocently, like an act he’d perfected, done one too many times. He grinned at the doctor and sipped from his glass slowly.

“Time will tell,” Hannibal flirted, picking his glass back up and smiling into it before taking a sip. Yes, Will had a lot of potential, the good doctor knew that much was clear. Setting his glass down once more, he turned off the stove and began plating their food. “I will bring your plate to the table.”

Will nodded, understanding, and went to sit down. He set his glass on the table, and held his hands in his lap. “Smells good, Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal walked to the table with an elegant grace, a plate in each hand. He placed Will’s before him first and then his own. “Filet Mignon with sauteed vegetables,” the doctor announced and then sat down at the head of the table. “Thank you, William.” Picking up his knife and fork, he waited.

Will did the same, and then cut into his filet, knowing he was being waited on to start first. He cut and then placed the piece in his mouth slowly, savoring it. It was unlike anything he’d ever had before, juicy and savory, cooked just right, not overdone. He hummed around the bite and then chewed with care, deliberate.

With a satisfied smile, Hannibal cut into his steak, which he’d prepared rare, and took a small bite. Closing his eyes, he took in the flavor completely, it was delicious and cooked just the way he wanted. He opened his eyes once more and flitted his golden gaze over the boy seated next to him. “It would appear as though you are quite enjoying your steak, I am glad.”

“I’ve never had steak like this before,” Will admitted, cutting into another bite and then some veggies. “We usually have fish.”

After taking another bite of steak and swallowing, Hannibal sat his fork down to pick up his wine. “I enjoy fish, however, there is nothing quite like a good piece of meat.” The statement was laced with several meanings of course, the doctor did delight in his little puns.

Will’s chest heaved a little and he sipped his wine as well, and then went back to the steak, trying not to scarf it all down at once. “It is really good. We… eat fish because we catch it. It’s free.”

Hannibal finished the bite of vegetables he had been chewing and nodded sympathetically at the boy. Oh how he wanted to provide for him, so that he might never know hunger or poverty again, a beautiful creature such as Will, deserved nothing less than the very best. “Thank you. I’d love to help you broaden your palate, if you’ll allow me?”

Will shrugged, he couldn’t complain, though he hardly wanted handouts. Although, it was far from that with the likes of how Hannibal seemed to take a likening to him, and not just as a student. Will licked his bottom lip once and reached for his wine again, downing a few sips.

It was permission enough for Hannibal. Looking down to cut his steak, his eyes narrowed ever so slightly in contemplation. He was growing fonder of the young man the more time they spent together and was thinking of ways in which he might get to see him again and soon. “Do you play any instruments, Will?” the doctor asked, looking over at the young Omega just in time to catch the sweep of his rosy tongue over his lower lip.

“Not really. A little guitar, but not a lot,” Will shrugged again, and finished off his steak, and then set into his veggies.

“I ask because I often enjoy composing music, or playing the harpsichord among other instruments. I find it helps me relax and work through any conflicts I might have...I wonder, how do you decompress?” Hannibal asked, carefully loading his fork with vegetables and taking a bite.

“I fish,” Will said, honestly, and set his plate aside and finished his wine, a light and slightly toasted feeling coming over him.

Hannibal nodded and gently set his plate aside as well, concentrating on Will and his wine. “When will you be needing to be home, Will? You are more than welcome to stay as long as you would like…”

Will looked at his watch, having not paid too much mind to it, his cheeks rosy. “Oh. I guess I’m going to have to get home here soon, Dad will be home and I haven’t made dinner, or cleaned up…”

“Certainly, I would not want to cause you any troubles at home...or with your father,” the doctor said, his tone slightly darker. To say that Hannibal did not like Will’s father, would be an understatement. “In any event, I would very much like to see you again, if it would please you.”

“Did you… have other work to be done?” Will asked, not wanting to assume too much, he didn’t know Doctor Lecter well, or what he might think of their kissing, if it was anything at all.

“No, I have no other work to be done,” the Alpha said, his words smooth and deep. “I merely wish to see you again, to enjoy your company and conversation. I find you delightful.” He also very much wanted to kiss him again.

Will pressed his lips together, and then stood, clearing the dishes, to help. “You can call on me anytime.”

Standing, Hannibal helped clear the rest and joined Will in the kitchen. “Thank you, I will need your phone number, of course, if that is alright?”

Will paused and then pulled a pen from his pocket. “Do you have paper?”

Hannibal smiled, pulling a notepad from one of the drawers in the kitchen and placed it on the counter in front of Will. “There we are.”

Will wrote down the number that was used as a cell for them both, as they didn’t have a landline on the boat. “It’s my dad’s number, but it stays on the boat, and I’m the one usually home, these days.” He handed Hannibal the paper, still not sure how a successful doctor wanted anything to do with him.

“Thank you,” Hannibal said, taking the piece of paper and letting his hand linger on Will’s for longer than was necessary. The same could be said for Hannibal, given that he was so much older than Will, however, he was a confident man and did not worry over such things.

Their outsides were so opposite, but Will could feel a hungering inside of them that was bound to be the same. He reached, grasping Hannibal’s hand and leaned up to kiss him sweetly on the mouth. “Thank you for dinner.”

Despite the desire Hannibal felt to plunder the young man’s mouth ravenously once more, he graciously accepted the sweet kiss, licking his lips afterwards and did not press for more. “You’re very welcome, William,” he murmured, keeping close as he pocketed the slip of paper.

“I really need to get home though,” Will said, looking at the dishes.

“Then home you shall go, Will,” Hannibal said with a smile and placed a kiss on Will’s cheek. “Thank you again for the beautiful work you did on the deck.” He would wash the dishes after taking the boy home. Placing a hand on his back, he started to guide him out of the kitchen.

“I’ll help clean up next time.” Will knew he left his other shirt out back, but that he would get it again next time, as it seemed Hannibal wanted to see him again. He was lead out to the car, once more, and got in.

Hannibal had assured him that it was no problem as they’d made their way to his car. Once inside, he started the engine and headed back to town. “Should you need me, for anything, please call, Will,” the doctor insisted as he drove.

Will had the doctor’s number still in his wallet, tucked away, hidden. “I will, I promise.”

The Alpha replied with an appreciative squeeze on Will’s thigh and a warm smile. He was a bit concerned how his father might react to the alcohol that was present on the boy’s breath, among other scents that now covered his skin. “You might consider brushing your teeth when you go home, Will...the wine.”

“Yeah, I know.” Will shoved a hand into his pocket and pulled out a cheap pack of gum and popped a piece into his mouth. “Dad will probably be to too drunk to notice anyway.”

“I dislike the situation that you are in...you deserve better, William,” Hannibal pointed out, turning onto the main street. “On that note, I have not forgotten your payment, once we’ve parked I will give you what you are due.”

“You don’t have to,” Will said, avoiding the subject of his father. He’d known Hannibal two days, and that was hardly long enough for someone to pull judgement on what little family Will had.

“You did a wonderful job, of course I am going to pay you for your work,” the Alpha insisted. He couldn’t help but feel protective of Will, even if he had no right to at this point.

Will nodded, not pushing the subject at all. “Sure.” The rest of the drive was silent, and when they pulled up to the dock, the lights were on in the cabin and Will held his breath for a second.

Hannibal looked at the illuminated cabin and then back to Will, practically chewing the inside of his jaw to keep from saying anything further about his father given that he’d sensed the boy had been uncomfortable at the mention before. Instead, he pulled out his wallet and handed the boy five hundred dollars. “I believe this is the going rate for the work you did today.”

“I…” Will knew it was too much but he shoved it into his pants anyway, and then leaned over and kissed Hannibal, cupping the back of his head with one hand, wanting to remember this if it was the last thing he did for a long time.

The older man deepened the kiss, sliding their tongues together in a sinfully decadent dance, his hands carding through impossibly soft curls. He, too, wanted to savor the moment, should something happen to change Will's mind about seeing him again, though he greatly hoped that would not be the case.

The boy let out a long sigh, a groan that came from deep in his smaller chest, and then resonated out, rumbling as he pulled Hannibal closer and all but crawled into Hannibal's lap. He licked his tongue against the doctor's, smiling against his mouth, and then pulled back, getting out of the driver's side, over Hannibal's lap.

"Thank you, Doctor Lecter." He licked his bottom lip and then ran toward the boat, casting one last glance over his shoulder at the other man before disappearing inside.

Panting, Hannibal nodded and watched as Will went inside the boat, taking a moment to ground himself after that. He pushed down against the swollen bulge that was tenting out prominently through his trousers and put the car into reverse. Backing out slowly, he headed back towards his house where he would clean up and...recover.

Chapter 3

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Three days had passed and while Hannibal had been plenty busy with work and his other interests, he'd yet to hear from Will. The only comfort he had was the shirt the boy had left behind which still smelled of him. The doctor had attempted to contact the young Omega the day before and had been rudely informed to "fuck off," by the boy's father.

Today, however, the Alpha's patience and concern was becoming too much. Sitting at his desk, he looked at his cellphone, his finger gently stroking it as he contemplated. Finally, he decided to call one last time and dialed Will's number. Again, he was met with the same rude remark and hung up on. The doctor's lips curled into an angry snarl, prompting him to rise from his chair and pocket his phone. Grabbing his keys, he left his home, and got into his car.

Twenty minutes later and Hannibal was parking a half a block away from the docks, killing the engine and stepping out. He made it to the boat in no time at all and knocked on the door. The older man was not at all afraid of Will's father, he simply needed to know what had become of the charming young Omega and if he couldn't reach him by phone, this would work even better.

It was mid day now and Will's father was gone, and the boy was on the other side of the boat, facing from the docks, and looked over the top of the boat to see Hannibal standing there. Will was shirtless and in a pair of purple swim trunks, having just pulled crawdads from the river, sopping wet.

"Doctor Lecter?" he drawled, hair stuck to his cherubic face, where a nice bruising slap mark seemed to be healing over his cheek and eye.

Upon hearing Will's voice, he looked over and began making his way to where the boy was standing. He didn't see the mark on the boy's face, not until he got close. "Hello, Will, please forg-" The Alpha stopped speaking the moment he laid eyes on the fading bruise that covered the beautiful young man's face. Instantly, he felt anger coil in his belly and surge hot through his veins, but he concealed it for now, opting instead to gently cup the Omega's face. "What happened?" He had a feeling he knew, but nonetheless he wanted to be sure.

Will turned his face away, only showing the good side of his face, and reached for the towel over the rail and wrapped it around himself. "My father doesn't think it's appropriate that I see you without full intention of courtship and bonding. He says I am wasting my time, and…" Will swallowed, he wouldn't say the rest of the crude things his father said. "I can't leave the boat now. He took the money." Will knew his father couldn't stop him when he wasn't home, but he also knew the boat was watched.

Hannibal made no further attempts to touch Will, not for now. "You are an adult, Will, what do *you* want?" the older man asked, his eyes flashing red at the thought that someone had laid a hand on this boy, be it his own father or not. "Furthermore, it is my desire to court you, should you allow me the honor."

Hannibal was Will's father's age, but that didn't seem to bother the boy one bit. "You want to court me? Even after I said I didn't want a mate?"

"A mate is a lifelong commitment, broken only by the hands of death...I simply wish to spend more time with you, court you and let the proverbial chips fall where they may in reference to the rest," Hannibal answered, admiring Will's lithe form. The age

difference didn't bother him either, he knew what he had found in this young man, was something he would find in no other.

There was a sense of odd kinship between them, something Will could not deny. He took a deep breath and then hugged Hannibal around his waist, not careful about his damp skin against expensive cloth. His father could not complain, Hannibal was an Alpha of means, after all. "I'd like to get to know you better, Doctor Lecter."

The boy was inexperienced, and unaccustomed to the finer things in life, that much Hannibal understood and as such he was hardly bothered in the least by the press of damp flesh against his expensive Italian suit. He wrapped his arms around him, holding him possessively and let out a quiet sigh of contentment. "Then we shall," he promised, inhaling his scent deeply. "Would you be agreeable to coming back to my place for the night? You could leave your father a note, and two hundred dollars...tell him you are going to do more work for me, at my home tonight."

Will wasn't sure, but he nodded his head anyway, starved as it were. "Yes," he said quietly, and looked up at Hannibal. "I'll change, gimme a second?"

Hannibal released him, and nodded in return. "Of course, take all the time you need," he offered, and then pulled out his wallet, handing Will the two hundred dollars so that he could leave it with the note. "I'll be right here."

Will took the money and slipped inside, leaving the door open. He scrawled a letter to his father and left the money. He changed into the nice shirt and a pair of his nicest jeans he could find, and his boots this time, borrowed from his father. He tucked the shirt in and slipped outside again, and locked the boat cabin.

"Ready."

Smiling, Hannibal offered Will his hand, pleased at his attempt to dress nicely for him. He briefly envisioned how the boy might look in a nice suit, and a more kempt hairstyle. "You look radiant, dear boy," the Alpha crooned, his eyes twinkling with affection.

Will took Hannibal's hand, and with his free one, he swept his own hair back and out of his face. "Thank you, Doctor Lecter."

"You're welcome, William," The Alpha replied, glancing over as they started to walk. "I am parked a half a block from here." Hannibal was not usually quite so expressive, unless the situation called for it, but he found himself showing more emotion with Will than he had in quite sometime.

Will showed them off the boat and started that way, fingers laced with the doctor's. "What will we do today?"

"I would like to take you to dinner, if that would be alright with you?" Hannibal offered, enjoying the feel of Will's hand in his while they walked toward the main street. They fit together like two pieces of one perfect puzzle. Identically different. He wanted to show off the beautiful boy, and would go to great lengths to see that he was nothing but completely happy.

"Out?" Will asked, watching people as they passed by, many Alphas giving Will and Hannibal a look, but nothing was said.

"Unless you'd prefer I cook for you," Hannibal said, glaring at the other Alphas when Will wasn't looking. "However, I do think an evening out might be beneficial." The doctor wanted to integrate Will into his lifestyle slowly and a meal out in the city would prove to be a good starting point.

"I don't socialize," Will whispered, though he knew a lot of people through school and his father. He knew a lot of the faces glaring at them, sizing the new Alpha in town up, whether protective of Will, or finally realizing the kid was off age.

"I will cook for you at my home then," Hannibal said, his tone a little lower for Will's sake. He would have to ease Will into the social scene and that was fine, as long as he had him at his side, no one else truly mattered.

"No, it's okay. I mean, I'm not used to a lot of it," Will insisted, leaning in against Hannibal as he held onto his hand.

Hannibal hummed, quietly, at the way Will leaned against him. Letting the boy's hand go, he wrapped his arm around Will's shoulders instead. "I think you will find the restaurant I have in mind to be more intimate than most," the doctor assured.

Will nodded. He knew he'd be alright so long as Hannibal was with him. He'd done enough evading in high school to know how to handle himself. "I trust you."

"I am pleased to hear it, Will," Hannibal said, walking them down the side street where he had parked his car. Once there, he unlocked the doors and slipped inside. After Will got in and closed the door, Hannibal leaned over, taking a hold on the boy's jaw, and angling his face to turn, meeting the doctor's mouth for a soft kiss.

Will leaned in instinctively, their lips touching softly, meshing slowly as their mouths heated up with their warm breath light between them. Will touched Hannibal's chest, letting out a low purr of contentment. The doctor set the Omega's nerves at ease, an easy friendship to start with, something Will never thought he'd find in anyone.

“William-” Hannibal rasped, catching his breath. Hands slipped through silky chocolate curls, his lips going back for more, a little hungrier this time. The doctor had no intentions of letting it go too far, not yet, not *here* , but it would almost prove a challenge to stop as he felt the lust spider through his veins like molten lava, threatening to set his whole body ablaze.

Rubbing a spot over Hannibal’s chest, Will replied with a soft groan, never having felt his body feel so hot at once, like a lit up match. After a moment, he pulled away, and nosed against Hannibal’s neck, scenting him.

Licking his lips, Hannibal leaned in to scent Will back, a deep Alpha purr rumbling from his chest as he did. He was clearly worked up, but managed to quickly recover his composure. “You are divinity itself, dear boy,” he praised and then sat back properly in the leather driver’s side chair. “I need to stop by a clothing store, I am in need of a few items...I hope it would not be an inconvenience for you to accompany me?”

Will mentally grumbled to himself, but nodded his head that he would. Time out and away from the boat for a little while wouldn’t be so bad. “Of course, Doctor Lecter.” He sat back and buckled in.

Hannibal nodded, appreciatively and buckled up. A few minutes later and the doctor was pulling into the parking lot of Rubenstiens, an elegant clothing store, and putting the car into park. “Have you been inside before?” he asked, more just out of curiosity than anything judgemental.

“We don’t shop around here,” Will stated, with a little swallow, hesitant to actually get out and walk into a store he knew he had no business being in.

After turning off the engine, Hannibal rubbed Will’s arm, sensing his reluctance. “That is quite alright. Come, William,” he urged, gently and then opened his door to exit the vehicle.

Will slipped out, and shut the door quietly behind him, hands in his pockets as he hopped up onto the sidewalk. He swallowed, looking at the old, tall building.

The car was locked and armed as Hannibal held the door open for the young man. Inside, they were greeted right away by a store attendant, the Alpha smiled and informed them that they were not in need of assistance at the moment. With his hand on Will’s lower back, he ushered them to the men’s suit department.

Watching the world around them, and the people, Will became very aware of everyone and everything. Hannibal was a man of refined tastes and Will was very much a lowly fisherman’s son. He licked his bottom lip once, tensing as they walked.

The Alpha doctor considered offering up a few words of reassurance, but he refrained, knowing that it might only serve to make things worse. He stopped when he saw a particularly beautiful Armani suit, one that would be perfect for the beautiful boy tense at his side. “I wonder, Will, would you try this on for me?” Hannibal asked, trying to meet Will’s gaze.

Will blinked, looking at the doctor and then the suit, brows furrowed. “What? Me? No…”

“Would you not choose to humor me, I will not press it. However, I do think it would look exquisite on you for dinner tonight,” Hannibal offered with a smile. He hadn’t expected Will to give in easily, of course.

A shirt was one thing. A whole suit was another. Will couldn’t possibly accept such a gift, nor would he want to. Hiding the nice shirt from his father was hard enough, a suit? Will wasn’t the type anyway. “Is a suit required?”

“Certainly not,” Hannibal answered. “There are other clothing options available here, but think on it, of course.” With that, the doctor lead them to a different area, where he began looking for a new silk paisley tie for himself. More than anything, he was feeding the boy new things, little nibbles at a time.

“Options?” Will didn’t like where this was going at all. “I’m okay with what I have…”

“Other clothing options...there are less formal options, however, I do not want to force them upon you,” the Alpha answered. He’d decided to let the matter drop for the time being. “I do need to select a tie, for myself and then we may leave.” His fingers trailed over the ties in front of them, his lips pursed as he mentally ran through a catalogue of his finely tailored suits.

Will wandered a little as Hannibal shopped, and touched a few plaid shirts, soft under the pads of his rough fingertips. This one was blue hues, and the price reflected an amount he’d never guess the shirt was worth, and quickly snapped his fingers away, and wandered back to Hannibal.

It did not go without notice from Hannibal, that Will seemed somewhat interested, at least in a few items in the store. He had been watching him from afar as he looked around himself. Plaid was not his preferred look for the boy, but it might be a suitable gateway. He would take it into consideration. Once Will returned, the Alpha had selected two ties and a pair of slacks. “If there is nothing further you want to look at, I am ready to depart.”

Will gave a little nod, enough with feeling out of place here. “I’m good, thank you.”

“Very well,” Hannibal answered, and then walked them to the clerk. He paid for the merchandise, thanking the woman and strolled out casually. He’d also seen the way the other patrons looked at Will, some lustfully, others judging and while it angered him, he knew that he would never allow any harm befall the boy.

“Do you own a lot of suits?” Will asked as they exited, the skies above them starting to cloud over just a little.

“I have more than most, but I tend to update my wardrobe often,” Hannibal answered, unlocking the car. He was not trying to seem pompous of course but he would not lie either.

“Where are we going?” Will asked, letting that drop, and then slid into the car once more, buckling in.

“It is a little too early still, for dinner,” the doctor began, now buckled up and backing out of the space. “What is something you have always wanted to see here, that you may not otherwise have had the chance?” Hannibal would choose for him, if Will had no ideas naturally.

Will has done all the touristy like things there was to do in NOLA, he ate from the vendors, had been in the Mississippi River, listened to jazz on the corner. All that was left was the bar crawl, but he’d have to wait for that, if he never left town anyway.

Shrugging, Will looked out the window at the street. “I dunno.”

“As a native, I can only imagine you have already seen all of the banal tourist attractions that the city has to offer,” Hannibal speculated, as he rounded a corner. “There is a beautiful park, not far from here, as I’m sure you aware...we will go there.” The Alpha had decided that the serenity of a natural setting would be most appropriate, there would be people walking their dogs, and it had a beautiful view. He hoped it might soothe the boy’s nerves from their outing to the store, and furthermore, Will would look especially captivating as the sun set, illuminating his features.

Will was quiet as they drove, and when they parked, he got out, smiling at the people with their dogs, remembering the one he had once that his dad gave away when it wouldn’t behave, though Will was still sure he gave it away because of other reasons. One dog approached with his ball and Will picked it up and threw it back toward the owner.

Hannibal watched Will, a few paces back, as he played with the dog. It would appear as though his assumption that this place would serve to make him happy, was correct. Walking over next to him, the older man hooked an arm around his waist. “Fond of dogs, are you?”

“Dogs can’t judge you, they just want to be loved,” Will said, gazing flitting up Hannibal’s features as he was captured up by Hannibal’s arm.

“Very astute of you, Will,” Hannibal crooned, looking at the dog and then turning to gaze at Will. “Human emotions are a gift from our animal ancestors. Judgement and cruelty is a gift from humanity itself.”

Will smiled at that and leaned in to the doctor a bit more. “Have had a dog before?” Maybe, Will hoped, he’d missed it at the house.

“I have not,” Hannibal answered, smiling and nosing into Will’s curls. “Have you owned a dog prior to now?” He walked them over the a bridge, overlooking the water, leaning against the ledge.

“Had one, but dad got rid of him,” Will explained, and looked down at the water. “I suspect he killed or something, never saw him again.”

“I do not condone cruelty to animals,” Hannibal said, paying more attention to Will than the actual scenery, despite its beauty. “Tell me, do you date often or have you?”

“No,” Will admitted, leaning against the rail of the little bridge, shrugging. The longer he was around Hannibal the more at ease he felt being himself. “Tried to. It’s hard, being a male Omega, some just want to use you, some want nothing to do with you.”

“As an Alpha, I can only imagine what that must feel like,” Hannibal said, wrapping his arm around the boy’s waist, leaning close. “It might be a bit cliche but I have to say, it is entirely to their own misfortune that this was the case.” Their misfortune and hopefully his gain, he mused to himself.

“Is it?” Will glanced back at Hannibal, and then turned, leaning against the rail, but facing the other man this time, a coy confidence in him now as he took the doctor in.

Hannibal responded by leaning close, and sucking the young man’s lower lip into his mouth, his tongue running along the plush pillow there. He was hardly able to resist when Will looked at him that way.

Will never carried himself like a fragile Omega either. Many, if they didn’t know better, thought him either a Beta or a smaller Alpha. Since he was off suppressants now, it had grown much clearer to everyone just what Will was, and that often lead him to

seclude himself from everyone else more often.

Hannibal didn't make him feel that way.

Will kissed the handsome, regal doctor fully on the mouth, daringly now, nothing chaste about it,as he grew bolder the longer he was around the other man.

The Alpha turned and took Will with him, so that he was up against the rail and Will was in front of him. It was proof that Hannibal was not like other Alphas. He was looking for an equal, not a lesser, despite his desire to mould the boy. Their scents seemed to mix beautifully, almost magically, as they kissed, Hannibal lathing his tongue languidly along Will's and against the roof of his mouth. He wanted to explore every inch of him, know him more than any had ever hoped to before.

Will panted and groaned, sliding between Hannibal's legs, hands pawing up his fine dress shirt, feeling out the broad expanse of the Alpha's chest. He swirled their tongues together slowly, rubbing his palm over Hannibal's fast beating heart.

Trailing his large doctor's hands down Will's back, feeling the muscle there, he stopped at swell of his ass, gripping and pulling him closer. "William-" he rasped, his lips kissing down to the hollow of his neck. So tempting was the boy's mating gland, as he licked and sucked a bruise right over it. He could wait, and would, for such an experience should be under different circumstances and not be forced.

Body flashing hot, Will gripped Hannibal closer, keeping his mouth over the sensitive gland, panting harder. "Hannibal-" he gasped, saying the Alpha's given name for the first time, passion lilting his tone.

It was music to his ears, hearing Will say his name like that, and for the first time. It only served to push him further, pushing his hips forward to rub their pant clad erections together, his sharp teeth scraping along the Omega's skin but not breaking. In this moment, no one else existed, and time itself seemed to stand still.

A soft whine escaped Will's mouth, pleasure boiling over in him, controlling every movement he made, as he felt his ass cheeks start to slicken, and he clenched to try and hold himself together. His fingers slipped down Hannibal's shirt, plucking a few tidy buttons undone to touch skin instead of fabric--anything he could.

Hannibal was practically blind with passion in this moment, it was consuming him completely. His lips found Will's again, and he devoured every noise he made, his hips rocking more consistently now. When his keen nose picked up the smell of the sweet slick that was forming between Will's cheeks, he let out an inhuman growl, wanting and needing to get them somewhere more private. Dinner suddenly seemed like something that could wait, if need be.

The boy let out another groan, the Alpha's growl only set off another reaction of hormones through him, cock hard and his hole wet, waiting to be claimed and mated, bonded. He clenched his hands into Hannibal's suit jacket and forced himself to pull away, flushed hot and pink, sweat dripping down the back of his neck, and his chest heaving. People were staring, having stopped their strolls and walking their dogs. Will swallowed, jaw tense.

"Don't you all have better things to do than watch us court?" he growled at them, huffing.

Panting, Hannibal righted his stance and snapped his gaze to the onlookers, bearing his teeth in warning. He did not mind that they had seen, but Will did, and that made it a priority. Apart from that he was becoming all too aware that Will was entering his heat and in turn triggering himself into a rut. Dinner out would certainly need to be postponed. "Let's go, to my place, Will," Hannibal suggested, his voice gravelly with pent up desire. He would love nothing more than to harvest an organ or two from one of the rude spectators, but this was neither the time nor the place.

Will held his hand out for his suitor, grasping it, and then lead them back to his fancy car. He knew it was a terrible idea to go to the Alphas house alone, not when he was feeling vulnerable and needy like this, not sure if it was lust or his heat, he'd never experienced either one.

Once they were inside the car, he fastened his belt and started the engine, stopping only to look Will over once. He could feel his knot throbbing within the confines of his suit pants, his body reacting to the pheromones that wafted off of the boy in delicious waves. "I suspect you are going into heat, Will," Hannibal stated, unsure if Will was aware or not. He wanted to fully disclose the information, so that the boy could decide for himself if he wanted to continue to his house. Hannibal was an Alpha, and dangerous, but not one to take advantage of an Omega in that way.

Going into heat with Hannibal was better than being in the same boat with his father, honestly. Will nodded his answer, and buckled in, shifting uncomfortable in the seat as wetness seeped through his pants and onto the seat.

Inhaling deeply, Hannibal smiled and then backed out, heading towards his home almost in haste. He was grateful, that Will had not gone into heat in the restaurant, though he could only assume it was brought on by their activities at the park. Nonetheless, he was extremely eager to get to his house.

Another twenty minutes and Hannibal was pulling into the two car garage. “Are you hungry?” he asked as he shut off the engine and removed his belt. He knew what *he* was hungry for, but he would not want Will starving either, he could wait.

The boy shook his head and slid out of the car, his pants thoroughly soaked through now, and desperate to rid of them. “It can wait…”

Nodding, Hannibal lead them inside his house and locked the door behind them. He had hoped to take things slow in this area, but Will’s scent was flooding and overwhelming his senses now. After taking off his jacket and laying it over the couch, he took Will’s hand and started to walk him up the stairs, towards his bedroom.

Will’s palms were sweaty, as he cinched his fingers around Hannibal’s, trying to get a steady grip. The climb seemed to take too long and by the time his feet hit the top, his heart was in his throat and he was shedding his shirt, too hot all at once.

The instant Will’s shirt was off, Hannibal was on him, holding him close and feeding from his mouth as he walked them back towards his bedroom. Blindly, he flipped the switch to the fan on, to help assist the young Omega with his body temperature, his own also running hot. “Will-” he growled, between the wet smacking noises that were filling the room.

Will worked Hannibal’s shirt undone and then the tie off, running his hands up and down his well formed chest, taking in every last bit of him. The Omega only felt and saw all the good things his biology wanted in a mate. Shaking hands rested on Hannibal’s hips as he was walked backwards, and finally his legs hit the mattress and the rest of him toppled to the bed, dragging Hannibal down over him and into another heated kiss.

As they kissed, Hannibal hooked his arms under Will’s jean covered legs, pulling them back as he rutted against his ass. He could feel the wetness there, even through his trousers which only made him want to strip them off of his body sooner. The young man was perfect in every way, as far as Hannibal was concerned, made just for him.

“Hannibal-” Will keened, arching against the other man’s erection, able to feel it through their clothes. Hips undulating against the doctor, he lip his lower lip, sucking on it lewdly.

A primal grunt rumbled from Hannibal’s chest and out of his mouth as Will moved beneath him. He pulled back suddenly and began working the buttons of the young man’s jeans, tugging them and his underwear off with heated desire. “You are the epitome of perfection,” he praised, his eyes roving over his lithe body while he worked his own trousers off.

Will sat up and helped Hannibal with his pants, nosing against his hip to take in more of his scent, the musky smell from his groin as the slacks and underwear were dropped to the floor. Will’s mouth watered as he leaned in to lick a taste of the Alpha’s huge cock.

Hannibal groaned, his head lolling back when he felt Will’s tongue sweeping over his engorged cock. His hands moved on either side of the boy’s head, carding through his chocolate curls in an encouraging manner. He wanted to feel that again, despite his need to be deep inside him.

The experience was new and invigorating, spurred on by his heat and lust alone, Will took the engorged tip of Hannibal’s cock into his mouth and tasted every last dripping drop of precome with a pleased hum.

It was all Hannibal could do to not buck forward, and thrust his cock deep inside Will’s warm mouth, but somehow he managed. Continuing to card through Will’s locks, he sighed out in pleasure, savoring the sight of the handsome boy beneath him. The Alpha knew he was truly lucky, being bestowed such a privilege. “Perfect, Will-”

Will groaned, giving a few more swipes of his tongue before he had to pull back, to breathe, swallowing down Hannibal taste as he gazed up at him, eyes bright and dark all at the same time.

Hannibal smiled, caressing Will’s lower lip with the soft pad of his thumb before moving to kiss him back down onto the mattress. From there, he descended down to take one of Will’s rosy nipples into his mouth, his tongue sweeping over it until it formed into a hard peak. Will tugged on Hannibal’s hair as he descended down, gasping with pleasure, his lithe form writhing under his every touch.

Once he’d given both nipples their turn, Hannibal slithered further down Will’s body, placing a trail of kisses along the way until he finally reached the dark thicket of hair that surrounded the boy’s smaller cock. It was still impressive, especially for such a young Omega. Nosing there, he wrapped a hand around and base and licked a long hot stripe up to the tip with a pleased hum before taking him into his mouth fully, bobbing up and down a few times. Slipping a finger in between Will’s cheeks, he slowly inserted it there, past the ring of slick muscle.

The Omega’s eyes widened at the intrusion, his whole body catching fire, anew, toes curling into the bedspread. His fingers dug into Hannibal’s scalp, trying to relax himself enough to take it, knowing that bigger was coming. “Oh…”

Hannibal pulled off of Will’s cock with a wet pop and licked over his balls, to his hole, needing to taste the slick that was gathering around his finger. The sounds that poured from Will’s mouth were like music the the Alpha’s ears. Carefully, he inserted

a second finger, waiting until the tight reddened muscle relaxed before starting to move it in and out. Seeking the almond shaped nub inside, he curled his fingers, his tongue still lapping relentless around and in between them.

All but crawling out of his skin with pleasure, Will squirmed at the sensation, panting harder as something inside of him was skimmed and pressed, igniting his core all over again. “Oh, fuck…”

The cannibal was far too aroused to pay any mind to the profanity and instead found that it excited him even more. He was pleasing the boy, *his* boy and that in itself was a thing of beauty. After stimulating his prostate a few more times, he pulled his fingers out from the hot suction of Will’s hole and licked his lips. He took a moment then, to drink him in fully, pumping his cock with his hand before he lowered back down over the Omega’s body. “I want you, Will, in every way fathomable. I want you to be *mine* ,” he rasped and then blindly, slowly slid inside, to the hilt.

Will’s hands reached out and clawed at Hannibal’s back as he tensed, eyes squeezed shut as he saw stars through the pain of having his virginity taken so suddenly. His limbs shook as his muscle finally started to ease.

Hannibal waited, and tried to distract Will from the pain by licking and kissing on his neck, his breathing coming out in short bursts as he tried to keep from moving. “Are you alright, William?” he asked, seeking permission to continue. He didn’t want to hurt the young man, though he knew pain was inevitable either way especially with what he assumed was Will’s first time.

“Yeah,” Will breathed, opening his eyes gain to gaze up at Hannibal. “Didn’t know it would hurt like that. It’s okay. It’s okay, keep going.”

“My apologies, dear Will, it was not my intention to cause you any unnecessary pain,” Hannibal said and then leaned in to kiss the boy slowly, easing out a few inches before sliding back inside. Still, he knew he had been far gentler and more patient than most Alpha’s in a rut, on top of an Omega in heat, would have been.

“Don’t go easy,” Will whispered, able to get the sense that Hannibal was holding back, because he thought he should, even if it was against his nature. “Don’t hold back on me.”

Hannibal grinned against Will’s mouth at that and picked up his pace, relishing the tight wet grip he had around his cock. The truth was, the beast was always just beneath the surface of his well placed person suit, it was a side he had kept hidden from the boy. Kissing him once more, his arms wrapped underneath his head, he began thrusting harder. “Will, you feel sublime.”

The boy hitched his legs up around Hannibal’s waist, his hips canted to take all he could, the pain ebbing into pleasure all over again. He bit Hannibal’s bottom lip, sucking the tongue of copper into his mouth, lathing his tongue over the swell.

One hand slid down the side of Will’s body, stopping to part his cheeks wider as Hannibal fucked into him hard, the other now tugging tightly through damp curls. Growling, he bit Will’s upper lip, drawing blood and slotting their mouths together beautifully. He wanted to bond with him, but he wouldn’t force it, he would wait for the boy to need it just as much as he did.

As Will neared the pleasure plateau, he started to moan louder and pant harder, his head falling back as he could no longer kiss Hannibal while they fucked, rampant and hard. He gripped sweat slicked shoulders with his hands, fingers digging into perfect muscle, neck beared to the Alpha. “Please, please…” the boy wanted nothing else than to feel whole with Hannibal, to connect the puzzle together.

Hannibal dipped his head into the bend of Will’s neck, and licked there, taking in his scent once more before bearing his teeth and sinking them deep into his mating gland. Instantly, he felt the connection, it was beautiful and coursed through him like an electrical charge. He lapped the blood there and redoubled his efforts, jackhammering fast and hard against the boy’s ass. His knot was already threatening to swell and lock them together, but he was doing his best to stave off his release until the stunning Omega, now his mate, had come first. “William-”

“Hannibal-!” the Omega gasped, shaking harder than he had before as his body filled with overwhelming pleasure, heat scorching through him as their bond was sealed. His hole throbbing around the Alpha’s cock, taking him in and milking him thoroughly.

Holding him tightly, possessively, Hannibal couldn’t hold back any longer, the tight squeeze of Will’s passage sending him tumbling over the edge and into a sea of pleasure as his knot expanded and locked them in place, his hot seed filling him fully. “All mine, William...”

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal’s neck, holding them together like that as he rested their foreheads together, panting and trying to catch their breaths. He realized only after everything, after the pleasure ebbed, and the sting in his neck, that he’d agreed to be bonded, that he was forever bound to the doctor. He expected to be angry, but part of him had made peace with it, knowing that he could get better care and schooling with the doctor than with his own father. A way out, and not a bad one at that.

“Hannibal…” he whispered, stroking down the back of his head slowly.

Hannibal was elated, of course, that Will had agreed to be mated, even if it was during the throws of passion. Nuzzling and licking over the red bonding mark, he sighed and lifted his head to meet sea blue hues. “You were wonderful, Mylimasis,” he

murmured, stroking the curls from Will's brow. Of course there was still the matter of his mate's father, but for now, he would only concentrate on the beauty beneath him.

Will nuzzled back, arms around Hannibal's shoulders. His father would be livid, but he had a feeling things would work out, somehow. "Do you love me?"

"Yes, Will. All my life, I have never loved anyone more," Hannibal answered, smiling fondly at the question. "Tell me then, do you feel the same?" It was alright if Will didn't, he knew it might be an unfamiliar concept since he was so young and new to this.

"I think so," the Omega said honestly, all but glowing in their aftermath.

"We have all the time in the world, for you to be sure, dear boy," Hannibal promised, kissing his lips once. "Would it please you to move in with me? I would very much like for you to be with me here, every night when I go to sleep and when I wake up the next morning."

Will nodded; "It'd be better, wouldn't it? For me and for you."

"It would indeed, Will," Hannibal answered, enjoying the feel of their bodies being held together.

The doctor wanted to tell him that he would always keep him safe, provide for him and help him reach his fullest potential, but he would simply show him instead.

Scenting his mate, Will held on just that much tighter,mentally going through all the things he was going to have to change in himself for this to work. Honestly, it was worth it. "How long will we be stuck like this?"

Hannibal scented him back, smiling to himself at the innocence of the question. "Between fifteen to thirty minutes, longer today, due to being bonded and the fact that I have not been knotted in many, many years." He had never been bonded, of course and the process of knotting with an Omega was only something he had only done twice before.

A purr resonated through Will as he relaxed, taking in everything about Hannibal, enjoying the peacefulness between them. "You're not going to be disappointed later?"

Hovering over Will's lips, the Alpha smiled and kissed him softly. "Never, Mylimasis." Hannibal was a man who put thought into each move he made, save for the occasional impulse, but this was far from that. "And yourself?"

"Do I have reason to be disappointed?" Will asked, quietly, content in his position.

"I would say, no, you do not," Hannibal purred, carding through Will's curls as he gazed down at him. "However, perception's a tool that is pointed on both ends. I will let you decide for yourself." The last words trailed off into a wink and a whisper, his maroon eyes affectionate as he found himself feeling complete, being joined to such a powerful, young Omega. So much potential, a true thing of beauty.

"I'll take your word for it," Will said wisely, gazing at Hannibal. He would be watching though, carefully, analyzing.

The Alpha merely nodded his thanks, and then turned them, carefully, onto their sides, hiking Will's leg over his hip. "Is this your first time in heat, Will?"

"First real one. Had my very first when I was a thirteen, but they quickly put me on suppressants at school so people wouldn't bother me," Will explained, quietly, glad to be curled up here with Hannibal.

Running his adept doctor's hands down Will's side, he sighed contentedly. "I see, a wise decision at that age. You are aware of how long they last and what to expect though, yes?" He didn't want to presume that his mate didn't know, but would be more than happy to impart the information should he not.

"They teach it in school," Will said, and nuzzling his face against Hannibal's arm. "It's different for everyone, but anywhere from three days to a week…"

"I am pleased to hear that the schools here are doing their job," Hannibal answered, running his thumb over Will's facial features, really drinking him in. "As your mate, I would be happy to help you get into a university of your choosing, Will, if you'll allow me?"

"You would?" Will asked, carefully, since it's all he wants, and to get away from here where his father is.

"Of course," Hannibal answered, leaning in to kiss Will's lips once. "Anywhere you want to go, I'll make sure we move there. You will have the finest education, that is a promise." The Alpha certainly wouldn't stay here, while his beloved mate was off and away.

Will's eyes lit up and he kissed Hannibal hard for that. “I'll give it some more thought.”

“As you should, dear boy, it is an important decision,” the doctor smiled, his knot starting to slowly deflate. Hannibal knew then, that while he would groom Will, he would also bend over backwards to provide for him and see that he was nothing less than happy.

Chapter 4

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Loud banging at the front door later that evening woke the Omega from where he slept off a second round with Hannibal. He jolted upright, forgetting where he was for a moment, looking around. Not home, but Doctor Lecter's--his mate's-- home.

Hannibal woke next, sitting up casually, lips pursed. Looking over at Will, he ran a soothing hand down his back. "I will go see who is at the door, it is up to you if you wish to accompany me or remain here," he said, standing up and sliding on his silk striped pajamas. He had an idea of who it might be, naturally.

Will nodded to let Hannibal go first, while the boy found his clothes, not yet having his own things here.

With that, Hannibal walked out of the bedroom and started down the grand staircase, one hand in the pocket of his pajama bottoms. The banging continued as he approached the door, unlocked it and opened it gracefully. "Hello…"

A man, taller than Will, but resembling him quite clearly, glared at Hannibal, wet from the rain that had started in on the city. The other Alpha sniffed the air, and then toward Hannibal. "Where's my son?"

Hannibal looked back behind himself, and then back to Will's father, a small smirk playing on his lips. "I last saw him, in the bedroom, getting dressed," he remarked, rather casually.

"Is that right? You think you can just come to my home after I've told you to stay away and *steal* my son?" Mister Graham growled, but had not yet set foot into the house.

"I needn't remind you that your son is of legal age, and is far from a possession to be stolen, Mister Graham," Hannibal retorted, calmly, his hands in his pockets. Always ready.

"He might be of age, but he's still a boy," Will's father said, a growl starting to crawl right out of his chest, daringly.

"My boy, now, Mister Graham. We have bonded," The Alpha answered, his lips curling into just enough of a snarl to expose his pointed teeth. "Perhaps you might use the two hundred dollars you were left to excuse yourself to a liquor store and leave from *our* home."

The man stepped up to Hannibal, not afraid of him, even matching him height for height, build for build. "Or you might consider paying me for him, like most people do for *rare* breeds of male Omega."

Hannibal's fingers ran along the edge of the scalpel he'd slipped into his pocket on his way down, contemplating. He knew he couldn't kill him, not here, not now. "William is a rare breed, yes, a marvelous boy. Any payment will go towards his education and on improving his life, which clearly has never been of any importance to swine such as yourself."

Haphazardly dressed, Will ran down the steps, doing up his shirt, and stopped short of his father, behind Hannibal. Mister Graham glared at Will, blue eyes ablaze. "Just gonna leave your ol' man for some rich sugar daddy?"

Will reached for Hannibal's hand. "I think you should go."

Mister Graham's jaw shifted and he looked from Will to Hannibal. "Don't let him fool you. This innocent act. He's had his fair share of run ins." Will's father turned on his heel. "Have fun taming that one, Doctor Lecter."

Hannibal squeezed Will's hand reassuringly as his eyes flashed blood red at Will's father, watching him carefully while turned. "I have no intentions of taming him. Please do not come here again." The doctor closed the door before he had to hear anymore and cupped Will's jaw. "Do not worry, he no longer has any hold on you."

It was just as Will wanted, a way out and away, and Hannibal had been the best thing to land in his lap. "He'll be back."

"I do not doubt that," Hannibal began, removing his hand. "How did it feel, Will, standing up to him?"

"Good," Will said, quietly, meeting Hannibal's eyes without hesitation. "It felt good."

"Yes, I would imagine it did," the doctor said, his eyes narrowed in contemplation. "Hold on to that feeling, it may prove useful."

"Oh?" Will's eyes wandered over Hannibal's face, his lips and cheekbones.

Hannibal smiled, and lead Will into the living room where he sat down on the sofa, one leg crossed over the other. "Yes," he answered finally. "I want you to close your eyes, Will, please, and envision what else you might said to your father, a moment ago or at any other point in time when you wanted to stand up for yourself but refrained from doing so."

Will stood in front of Hannibal, down at him where the regal man sat. His hands balled in little fists, and he swallowed thickly. "Why?"

"It is merely a suggestion, of course, but I think it would be a helpful exercise for you. As your mate, I not only want to ensure your physical well being, but also your mental," the Alpha explained, placing his hand over the boy's. "Revisiting such scenarios and altering them, can help us grow, become stronger and move forward."

"It's not moving forward if it doesn't happen," Will pointed out, head canted slightly as he analyzed Hannibal, though his stoic and regal nature made that difficult to assess. Will sighed, resigned. "I've wanted to tell him off for years, but couldn't until I was of age, and even then I had nothing. I had to wait."

"Imagining what we would like to say, or do, gives us power," Hannibal offered, looking at Will. "Thoughts can be manifested and made physical. You are of age now, you have the power and ability to bring such change, and I can help you, if you'll let me."

"Change?" Will asked, softer, big doe eyes going a little darker and wider at once as he shifted forward, between Hannibal's legs where he sat.

"None of have the ability to escape change, dear boy, and would it not be better that you bend it to your will to fuel your radiance?" Hannibal asked, his eyes flitting down to Will's lips and back up again to meet his eyes.

Will knelt down between Hannibal's legs, hands still in his, nodding his head of shaggy hair, too long. "It would."

Hannibal tilted his head proudly and offered Will a dark smile. "Good." It was what he needed to hear. Removing his hand, he brushed an errant curl back and behind the young Omega's ear. "How would you feel about a haircut, once you have finished your heat? Nothing too short, I quite enjoy being able to run my fingers through it."

"If it would please you," Will said, coyly and crawled up into Hannibal's lap, well aware his sex would likely get him anything he wanted, and his growing darkness would get him even more.

"It would," Hannibal crooned, licking his lips as Will got into his lap. "Although there are a number of things about you, that please me, William." Sliding his hands down Will's back, he cupped his ass, kneading there and gazing deeply into stormy sea-blue eyes. It was true, Will could have anything he desired.

Desire ran hot through the Omega, straddling the doctor, hands resting on his shoulders. "I'm glad," the boy crooned, softly, nuzzling their noses together, and then kissed Hannibal again, slowly.

A low growl rumbled out of the Alpha's chest as they kissed slow and hot, his cock already hard and starting to leak with need. Keeping his hands under Will's ass, he stood up, and started to walk him back upstairs, lips never parting.

"Mate me again," Will whispered between heated kisses, legs wrapped tight around Hannibal's waist. "I want to feel you…"

"With pleasure, Will," Hannibal rasped, sucking the boy's lower lip between his teeth. He gently opened the cracked bedroom door with his foot and layed Will out onto the bed, already beginning to step out of his pajamas. "Take you clothes off, please, and get on your hands and knees."

Will swallowed and undressed, piling his clothes on the floor. He crawled back onto the bed, and got down on his hands and knees, as directed, and looked over at Hannibal, feeling bare and exposed. “Like this, *sir* ?”

Also nude, Hannibal walked slowly over to the bed, drinking in the vision before him and met Will’s gaze. “Perfect, good boy.” He trailed his fingers from the nape of Will’s neck, down his spine and to the part of his cheeks, before getting onto the bed behind him. “Tell me again, what you want, Will…”

“To feel you,” Will said, looking over his shoulder at his mate.

Hannibal responded with a light slap on Will’s right cheek, admiring the way it rippled and then rubbed his hand over the skin to soothe the sting. He hadn’t hit hard, not yet. “How did that *feel* ? Would you like more?”

Will grunted, hands wrestled into the sheets, flushed pink. “It… hurt, but it's not bad.”

Leaning over, Hannibal placed a kiss on Will’s rosy cheek and let his finger run up the crack of his ass slowly, gathering the slick there. “I do not wish to hurt you, only offer you new experiences,” the Doctor rasped, licking his fingers quietly, discretely. He smacked the other cheek, a little softer and then leaned down to taste his boy again.

Will dropped his head a little, groaning. His heat was making him wanton with lust, his slick hole dripping with secretion. “Hannibal-”

Parting his cheeks, Hannibal began lapping at Will’s hole, groaning and growling at how sweet he tasted. He mused to himself that it was the most delicious and heavenly flavor he had ever encountered in his life.

The boy writhed back, ass in the air as he dropped to his arms, pleasure taking over every inch of him. “Please… please spank me again.”

Hannibal righted his posture, pulling himself from Will’s dripping hole and licked his lips. “Please, what, dear boy?” he asked, gently, rubbing his hand over his mate’s ass, nails digging in just so.

“Sir,” Will added on, panting, with need, anticipation warming through his lithe body.

“Good boy,” Hannibal praised and with that lowered his palm harder with a smack to Will’s right cheek. Of course, he didn’t truly want to control the boy, he wanted an equal, but he very much liked this type of play.

Will sensed as much, able to tell that their bedroom play wouldn't be what their everyday loved would be, but this was exciting, titillating even. Will groaned as the smack stung and raised goosebumps over his body.

The doctor rubbed Will’s ass appreciatively, watching as the boy’s cheeks spread and exposed his slick, pink pucker, forcing a low growl to escape his own lips. It pulled his dark and animalistic side from him, person suit slipping away. He slapped Will’s left cheek and then his right again, a few more times in succession, increasing the intensity but always making sure to soothe it with a caress and word of praise each time. The young Omega’s cheeks were turning a deep shade of crimson and the Hannibal knew that there would be marks, which made his knot throb and his cock leak with pleasure. “You are naughty, Will, and naughty boys need to be disciplined.”

The boy looked over his shoulder at Hannibal, locking eyes with him, deep blue and bright at the same time as he arched into the touch of Hannibal’s hand. “Punish me all you like.”

Hannibal smiled, darkly, and got off the bed for a moment to pull one of his paisley ties from its drawer. “Would you have any objections to having your wrists bound, while I mate you?”

Will shook his head once, giving all his trust and control over to his mate. “Front or back?”

Walking next to the bed and up to where Will’s head was, he unfolded the tie. “In front. I am going to tie your wrists to the headboard, and after that, once I’m satisfied, I will give you what you desire.”

Will had gone from a dreary life to something far more exciting and surreal in a matter of days. He looked up at Hannibal and clasped his hands together in front of him, watching his every move. “I trust you.”

“I am pleased to hear it, William,” Hannibal said, his tone low and husky. Leaning over, he looped the tie around each wrist and then both, before tenderly pulling the boy’s hands close to the headboard. Next, he secured the tie around the headboard, tightly and checked to make sure Will’s circulation wasn’t impeded but that he also could not wriggle out of the restraint. “How does that feel?”

Will wiggled his fingers but couldn’t get his hands free, and nodded his head once more. “It’s fine.”

Hannibal nodded, and then gripped Will’s curls tight, pulling his head back enough to meet his mouth. Will was his, just as he was Will’s, conjoined now forever. The doctor kissed him scarlet, hungry want that was evident with each crush of lips and slide of tongue.

The boy groaned, biting and sucking tongue and teeth, absolutely at the good doctor’s disposal. “Doctor Lecter…”

"Will," Hannibal murmured in response, sucking his lip into his mouth before he released his hold and stood up. He climbed gracefully back on the bed behind Will, running a hand up his mate's bare thigh, and gave it a swat, rubbing gently right afterwards. "You are a sight to behold like this, Mylimasis." He then moved his finger between the Omega's cheeks, and began rubbing around the taut, wrinkled pucker, slowly inserting a finger.

The Omega keened, rolling his hips back against Hannibal’s perfectly long finger. He was breathless already, wanton and needy, sweating just from being spanked by the older man.

Hannibal inserted another finger, savoring the tight squeeze as his other hand spanked the boy's cheek hard again just to feel him flinch. He was growing impatient himself, ready to be buried deep inside his mate and to the hilt. He worked Will open, curling his fingers and brushing over his prostate.

Will groaned, head dropped between his arms where this hands were tied to the headboard. His thighs spread, taking in more of Hannibal's fingers. “Please…”

After a few more thrusts, Hannibal slid his fingers out, and grabbed his own cock, guiding it slowly to Will's entrance where he pushed in carefully, inch by thick inch. The wet heat that surrounded him caused his voice to erupt in an inhuman groan, his large cock now fully sheathed and throbbing with pleasure. "Tell me then, do you like how *Daddy* feels inside of you?"

The boy lurched back, taking Hannibal in all the way, pressed tight to his prostate. “Yes, fuck…” he swore, groaning heavily. “More, *Daddy* , please.”

Hannibal gripped Will’s hips, and thrusted in harder, over and over, watching the way his boy writhed as his cock slid in and out of his hole. A litany of groans and praises, all rife with adoration, fell from the doctor’s lips as his body jerked and snapped with wild abandon against Will’s pert ass. “Being inside of you is pure nirvana, William.”

The Omega began to squirm with pleasure, unable to do much more than rut back against Hannibal’s large cock, taking him closer and closer to the edge of pleasurable bliss. His fingers squeezed together, tight and white, gripping hard.

Sweat began to bead on Hannibal’s tawny skin as he took his boy at a punishing pace, his usually kempt hair hanging in his eyes. He slapped Will’s ass again, and practically roared as his orgasm threatened to uncoil and explode at any moment. “Come for Daddy, Will. I want you to come untouched, and around my cock.”

Hot white heat coursed through the Omega’s veins and loins, pulsing out through his prostate as he throbbed around Hannibal’s cock, slicking him thoroughly with his wetness. Will managed wordless shouts, grunts that filled the air between them, toes curled into the bedspread.

Pleased, the Alpha pumped into Will a half a dozen more times, howling ferociously when his knot finally expanded and what felt like a gallon of hot seed spurted out and painted the inside of the Omega’s walls. “Beautiful, Will,” Hannibal panted, his hands roving up and down along his spine.

Will continued to feel his pulse deep in his core, even after he stopped moving, after the pleasure ebbed to a sweet, shallow heat. “Hannibal…”

Once the waves of orgasm had subsided, the older man carefully pulled them onto their side, minding the fact that Will was still tied to the headboard. Reaching his arms up, he undid the restraints, and then wrapped his arms around Will’s chest, peppering kisses along the nape of his neck. “There are many things that I want to show you, darling boy. The world is ours for the taking.”

“Oh?” the boy asked, rubbing his wrists a little, but they didn’t hurt much. He reached back and touched Hannibal’s neck, turning enough to kiss his jaw.

“Mhm, indeed,” Hannibal crooned, seeking out Will’s mouth for a sloppy side kiss. He constantly found himself craving the boy’s mouth, he needed it just like he needed air.

Will hummed into Hannibal’s mouth, and then nuzzled against his neck, scenting him. After a few minutes, he spoke again; “My father won’t stop. Do you… I mean, think there’s a way to *make* him stop?” The Omega had ideas, but he didn’t want to present them if his Alpha did not find them appropriate.

After scenting him back, Hannibal grinned against his mate’s skin, feeling a quiet sense of euphoria swell up in his breast at the question. “No, he will not stop. I have several ways in which we could make him stop, however, I would very much like to hear

yours first, Will." He wanted to hear Will's ideas, gauge his darkness, the boy had darkness inside of him and the Doctor wanted to witness its birthing. "You need not be afraid to speak freely," he added after some thought.

"I don't want you to think… poorly of me," Will whispered, rubbing his hand over Hannibal's strong thigh. "But, I was thinking, maybe we have to get rid of him. For good."

"I could never think you anything less than exceptional, Mylimasis," Hannibal assured, snuggling into him tighter. "I was thinking the exact same thing. How do you imagine yourself doing it?"

"I'm hardly strong enough, but… with my hands, or a blade," Will answered, quietly, fingers spread out to look at his own hands, smaller than Hannibal's.

"You are stronger than you may realize, Will," Hannibal offered and then took his mate's hand and pressed it to his lips. "Using your hands provides a certain...intimacy." Naturally, Hannibal would assist him in the endeavor, should he require any help.

"Maybe he is not worthy of that intimacy," Will countered, sure that a knife would do just as well, or some horrible boating accident…

To say Hannibal was proud, would be an understatement. "True, William. Your *becoming* is one I am honored to be a privy to. When would you like to be rid of our problem, then?"

"Give it time to settle. Make it less likely that I'd be suspected of anything awful toward him," Will suggested, fingers gripping against Hannibal's thigh, raking up and down his leg.

"What a cunning boy you are," Hannibal murmured, nipping at Will's neck, his hot breath ghosting there. His knot was already beginning to deflate due to the fact that they had already been at it quite heavily.

"I could even make it look as if we've reconciled… boating trip?" Will mused lightly, mostly to himself.

Hannibal slipped out of Will and rolled halfway over his body, catching his lower lip between his teeth and tugging before letting go. "I can feed the caterpillar, I can whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches, follows its own nature and is beyond me…" he whispered affectionately as he gazed into sea blue eyes.

"So I should what I believe is right," Will said, against Hannibal's mouth, watching him up close. Of course this would all have to wait a few more days...

"Yes," Hannibal answered, simply, watching Will right back. "I have no doubts about your potential, dear boy, your reckoning will be exquisite." He would take Will shopping soon, either before or after, to celebrate, but for now they were both still too tangled up in each other's flesh to do anything more than that.

Chapter 5

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

After days of mating, Will had finally started to reach the end, and recovered for a day more, completely exhausted. Thank God it only happened every few months. He rolled out of bed, pulling on Hannibal's robe, the older man already downstairs making breakfast from the smell of things.

Hannibal had just finished making a simple protein scramble and was portioning it out when he heard Will padding around upstairs. Smiling to himself, he poured a cup of coffee for the boy and sat it on the counter. He took off his apron and hung it up, already showered and dressed for the day in a grey striped suit with a blue undershirt, and matching tie.

Will wandered down stairs and leaned on the counter, taking the cup of coffee, messy hair in his face. The curls of white steam fogged his vision ever so slightly as he watched Hannibal with a little grin behind the mug.

“Good morning, William,” Hannibal smiled, leaning forward to brush a curl from the boy’s eyes. “I trust you slept well?” He took his own cup of coffee in hand, and swallowed the last sip, licking his lips afterwards. Setting it back down he gathered up the two plates, and nodded towards the dining room table.

Will took his mug to the table with a smile, and slumped down into one of the chairs. “I did.” He’d slept better than he had ever slept in his life.

“Good,” Hannibal said with a smile. “A simple protein scramble, with eggs and sausage,” he announced as he sat the plates down and then sat down himself. He found he loved the way Will looked in the morning, sleepy, with messy curls and a warm rosy glow that covered his skin, exquisite and untamed.

Will picked up his fork and immediately started to eat, shoveling food into his mouth like he hadn’t eaten in a week. He hummed around his fork, eyes closed. “It’s good, thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” the doctor answered, taking his fork in hand and gathering up some of the fluffy egg mixture. He took a calculated bite, and chewed slowly as he watched his mate eat ravenously. It was endearing, and he really liked taking care of the young Omega. After he’d swallowed, he canted his head to look at Will again. “I would like to take you to town today, Will, a hair cut and perhaps some new clothing,” he offered. “We also need to gather your things from your father’s home.”

Will nodded, not giving any lip about it this time, he was more than aware that Hannibal had standards, and if Will wanted to be taken seriously, he needed to allow the man to groom him.

Hannibal gave a pleased hum, around another bite of breakfast, before chewing and swallowing. He’d half expected another protest, in all honesty. “I am not sure of the deadline, but it might be prudent that you start looking into the University of your choice, Will. You are free to use my laptop, and we will also need to obtain a cell phone for your use.” Hannibal wanted to make sure he could get in touch with his mate, in his absence, be it work or school.

“It’s too late to start, I can join in the fall,” Will said, well aware of everything he would need for school, and when to start. He’d been trying for a while. “Thank you.”

"You're welcome," Hannibal said. "That sounds excellent, Will." He knew Will was aware, but he wanted to show his interest, and more than anything wanted to give his mate the best life possible, even if it would be a non-traditional one in many ways. Once they finished eating he rose from the table, taking the plates into the kitchen.

“I’ll go get dressed,” Will said, letting Hannibal clean up, though he knew he only had his clothes that he wore days ago, but it would have to do until they got everything else from his father’s boat.

“Please feel free to select anything of mine, that might fit, from my closet,” Hannibal offered, over his shoulder as Will started to head out of the room. After that, he started working on cleaning the dishes and clearing the table.

Soon enough, Hannibal had finished with the clean up and was sitting on the sofa, thumbing through the latest articles on Tattle-Crime from his phone while he waited for Will to come back downstairs.

Twenty minutes later, Will was freshly washed and clothed, Hannibal having done the laundry earlier that week. “Thank you for cleaning my stuff,” he said, pecking Hannibal’s cheek softly as he passed.

Hannibal had stood when he heard Will coming downstairs, his amber eyes drinking him in, the boy’s damp curls and stunning blue eyes standing out the most. Nodding, he leaned into the sweet peck and then spun around, catching his mate by his waist before he’d gotten too far. “I am afraid that will not suffice, dear boy,” he flirted, and tugged him gently against his body with a deep grunt. “I require more than just a peck on the cheek, even though it was pleasant.” His eyes drifted down to the young Omega’s lips, and then back to his eyes.

Will grinned and kissed Hannibal deeper, hand over the back of his head, holding him there, and then let their noses brush, their foreheads resting together. “Better?”

“Much,” Hannibal grinned, staring at Will up close, licking his own lips slowly. He kissed him once more and then righted his stance, smoothing down his suit coat. “We should depart, before I whisk you upstairs and ravage you.”

The boy laughed, and slipped out Hannibal’s reach. He went to get his shoes on, worn and tired, faded. “Okay…”

Hannibal was a dangerous man, but hearing that laugh rendered him practically pliant. He was more than willing to give into the boys every desire, should he only ask. Smiling, he watched as Will got his shoes on. He would rectify that situation too, shortly. While he knew it was all Will’s father could afford, he also knew that his boy deserved better than those old atrocities.

Will hugged Hannibal once he finished and then tugged him toward the door. “Come on…”

“Yes, William,” Hannibal hummed, his arm wrapped around the young Omega’s shoulder.

Leading them to the Bentley, he unlocked it and they both got inside before he started the engine and drove off towards town.

Twenty minutes later and Hannibal was pulling up and parking in front of the place where Will was to get a haircut. As he undid his belt, he turned to look at those shaggy curls one last time, as if bidding them farewell. “It will feel much better, having some of this length off, dear boy,” the doctor reassured, running his hand through the long tresses.

“How much?” Will asked, not at all sad to see some of it go.

Taking a moment to debate, Hannibal moved his hand and placed it over the other which rested on his lap. “As I mentioned, I do not wish for you to lose all of your exquisite curls. Perhaps enough to keep it off of your neck and out of your eyes.”

Will nodded; it had been a while since he had a real haircut. He slipped out of the car and got to the sidewalk, waiting for Hannibal.

Hannibal exited the car, locked it and then joined Will’s side. Gently taking his hand, he lead them inside the expensive salon. He was a frequent client there, and very respected, so no one uttered a word that could have been interpreted as judgemental towards Will. The elegant doctor told the stylist what he envisioned for his mate, and she promptly lead them both into the back.

Will sat and let his hair be washed, probably the most thoroughly he’s ever had it done besides when Hannibal had helped him during his heat. He then was lead to a chair and had a smock draped over his shoulders, and the woman got to work shaping and cutting off long locks and dead ends.

The doctor watched the stylist’s every move with a keen eye, very protective, even if it did not seem so to any onlookers. He was pleased, thus far, elated to be able provide for his mate and help him with his transformation. While Will was very handsome before, the more hair that was cut and tumbled to the floor, the better he was looking.

“We are going to have you looking sharp when we’re done here,” the stylist said, trying to make friendly small talk with the boy. Hannibal merely sat in silence, a curious look on his face.

Will gave Hannibal a look before smiling at the stylist. “What am I now?”

The question caught the woman off guard really, but the smile she was given was welcome. “Oh, handsome, of course, but a good haircut will show off those beautiful eyes much more,” she answered, smiling back at him in the mirror. “Maybe your Alpha will get you a manicure as well.”

Her masked rudeness and judgment did not go unnoticed by the good doctor, who leaned forward to catch her gaze. “I wonder, Susan, may I have your business card, when we are finished here?” Hannibal asked, casually, to which she nodded her response. Smiling, he offered Will a little wink.

There was a sneer on the boys lips, but he hid it with a well placed smile, but the look in his eyes as they met Hannibal’s was anything but pleased. “I’m sure my Alpha will get me a great many of things…”

The Omegan stylist was blissfully unaware of the exchange between Hannibal and Will, and continued to work on cutting the boy’s hair. “I’m sure he will, you’re lucky have found such a fine and elegant Alpha. I have to admit he’s caught many an eye,” she smiled, looking over at the doctor through her lashes, just after she’d checked over her finished work. Hannibal, of course, kept his eyes on Will, paying her no mind.

“You were likely overlooked because of you weren’t unique, you’re a female Omega, there’s about eight of you around every corner,” Will sniped, not looking at the woman, but Hannibal.

Before the woman could reply, Hannibal spoke up. “My William, is truly a rare gift, unique, cunning and beautiful. My tastes have never leaned towards the mundane or banal.” The Alpha licked his lips slowly, more indicating a dark hunger, than a lustful one in this moment as he held Will’s gaze. He was extremely proud of his mate.

“We’re all done, tell me what you think,” Susan said, wanting to change the subject and see them on their way. She handed Will a mirror so he could look at the front as well as the back and stepped aside.

Mirror taken, Will wanted to crack her right over the head with it, sure that part of Hannibal’s darkness was seeping into his own. “It’s… fine,” Will said, looking to his Alpha.

“Stunning,” Hannibal began, rising from his chair to take a closer look. “Fortunate for us, that your banality does not extend to the abilities of your chosen profession.” The Alpha eyed her only long enough to see her quiet huff, before she’d gestured towards the cash register and then walked off to leave them be.

“Handsome before, but I quite like this look on you, dear boy,” the Alpha said, running his hand through the shorter locks on Will’s head.

Will rolled his head against Hannibal’s hand, then leaned up to kiss him. “As long as you like it.”

“I do, very much,” Hannibal murmured, still hovering over Will’s lips after the kiss. “I would like to apologize, she was quite discourteous.”

“She should know better as an Omega,” Will whispered, though he was hardly a good Omega himself.

“Most arrogant Omegas, such as herself, know no better,” Hannibal said quietly. Will wasn’t the typical Omega, but he was not arrogant. “Nonetheless, she will not be a bother after today.” He left it at that for now and then took off the smock the stylist had neglected to remove from his mate, offering his hand just afterwards to go pay.

Will accepted Hannibal’s hand. They paid, taking the stylist’s card, and walked back out into the mid winter air, crisp for now, but the clouds above seemed to be cluttering for a storm.

Hand in hand, the doctor lead them to Saks Fifth Avenue , which was right around the corner. “Now for some new apparel,” Hannibal remarked, opening the door for Will to walk in first. Since a storm was approaching, he would attempt to make sure they finished before it started to rain.

Inside, the Alpha lead Will to the young men’s department, curious if he would select something on his own initially or await his guidance.

It was a lot to take in. “What do Omegas my age wear? Who are mated?” Will asked, unaware, as he never paid much attention before.

“I would not wish you to look like other Omegas your age,” Hannibal explained, a smile playing on his lips. “We need something for you, for when we go out as well as something casual.” He picked up an all white Gucci suit and held it up in offering. “Perhaps something like this...” Clearly it would only be for special occasions.

“White?” Will asked, afraid to even touch it. He’d only ever worn colors that dirt could never clearly be seen on.

“For special occasions only. It is very soft, and will not be abrasive on your skin,” Hannibal said. “We will also get something in black, as well as your less formal attire.”

Will nodded, looking around. Like the the other shop, they had a few fashionable plaid shirts, that he looked at as he passed by them, but he hardly thought Hannibal would find them appropriate.

After nearly an hour of shopping, Hannibal had assisted in helping Will pick out a whole new wardrobe of tasteful clothing as well as shoes, socks and underwear. He’d noticed the way Will was eying the plaid shirts and as they passed by, on their way to pay, he paused and took one from the hanger. “One or two of these, for when you go fishing, or do any other work?” he offered. Personally, the doctor found them hideous, but realized it would be better Will have at least one or two on hand for the aforementioned instances.

Shrugging, Will took a few in shades of blue and green, that matched his eyes more than he realized. “Sure.”

It was a good compromise, the doctor mused to himself. He knew, either way, that Will wasn’t overly thrilled with the excursion. “Very well,” he smiled and then lead them to the clerk to pay.

Once they had paid, Will grabbed all the new things, and then headed back out. He wasn’t a fan of shopping, but then again, he’d never done much of it either.

“I imagine you’ve worked up quite the appetite,” Hannibal began, once they’d made it to the car. “After we procure your things from the boat, I would like to take you to dinner.” One of the suits would be perfect to wear for such an outing, Hannibal thought to himself, knowing Will could change into it while getting his things.

“The dinner we were meant to have a week ago?” Will asked, head canted, slipping all the bags into the car, and then got in himself.

“Yes, at the French restaurant,” the Alpha replied with a smile, once he’d gotten in the car as well and had started the engine. “You certainly have the clothing now.” Though that hadn’t been why they did not go the week prior, it had only been postponed due to Will’s heat.

“What was I to wear a week ago?” Will asked, merely curious what the Alpha would have done with a street clothes worn Omega on his hip.

“It would not have mattered, as long as you were on my arm,” Hannibal answered, honestly. “In any case, were it a concern before, it has been rectified by our shopping trip today.” The doctor would have added anyone who might have said anything rude to Will, had they gone a week ago, to his mental list of swine to be slaughtered. With that, Hannibal backed up and headed over towards the docks.

Will hummed his answer to that, simply. Once at the docks, he got out, noting his father’s truck was nowhere to be seen, he let himself into the boat, and started to gather his things, all of which his father had gone through.

Hannibal wasn't far behind his mate, wanting to accompany him out of curiosity as well as safety. He surveyed the small cabin and then walked over to Will. The doctor had pulled the white suit from the trunk and had it with him.

Will packed only what was his and left everything else for his father. He left a quick note with Hannibal’s number, so they could make amends later.

“Should I change now?” Will asked, looking back at Hannibal.

“If you would not mind, please,” Hannibal answered, one hand in his pocket. He handed Will the suit with a warm smile. The Alpha knew Will would look striking in it already.

Will undressed and pushed all his old clothes into the bag, and then slipped the suit on, piece by piece. Once it was on, he handed the tie to Hannibal. “I don’t know how.”

Were Hannibal not a controlled man, he might have tried to initiate another round of passionate love making, then and there, but he refrained, merely observing instead. After Will was offered the tie, he accepted with an understanding nod. “I will teach you, dear boy,” he promised and then wrapped it around Will’s neck once he’d lifted the shirt collar. A moment later and he had tied the perfect windsor knot. “There we are, mylimasis. You look enchanting, just as I knew you would.”

“Thank you,” Will said, quietly, smoothing down the tie over his shirt, and then picked up his bag. “I think I have everything.”

Unable to resist, Hannibal leaned in to kiss Will, once, showing his pleasure. “A new life is yours for the taking, Will.”

Will nodded, and rested their foreheads together a moment, feeling completely like a different person than he was a week ago. Or, maybe, he was just finally being himself. “With you.”

After pulling back, Hannibal hummed and turned around towards the door. “Always.” He knew he would be privy to a great becoming; the lamb would become the lion. With his hand on Will’s lower back, he ushered him back to the Bentley, popping the trunk with the click of a button.

Will set his things into the trunk along with all the new things, and then shut it again. Everything was changing, himself included. He got back into the car, and buckled in, quietly reflecting as they pulled away from the dock.

A few minutes of driving in silence, and Hannibal was pulling up to the valet at Lilette, an expensive French restaurant just outside of the Garden district. The doctor put the car into park and shut off the engine, gracefully stepping out to hand the gentleman the keys with a thank you. With some haste, he strode over to open the car door for his mate. The Alpha did enjoy attention from the on lookers.

Will got out and took Hannibal’s hand, people staring at the new couple in town as they walked into the lovely French restaurant. “I’m glad I got the suit,” Will whispered.

Hannibal’s eyes crinkled at the corners as he beamed over at his handsome boy, his mate. “It suits you,” he answered as they were greeted by the hostess. The doctor gave her his name, he’d called ahead for a reservation, and then walked with Will behind her to their table. After thanking her, she departed, leaving them to look over the menus.

Will looked over the menu, half of it he had no idea what it was, but he settled on the veal, something new, but something he was sure he’d like. If he did the fish, well, that wouldn’t be very adventurous. “What are you getting, Doctor Lecter?”

Looking up from his menu, Hannibal sat it aside. “Duck Confit for starters, it is something we can both enjoy together and is prepared in a red wine vinaigrette sauce,” the Alpha explained. “For the main course I will the braised lamb shoulder. Did you decide on something?” Sadly he couldn’t recommend a wine for his mate, due to him being under the legal drinking age, but perhaps he could sneak him a sip or two.

“The veal,” Will stated, sighing a little as it was a little irritating to eat out and not be able to drink with Hannibal. He’d just have something at home.

“An excellent choice,” Hannibal said, picking up on Will’s irritance. The maître d came over and Hannibal politely ordered, selecting a red Bordeaux for himself and then waited for Will to order his own.

Will explained what he wanted and set the menu into the waiter’s hand, and a water, since that’s all he could have. He looked at Hannibal as the wine was presented to him, and sighed.

After tasting the wine, Hannibal gave the waiter his approval and handed over his menu as well. Sipping his wine slowly, he looked at Will over the glass. “Apologies, Will, but I will open one of my finest bottles for you when we return home,” he offered, able to see by the way his mate was eyeing his wine that he wanted to drink.

The boy had become accustomed to finer things to drink than water with dinner over the last week. He gave Hannibal a shrug, and folded his arms over his chest as he observed the room instead of his mate.

Hannibal narrowed his eyes contemplatively, but said nothing more, also taking the opportunity to glance around the restaurant. “I would like to take you to the Opera someday soon, Will, would you be agreeable?”

“I suppose,” Will sighed, trying to shut out the stares they were getting.

“Dining out is not something I often do, I prefer to make meals at home,” Hannibal said, changing the subject. “I tend to be careful about what I put into my body and as such, you will not have to endure many nights like this.” The doctor was aware of the staring of course, and while he didn’t mind, he could see that Will did.

Will dropped his hands to his lap, laying his napkin out over his thighs. “Eager to show off your new mate.” Not a question.

“While you are not simply a trophy that I have collected and now wish to display, I *am* very honored and proud to have you at my side, yes,” Hannibal answered, honestly. Naturally he wanted the world to bear witness to his beautiful boy, his mate, but he didn’t want Will to think that he was just ‘eye candy’.

The appetizer came and was set out in front of them, and Will took that moment to keep that conversation to the food. “How do you eat this?”

"Duck Confit is considered one of the finest French dishes. While it is made across France, it is seen as a specialty of Gascony. The confit is prepared in a centuries-old process of preservation that consists of salt curing a piece of meat and then cooking it in its own fat. It is divine, I assure you," Hannibal explained as he watched Will. "Pull the leg piece from the fat, but do be careful not to pull out the bone and leave the meat behind."

“So, you just eat it?” Will asked, tugging on the leg, careful to take the meat with it, leaving a bit for Hannibal.

“Yes, it goes with the potatoes you see before you, of course,” Hannibal answered with an affectionate smile. “You may also use your silverware.” He waited, as usual, to see Will’s reaction first.

Will picked up a fork to take the meat off the bone and then ate a little, shrugging. “It’s okay…”

Hannibal pursed his lips, and then took a bite himself, it wasn’t terrible but he knew he could make it much better. “Do not eat it, if you find it is not to your liking, mylimasis.”

It was new to Will, that was all. He ate some more of it, as the taste grew on him. “Greasy, but it’s good.”

“Yes, it is,” Hannibal smiled, affectionately. After taking another bite and swallowing, he took a sip of his wine. “I have very much enjoyed our outing today, William, thank you for the pleasure of your company.”

“You’re welcome,” Will said, taking the last bite of his food, slowly, savoring the last of it. It wasn’t much, but he was far more hungry than he realized.

The waiter came to refill their drinks, and clear the plates once they’d finished with the appetizer. While their waiter was attending to that, another waiter brought out their main course and placed in front of them. Hannibal thanked them both graciously.

“The veal you have chosen looks excellent,” the doctor said, as he looked over the lamb he’d ordered himself.

Will looked at the veal and then picked up the clean fork and knife and cut into it, and put the piece in his mouth. It tasted nothing like he expected, but he expected very little. It was just savory enough. “It’s good,” he murmured around another bite.

Hannibal nodded his approval and then cut into his own, taking a slow bite and closing his eyes. It was good, again, something that he could prepare better but he was satisfied. “It is well prepared, and I do not find the taste to be unsatisfactory,” he commented, after his mouth was free of the bite he’d been chewing.

“I’m sure you have a better recipe,” Will offered, but continued to eat, famished.

Hannibal’s eyes darkened with delight at that. Oh, but he *did* have a much better recipe in mind. “I plan on preparing quite the succulent feast for you soon, dear boy,” he answered, licking his lips slowly before taking another bite.

“Are you?” Will asked, all but batting his eyes at Hannibal as he pushed another piece of veal into his mouth.

“Indeed I am,” Hannibal answered, quietly. The doctor wiped his hands on the cloth napkin that was in his lap, freeing them of any remnants of food or grease and then placed that hand on Will’s thigh, a bit high up. Giving it a gentle squeeze under the table, he bit his own lower lip, half contemplation, half seduction. “I believe you would find it...to your liking, William.”

“I’ve liked everything you’ve made for me so far,” Will said, his voice lowering a little as Hannibal’s hand crept along his suit covered thigh. “I doubt this time would be any different.”

Hannibal went higher, and slid in between Will’s lean legs, feeling the heat that radiated there the higher his hand travelled. “Wonderful. I always want to see you *satisfied* ,” he rasped, quietly and with his other hand, took another bite of his meal.

Breath hitching, Will tried to eat another bite, but only managed to let out a sigh that was followed by a purr that started in his chest. He took a swallow of his water to try and stop it. “Hannibal…” he whispered, putting the glass back down against the table top.

“You should continue to eat, William. Naughty boys who do not finish their dinner, get the belt when they are home,” Hannibal murmured, and cupped Will’s cock through his suit pants. The doctor took another bite, appearing to the other diners as if nothing more than that was occurring at the moment.

Will managed to get the bite into his mouth on the second try, and then another. His eyes closed as Hannibal touched, his cock growing hard under his grasp. “The belt?”

“A different sensation than the hand, you might find you enjoy it,” Hannibal whispered, his fingers tracing the outline of Will’s encased cock. The doctor had his fill of his meal and was totally focused on distracting his boy.

The thought flushed Will thoroughly, his hair no longer hiding his ears as they went turned pink to the tips. “Oh…” he hummed, and set his fork down, unable to continue.

The Alpha rubbed a bit longer, admiring the rosy flush that had crept over Will’s skin before moving his hand entirely. Making a playful ‘tsk-tsk’ sound at the boy’s resignation of his dinner, Hannibal gestured to the waiter for their check. “If you are finished, we will be on our way,” he said, looking at the young Omega, his pupils blown wide with want.

Will nodded, trying to think of something other than Hannibal being inside of him right there, over the table, with everyone watching. He closed his eyes briefly, and sighed. The waiter brought the check over and Will let Hannibal pay, and then stood, happy the jacket covered his crotch.

After leaving a large tip, Hannibal stood, placing his large hand on the small of Will's back to usher them out of the restaurant. Luckily, the rain had yet to start and he mused to himself that they should be in the clear until they arrived back at home. The older man handed the valet the ticket and stood with Will while they waited for the Bentley to be brought around. "What is rattling around in the bone arena of your mind, Will?" Hannibal asked, quietly, wondering if his mate was thinking the same lascivious thoughts that he was.

"You. Always you. Running around in there," Will whispered, leaning in closer to Hannibal. "Fucking me over the table." He raised one brow up at Hannibal, pressing his lips together as he felt out the doctor's feeling on his bluntness.

A low growl slipped from Hannibal's lips at that, the words Will had so brazenly uttered forming the perfect picture in his own mind. He tugged his boy flush against his body, angling just so, wanting Will to *feel* his reaction. "Naughty boy, with a foul mouth. What's to be done about that, hm?" he rumbled, tugging Will's lower lip through his teeth just as the valet pulled up.

Will writhed against Hannibal's body and then slipped away to get into the car, the door held by the valet, and then closed. Once Hannibal was in the car, Will leaned over to kiss him heatedly, one hand planted on his chest.

Gripping Will's shorter curls, Hannibal pillaged his mouth, tongues, teeth and lips colliding violently together. The Alpha's cock pressed hard against the soft fabric of his trousers, precome leaking and forming a dark spot there, his musky scent filling the air between them. "Will-"

"Let's go home," Will said, tempted to crawl over the doctor there and fuck himself on his cock, but Will didn't want to ruin their clothes either.

"Yes, let's," Hannibal panted, reluctantly pulling back to right his position. He put the car in drive, and started off towards home, eager to be there already.

Will kept his hands on Hannibal, stroking his thighs as they drove, and when they got home, he jumped out and gathered his things from the trunk, eager to get inside and disrobe his Alpha.

Upon arriving home, Hannibal made quick work of shutting off the car and getting out before heading to the door to unlock it. Inside, he took off his jacket and hung it on the coat rack. With a growl, he gently pushed Will against the wall and crashed their lips together, his erection pressing into the other's.

Will dropped the bags and wrapped his arms around Hannibal, kissing him with heated passion, hitching one leg around his hip, pressing their cocks together through thin, expensive fabric. "Hannibal-"

Hannibal slid his hand down Will's side and cupped his ass, kneading there while they kissed and rutted together. After a moment, he hoisted the boy up, hooking his other leg around his hip and gripping underneath his mate's ass. His lips never faltered as he walked them into the dining room and sat the boy down atop the table. "I believe you mentioned something about me... *fucking* you over this very table, did you not?"

"I did," Will gasped, shrugging off his jacket and toeing off his dress shoes, letting them fall to the floor with a soft thump.

Hannibal stood back, unbuttoning his own shirt and then unfastened his belt, sliding the leather out of the rings. "Finish undressing," he commanded, a dark glint in his eyes as he took the folded belt in his hand.

Will slipped the pants off and laid them over the chair, and then his shirt, everything nicely placed. His cock leaked with anticipation as he pushed his underwear down and off, kicked aside. "Better, daddy?"

"Good boy," Hannibal hummed. Trailing the belt up Will's torso, he gently slapped a rosy nipple, watching as it hardened, soothing it afterwards. "Now, help daddy undress."

Will reached forward and undid the rest of Hannibal's shirt and tie first, and then his pants, He pushed the jacket and shirt off his shoulders letting Hannibal toss it aside for now, and then pushed his pants to the ground, gazing up him.

Hannibal stepped out of his pants, after removing his shoes and leaned in to kiss Will again, briefly, in a show of appreciation. Pulling back, he gingerly encouraged him to turn around and bend over the table, his own cock throbbing with need.

Will placed his hands on the table, palms pressed to the polished wood, creating ghostly outlines around long fingers. He bent at the hip, ass jutted out, and waited.

Hannibal's breath hitched at the sight, how beautiful his boy looked, bent over, ready, and for him alone. The doctor bit his lip and fisted his own cock, giving it a few pumps, velvety skin gliding over the reddened tip. "Beautiful," he murmured. Next, he slid the

belt down the knots of Will's spine, taking care to appreciate the way his body responded. After raising his hand, the Alpha lowered the belt with a crack onto the young man's cheek. It was not overly hard at first, wanting to ease him into it. "You must let me know, should you wish me to cease any action, William."

“Yes, Daddy,” Will answered, goosebumps splaying across the skin of his pink ass. His body shook, mostly with need, able to feel the extent of Hannibal’s doings and wants now that his heat didn’t captivate his need to be fucked, hard and quick.

Humming, Hannibal ran the belt up the cleft of Will’s ass before raising and lowering it again, on the opposite cheek. It had been harder this time, and there was already a deliciously pink welt forming over the boy’s creamy skin. “Do you want more, William?” He asked, running his other hand over the ridge of the mark softly.

Toes curled against the tiled floor, Will nodded his head, panting hard as the pain pulsed into pleasure, making his cock throb. “Please.”

The doctor struck him twice more, rotating sides, and then wrapped the belt around Will’s neck. He didn’t cut off his air, but instead used the leverage to gently pull the boy’s body back against his own, his free hand snaking around his waist to stroke his mate’s smaller cock. Hannibal could smell the slick that had gathered between the younger man’s cheeks, and it made his knot throb with desire. “William,” he growled, keeping the belt secure just below his Adam’s Apple. “I want to watch you open yourself for my cock, will you do that for me?”

Will was shaking, mostly from need, every part of his body on fire, and every word whispered made him tense with anticipation. “Yes, sir.”

Hannibal kissed Will’s jaw and removed the belt, stepping back to stroke his cock as he watched his beloved. “Good, thank you, William.” He was anxious to be inside of his mate, but by allowing the tension to build, he knew it make for a much sweeter release.

Will reached between his legs, under his balls, and pressed two fingers into his slicked, wet hole, thighs spread with his ass presented to Hannibal. The boy gasped, head hanging low as he stretched himself.

It was all Hannibal could do, to not walk over and replace the boy’s fingers with his cock right away, but he kept his control. “How does that feel, Will?” he panted, his breath coming a little faster while he tugged on his own cock from root to tip.

“It’s nice,” Will started to say, and pushed his fingers in a little more, just barely touching the tip of his prostate, which made him shiver with lust. “But it’s not you.”

Licking his lips, Hannibal moved closer. “You spread your petals for me, how am I not to taste your sweet nectar,” he purred and removed Will’s fingers gently. The Alpha stooped down enough so that he could run his slick muscle from the boy’s balls to his quivering hole, lapping there hungrily with a groan, gripping his hips to keep him spread open.

Will leaned his chest to the table, his thighs spread further apart, both hands resting just beside his chest against the tabletop once more. A groan escaped his lips, already a quivering mess for his Alpha.

Grasping tighter, the doctor let out a guttural growl, feasting on the young Omega’s entrance. Will’s scent combined with his sweet flavor was driving Hannibal to the point of frenzy as his tongue probed deeper, fucking him relentlessly.

“Hannibal-” the boy gasped, huffing hard against the table, leaving a fog behind with each one, disappearing quickly. “Please.”

Unable to hold back any longer, the older man swallowed and turned to bite the soft flesh of Will’s cheek before standing. “Daddy shall not deny you any longer,” he rumbled, lining his bulbous cock head up to his mate’s dripping hole. Since Will was worked open, he slid right in, burying his cock to the root with a pleased sigh.

Will’s lithe body shook as he was finally entered, arching back against Hannibal’s hips, letting out another groan. He glanced over his shoulder at Hannibal, eyes dark and lusty, sultry in the low light.

Hannibal met Will’s gaze, his own practically opaque with feral need. Pulling out a few inches, he drove back inside, hard enough to push the boy forward, a seductive snarl playing on his lips. He would not be gentle this time, Will had asked he not be before and yet he had still held back. Not this time. “Inside of you, is where I belong, dear boy.”

Will pushed up on his hands, holding himself upright as Hannibal fucked him almost punishingly. He loved every minute of it, every aching thrust, and every sound that Hannibal made because of *him* . “Harder-”

The grip on Will's hips stayed tight, the Alpha's fingertips pressing hard enough that there would surely be bruises tomorrow, along with the welts. This is what Hannibal wanted, his boy properly marked, and claimed, by *him* and no other. In response to the boy's command, Hannibal swatted his mate’s ass, hard, the flesh turning red almost instantly before he unleashed a string of successive brutal thrusts, not stopping. "Greedy, aren't we, Will?" Hannibal grunted, sweat starting to form and drip off his bronze skin.

“Only for you,” Will gasped out, every inch of him was on fire right now, and all he could think about was the building lava deep in his core, working it’s way out toward his lower back.

“And I, for you,” Hannibal groaned, wrapping his arm around Will’s waist to work his cock while he fucked him relentlessly. The doctor compared what they had to Achilles and Patroclus, in the sense that, he wished that everyone else would die so that they might conquer 'Troy' alone. His thoughts always ran on several trains of thought, but now, the most prevalent one was the how exquisite it felt being deep inside his beloved. “Come for me, William,” he ordered, wet squelching sounds filling the room as he pummeled him again and again, his own release nearing the precipice.

Not being needed to be told twice, Will felt the boiling over point, and gasped, coming over Hannibal’s fingers, and down the older man’s cock and down his own thighs. “Hannibal-!”

More than satisfied, Hannibal’s hips snapped back and forth a half a dozen more times before his knot inflated and hot creamy seed spurted out, painting Will’s walls like a portrait. “Will, simply perfect, Will,” the older man panted. He removed his hand from the boy’s cock and brought it to his own mouth, licking his release with a hum.

Will watched the Alpha lick his seed from his fingers, and swallowed a groan back down. He turned his head to look at Hannibal, capturing his lips with his own, tasting himself on his tongue.

Hannibal slowly massaged his tongue against Will’s, relishing his flavor as if it were the best thing he’d ever tasted, because to him, it was. After a moment, he gently turned them around, so that he was sitting against the table and Will could rest against his slanted thighs. “A phenomenal way to draw our evening to a close, wouldn’t you agree?”

Will leaned into Hannibal, nuzzling up against his jaw, breath coming down with his heartbeat. “Yes, sir.”

Nuzzling him back, the older man wrapped his arms around Will’s chest, possessively and affectionately. “I love you, profoundly, William.”

Big, sea-blue eyes met Hannibal as Will’s face turned to meet his gaze. No one had ever loved Will, not even his father, not his mother… He wasn’t sure what it was or what it felt like, or if that was what he felt for Hannibal at all. “You… *love* me?”

Hannibal gazed at him with warm honeyed eyes and cupped his jaw. “In all of my years, I have never loved another more than I love you,” he confessed. He meant it with every fiber of his being, and knew no one had nor ever would compare to Will, *his* Will.

“I… love you, too,” Will said, carefully, cautious. The words felt right spilling from his pink lips, and the feeling behind it was heartfelt, and the most Will could muster into words, utterly struck, dumbfounded at Hannibal’s confession.

The good doctor hadn’t expected to hear it reciprocated, but he felt his heart beat faster once he did. Canting his head forward, he captured Will’s lips again for a slow romantic kiss. The boy’s love, while inexperienced, was truly a gift, one he’d treasure and keep safe.

Chapter 6

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Will's father called the next morning, and they made plans to go out fishing, one last time, to reconcile, or so Will explained. He promised his father money as well, which only seemed to sweeten the deal for him. Will dressed in jeans and one of his new plaid shirts, and his boots, all bought yesterday with Hannibal.

Hannibal had finished with the dishes from their breakfast, dressed in a blue striped suit and shiny black shoes. He walked into the room where Will was, keys in hand and pecked him on lips. "While plaid is not my favorite pattern, I still find you very handsome and irresistable, mylimasis," he smiled. "Are you ready to go reconnect with your father?"

Will tucked the shirt into his pants, and nodded. A knife lay heavy in his pocket, a very nice one that Hannibal had bought him and given him this morning. Will was still unsure how he would rid of his father, but he knew he had to, it was the only way.

Smiling, Hannibal offered Will his hand, and lead them out of the house, locking up and walking to the car. He got inside, and started the engine after securing his seat belt, waiting for his mate to do the same so they could be on their way.

Will got in and buckled, his hands in his lip, nervously tapping away at his thighs. "You'll be waiting right? He'll have been drinking, so, he won't be able to drive us back here."

Hannibal canted his head to look at Will curiously. "Of course, I'll remain at the docks, and await your return," he promised. "And will be right beside you the minute you are back on land." He placed a reassuring hand on the boy's thigh and squeezed gently before he removed it to back out of the driveway and head to the boat.

"Okay." Will went silent after that, mentally preparing himself for an afternoon of nothing but slanderous slaw from his father's drunken mouth. When they arrived, Will leaned over to kiss Hannibal's cheek, and then slipped out. "Back in a bit."

Will's father met him just out front with the fishing poles and the smaller boat that was set out on the river already. Will offered a wave back at Hannibal and then slipped into the boat, his father following. They were gone two hours, and when they returned, Will was helping his father out of the boat, who was much choppier and slow in his movements, but not quite wasted yet. They walked to the car, and Will helped him in.

"He agreed to dinner," Will said with a bright blue eyed look at Hannibal, and buckled his father in with expert fingers, as though he'd done this many times before.

When Hannibal saw Will return with his father, he placed his sketchbook back into the glovebox and unlocked the doors. "Wonderful," the cannibal grinned, his eyes narrowed a bit. "Thank you for agreeing to join us at our home this evening, Misterister Graham." Once everyone was situated, Hannibal started the car and drove off, back towards their home.

The man mumbled something and Will shot Hannibal a look, and then took his hand as they drove. "Hannibal's preparing a great meal for us."

Hannibal gave Will a wink and raised the hand he held to his lips for a quick kiss, turning onto the main road just after. “Your son does love what I serve him, and we are both especially pleased to have you for dinner,” he said, to Will’s father, amusement written on his face.

“Yeah, so he says,” Mister Graham murmured, looking like he was aching for another drink already.

The doctor simply chuckled at that, and continued to drive towards home. The rest of the drive was fairly quiet and after a few minutes, he pulled up and parked, stepping out to see if Will needed any assistance wrangling in his father. Joining the boy’s side he subtly gestured his query.

Will shook his head and helped his father out of the car. Mister Graham seemed to falter once but then held fast to Will. They walked slowly to the house.

“Really nice of ya , invite me after the other day,” he slurred and Will gave his mate a look, supporting his father's weight.

With his eyes only on Will, Hannibal smiled. “Of course, Mister Graham, the pleasure is ours. William needed this opportunity to spend some quality time with his father,” he said, calmly.

The talk Will and his father had in the boat was brief but was enough to lead his father to believe that they were going to pay him handsomely for Will, which seemed to be his want the whole time, if Will was worth that much. It only egged on Will’s hatred for his father, and what was to come.

The door was unlocked and Will helped his father inside, who now took another look at the place through less raged filled anger. “Some place you got here, Doctor Lecter. I can see why Will wants to be with you.”

Hannibal’s back was turned at the moment, and as such, he allowed himself a moment to close his eyes and take in a slow breath, calming himself before removing his coat and swinging around gracefully to meet Will’s father’s eyes. “Thank you. I am a collector...of sorts,” the doctor answered, gesturing to some of the older items in the house. “Will, please help your father get comfortable, I will be just a moment.”

“Let’s go pick a wine,” Will suggested to his father, who wrinkled his nose at the boy.

“You drink wine?”

“Only when I’m here,” Will said and lead his father down away from the kitchen, toward the door in the floor, that lead down into the basement, which would honestly be mistaken for a wine cellar. He popped the door open and walked down first, offering a smaller hand to his father to help him, seemingly the caring son.

Hannibal, now wearing his clear coveralls, descended into the basement as soon as Will’s father had made his way down. He knew that Mister Graham was likely too intoxicated to take much notice of his changed appearance. Looking at his mate, the doctor gave him a nod to indicate that he was in control of how and when.

“I don’t see any wine down here,” Mister Graham said, turning to look at Will, only to see Hannibal, and gave him a weird look at his smock. “What the fu-”

Will gave his father no time to ponder the question longer than it took to get off his tongue. He slipped the knife from his pocket and slice his father’s throat right across the jugular, watching him go down, gasping and clawing at the blood that drained out deep red over his pale skin. A splatter speckled over Will’s boyish features, bright against his own light skin.On his knees, and then falling forward, Mister Graham lie motionless, seeping blood out onto the floor, sinking down into the drain Hannibal had there, never to make a mess.

It wasn’t as satisfying as he wanted it to be, he thought maybe there’d be more of a fight, but his father well past drunk, and the kill had done with enough finesse that it hardly gave the man time to ponder what had happened.

“I was too quick…” Will said, quietly.

Hannibal had watched the whole spectacle with a dark, yet proud glint in his maroon eyes, his lips only curled into the faintest of snarls. Once Mister Graham was rendered lifeless on the floor, the doctor walked over to Will and kissed his blood spattered lips to get a taste and express his approval. Pulling back, one hand cupping his mate’s jaw, he grinned. “You did well, dear boy. The first kill is often the fastest, it is borne out of need and primal rage,” he explained, taking in his scent and overall demeanor. “Tell me, did your heart race when you extinguished the light from your father’s drunken eyes?”

Nodding slowly, Will looked down at his father's lifeless body. “All I could hear was my heart pounding in my ears.”

“Yes, that is normal for your first time, mylimasis,” Hannibal assured, sliding his hand down onto Will’s shoulder. “Do you feel any remorse?” The doctor was, naturally, gauging his mate’s psychological response to the kill.

“No,” Will said, quietly, wrapping his arms around Hannibal’s plastic clad body, cold and impersonal. “I’m… thankful.”

“Good,” Hannibal murmured. “Killing feels good to God too, he does it all the time.” The Alpha rubbed Will’s back as he embraced and scented him.

Will was still breathing hard, trying to calm himself, but it was difficult. His hands grasped into the plastic suit and he rested his forehead against Hannibal’s shoulder. “Does this make me a monster…?”

“Killing is one of the humanities oldest art forms, William. You are far from a monster, I assure you.” Hannibal explained, his hand carding through the boy’s curls. “You must understand that blood and breath are only elements undergoing change to fuel your radiance.”

Taking a deep breath, Will let it out again slowly. He looked up at Hannibal. “What now then?”

“We dispose of the body and clean the room,” Hannibal said casually, meeting Will’s gaze. “Do you wish to keep a...momento?”

“Like what?” Will asked, looking at the body, not sure how they would go about that, honestly, not without evidence.

Hannibal didn’t respond to the question, and instead, canted his head just slightly in contemplation. “While disposing of the body, and removing any trace is prudent, often killers will take or even consume some part of their prey. Be it to honor them, or absorb them in some way.”

Will narrowed his eyes on Hannibal slightly. “Most of his organs would be toxic or possibly sick,” he said, everything Hannibal was saying was setting in slowly.

Flaring his nostrils, Hannibal inhaled deeply, his head turned in the direction of the corpse on the ground. “He had cirrhosis of the liver, though he may not have been aware. Man often knows so little about the things they carry inside,” the doctor pointed out, looking back at Will. “His tongue, however, would be suitable, appropriate even. He often liked to wag it at you, doling out his foul obscenities and insults as if they were nothing more than the words of a concerned parent.”

“You want to eat his tongue?” Will asked, apprehensively.

“Tongue, or what is often known as lengua, is a delicacy in many countries, William,” Hannibal answered, his eyes narrowed in assessment. “It is reputed to be one of the more delicious parts of the body. Would you not wish to take power over the thing that has caused you deep suffering over the years?”

Will actually felt a little sick to his stomach at the thought. “I don’t want to eat that.”

Hannibal pursed his lips, and took a quiet breath. “Very well. The matter of urgency at the moment is to dispose of the body. I can take care of it for you, if you’d like,” he offered, not mentioning the topic of his father’s tongue again for the time being.

Disappointment radiated off Hannibal in waves, and it hit Will like a ton of bricks. “I wouldn’t know how to anyway,” he said, and started to strip out of his blood stained clothes, aware they would have to burn them.

It was an outfit, that the good doctor would not mind burning, despite Will having another similar. “I can show you how, if you ask me to,” he said, though he was more than fine doing it on his own, best not to overload the boy. Hannibal watched the young Omega for a moment, his hands clasped together in front of his waist, as he awaited his decision.

“Would that make you happy?” Will asked, swallowing down the raw emotion that hit him hard in the chest, so much so that he almost reached up to rub the spot. He set his bloody clothes aside, in his just his underwear now.

Hannibal became aware that Will had possibly picked up on the disappointment he’d been feeling at the refusal to feast on his father’s tongue. “Your offering would imply you assume I am not currently happy,” he surmised, still in the same spot he’d been in for a few minutes now.

Will had not outright told the doctor his condition, what made him not just a rare male Omega, but empathic with an overactive imagination on top of it. Somewhere in the back of his mind his father was crawling around on the floor, spurting blood as he clawed his way toward Will. “I’m not assuming. You’re withdrawn, but you usually are, but there’s a chill to your tone. You wanted more of me, you’re disappointed I won’t partake.”

The cannibal had pieced things together, the longer they had spent more time in each other’s presence, but had yet to inquire directly. “This is more than noting the tone and cadence of my voice, is it not William? While you are not incorrect, I gather there is something more that you have yet to say.” He was disappointed his beloved would not partake, but it was only because he wanted what was best for him, to see him evolve.

“If you know then why should I say?” Will snarled, eyes turning a darker, stormier shade. He left his clothes and boots in a pile to be disintegrated at Hannibal’s leisure, and shoved past him back up the steps into the main part of the house.

Hannibal simply smiled once Will had left and then set about wrapping the body in a black tarp. A few minutes later and he was back in the main part of the house with the clothing to be burned in hand. The doctor had removed his clear suit and walked out into the backyard, to the fire pit there, setting the clothes ablaze as he stared up at the night sky.

Will was nowhere to be seen or heard in the house. High above Hannibal, he'd climbed out the master window and sat upon the roof, covered in just a bathrobe, knees to his chest, watching the moon through the passing clouds.

Once the clothing had burned to nothing more than a pile of ash, Hannibal went back inside and looked for Will, following his scent to an open window. "Will?" he called out, his head peeking out the window.

The boy looked over for a moment, and then back up at the sky. "What?"

"I would suggest that sitting on the roof, in only a robe, is not the safest course of action," Hannibal pointed out. "Nonetheless, I have come to tell you I am going to go handle our problem...it is up to you if you wish to remain here or accompany me."

"Would it make you happy?" Will asked, honestly. Being connected to Hannibal, with their bond, and feeling all his emotions tenfold, was unnerving and a little trying on the young man.

"I am always happy, with you at my side, mylimasis," Hannibal answered. "So, while my answer is yes, I would not force the burden upon you, should you require some solitude to reflect." He meant every word, and knew his empathic mate would know that.

Will sighed and crawled back toward the window, and slipped inside, slowly. "Show me?"

"I'd be delighted. Once we've changed clothing, we can depart," the older man said and then walked over to the wardrobe to find something less elegant to wear.

"Depart?" Will asked, tugging on the rob tie as he stood there, watching Hannibal.

"Depart to go bury the body. I know of a location and with the help of Lye, it will never be discovered," Hannibal explained, slipping on black slacks and a simple striped white dress shirt. It was simple for the doctor at least, even if it was still a far cry from being totally dressed down.

Will sighed and put on his old dingy clothes from home, something he could get dirty. "I'll have to do the heavy lifting then?" he implied toward the older man.

"I may be older than you, dear boy, but I assure you I am more than capable," Hannibal chuckled, offering a light hearted wink in Will's direction. "Your assistance, would be appreciated in any case."

Will slipped on shoes with a sigh. "Okay."

Hannibal put on his shoes and then motioned for Will to join him back in the basement. "Shall we?"

The boy followed, quietly, behind Hannibal. Once down there, he pulled on some gloves and took up one end of the tarp while Hannibal had the other, and they moved his father's body.

The doctor kept a firm, gloved grip as they loaded the body into his trunk. After they both got inside the car, he started the engine, buckled up and headed towards the desolate wooded area where he had been several times prior. "What do you see, Will, when you close your eyes?" he asked, flitting his gaze between him and the road.

"Blood and death," Will said, eyes closed as they drove.

"I am here to help you, William. I am your mate but I am also a psychiatrist," he offered, but he wouldn't push him more for now. He wanted to give Will as much time as he needed to process. "Regardless, you are free from your father's influence." It wouldn't be much further now, the doctor turned off onto a deserted road, his free hand stroking the back of Will's neck.

Free from his father and yet still so stuck under influences. Will sucked his bottom lip into his mouth, teeth grazing over it. "He was all the family I ever had."

" *Was* , yes. Now I, am your family, William," Hannibal stated, his tone unremorseful, and quiet. *He* would be there for his mate now, *his* Will, and he only wanted what was best him, in his own way. Pulling alongside the road, behind the cover of tree and brush, the good doctor parked, looking over at the young Omega.

Will kept quiet, and got out. They moved the body and then dug a hole, which took them hours into the night to finish. They tossed the body into the hole and threw the lye over it, and then started to pack the earth back down into the hole.

Hannibal wiped his sweaty brow, moving the fringe out of his eyes and looked over at Will, pursing his lips. “Thank you for your assistance, William.” he said, his voice low and husky. He had now shown his mate how to dispose of a body, or one way at least.

“Sorry we didn’t keep his tongue,” Will murmured, and put the shovels back in the truck, covered in in dirt.

The doctor eyed the dirt that spilled into the trunk, but chose not to say anything now, as what was done was done. “No apologies necessary,” Hannibal answered, elusively and then got into the driver’s side.

Will kept to himself and crawled into the passenger seat quietly. The drive back was the same as the drive there, solemn and mostly in his own thoughts.

Hannibal pulled into the garage and parked, quietly exiting the vehicle afterwards. Once inside, he took off his shirt and shoes. “I am going to shower, and prepare for bed.”

Will followed into the house, feeling rather disconnected from everything, even Hannibal, suddenly. The way the doctor moved and stated his business left the Omega feeling as though he should fend for himself.

“Okay…” Will said, toeing off dirty boots at the door, as not to track mud in.

The cadence of Will’s voice made Hannibal stop and turn around, eyeing Will with a speculate gaze. Another pause and he walked over to his mate. Cupping his jaw gently, he placed a kiss on the boy’s lips. “I love you, William. I am merely giving you time, however, my offer still stands, should you wish to confide in me.”

Will reached out and dug his fingers into Hannibal’s shirt, tugging gently on it as he rested his head against his cheek. He didn’t want to talk, but he didn’t want to be alone with the thoughts that roamed inside his skull either.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will protectively, and scented him, hoping to soothe him in that way if anything. “Would you like to shower with me?” he whispered, affectionately. “Let me take care of you, dear boy.”

Nodding slowly, Will took a deep inhale of Hannibal’s neck, scenting him. He let the spicy aroma take him over, closing his eyes. “Okay.”

Nothing was more intoxicating than the sweet fragrance that wafted off of his mate, even in times such as these. Hannibal kissed Will’s forehead and then took his hand with a pleased hum, leading him to the upstairs bathroom.

Will shrugged out of his coat on the way there, leaving it in on the chair by the bed before they entered the bathroom. He then stripped down, once more, leaving a pile of dirty, muddy clothes on the floor of the bathroom.

Hannibal bent over to pick up Will’s soiled clothing and put it, with his shirt into the hamper that was in the bathroom. After that he took off his socks, pants and underwear, and did the same with those. The older man offered him a little look and a smile before starting the shower, getting the temperature just right. Sliding the frosted glass door open fully, he stepped in and offered the young Omega his hand.

Will wasn’t messy, but he wasn’t tidy either. He looked at Hannibal contemplatively, and then took his hand and stepped in under the warm spray. Dirt covered the bottom of the tub as she sloshed off of them, revealing cleaner skin underneath.

Reaching for his specially blended soap, Hannibal lathered it generously in his hands, running them over Will’s torso just afterwards. He took a reverent sort of care as he began cleaning every inch and crevice of the boy’s body. “You are more stunning than any piece of art I’ve had the pleasure of beholding.”

Will flushed at that, biting the inside of his lip, watching Hannibal care for him, wash him, as if it were the most amazing thing on earth. “That can’t be true.”

Hannibal twisted his full lips into a smile, his hands sliding down to Will’s hips, while he gazed at him. “Words can be said, devoid of feeling as they slither off of our tongues with ease. It is why most people prefer evidence. All you would need for that, dear boy, is to simply gaze into a mirror and then you would know that there could never be anything more beautiful than what you saw staring back.”

Will shook his head, watching Hannibal’s hands on him, the way he cherished him, in ways he was sure no other Alpha would. His crept his own smaller hands up Hannibal’s torso, to his chest, wringing them through his chest hair as he stepped in closer.

Leaning in, Hannibal took Will’s face in his hands and kissed him passionately, pouring all of his love and devotion right into his mouth, wanting him to feel it to its fullest extend. The good doctor was a dangerous, manipulative man, but he loved his boy, his mate, and would continue to do so until his last breath.

Will snaked his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders, kissing him back deeply. All he knew of love was with Hannibal, the first and last line of it, and that was okay. He pulled back for a breath, gazing deep into the doctor’s eyes. “I love you…”

“And I, you, William,” Hannibal murmured, his amber eyes practically twinkling with infinite love. He kissed him once more and leaned over to get the shampoo. Squeezing a dollop in his palms, he started to tenderly wash Will’s hair, working soothing circles into his scalp. “How does that feel?”

“Good,” Will whispered, keeping their faces close, but his eyes closed at the feeling of his head being massaged, relaxing.

Hannibal took the opportunity of Will’s eyes being closed, to drink him in, continuing to massage and wash his hair. He truly enjoyed being given the privilege of taking care of his mate in this capacity. After another moment, he carefully rinsed out the shampoo, ensuring that none got into his eyes. “Tomorrow evening, I would like to take you to the opera.”

“Opera?” Will wrinkled his nose, keeping his eyes closed as water ran down his face a little.

The Alpha chuckled a little at that and stepped back to lather his own hair up once Will’s had been rinsed clean. “Yes, just once, and if you find it to be too displeasurable, I will not force it upon you again.”

“We just did dinner out,” the boy murmured, complaining lightly, as not to upset Hannibal more than he had already that evening.

Hannibal considered that as he scrubbed his scalp. “They are in town for a week, if not tomorrow, then later in the week,” the doctor offered. “I feel it might prove to be a distraction, and while you may not understand the Italian, its meaning can be felt. I would be honored to attend with you at my side.”

No matter when they went, Will knew it’d be torturous. “Fine…”

“I’ll find a way to make it worth your while, Will, I promise,” Hannibal said, moving under the warm spray of the water to rinse his hair. “And I always keep my promises.”

Will watched Hannibal rinse off, resigning to just take his fate, no matter which way it would go now. “Yes, sir.”

Hannibal smiled and then started to soap his own body up, removing all of the dirt from the earlier event away. “Thank you, mylimasis.” He leaned in to kiss Will once more before rinsing off.

Will returned the kiss and made sure Hannibal no more soap on him, and then turned to get out, exhausted from the night they had, but relieved just the same.

Hannibal turned off the water and got out after Will and dried off, wrapping the towel around his waist as he walked into the bedroom to put on his pajamas. Once he’d done that, he slipped into bed, his arm stretched open for his boy to join him.

Will donned a pair of flannel pajamas and then crawled into bed with Hannibal, curling up against him, head against his chest, listening to his heart-- right where he liked to be. He curled a leg over Hannibal’s hip.

Holding him close, Hannibal kissed Will’s damp head and sighed contentedly, covering them up with the down comforter. “Goodnight, my beloved.” It wasn’t long before Hannibal drifted into a peaceful, dreamless sleep.

Chapter 7

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

The next afternoon, Hannibal had just finished with the dishes after their dinner and went into the bedroom to pull the black tuxedo he had bought for Will from the closet, along with his own. Once he'd set them both out, he walked from the room to find the young Omega to encourage him to get ready, since the opening night performance started at eight o'clock. "William?" he called out, as he made his way into the living room.

Will was trying to avoid the best he could, but there were only so many rooms in the house. He'd pulled down a psychology book and was reading it in the library, on the floor, barefoot with his legs crossed up and under himself.

When Hannibal didn't see Will in the living room, he started checking each room, one by one until at last he found him in the library. Leaning against the door frame with one hand in his pocket, he grinned. "While I am pleased that you have taken an interest in the study of the mind, William, I needn't remind you that we are to leave for the opera in thirty minutes."

Raising his head, Will chewed the inside of his cheek flushed at being found out and chided. He huffed a sigh and set the book down, dog-earing the page. "Sorry." He stood, and wandered past Hannibal and down the hall to their room.

Hannibal closed his eyes and took a breath once Will was out of sight, mostly at the page being folded in such a way. After he'd placed a bookmark there instead and unfolded the corner, eyeing what Will had been reading in the process, he went into the bedroom to change into his tuxedo. "I realize this is hardly your idea of an enchanting evening out, dear boy, but I appreciate you humoring me all the same." With that, Hannibal stripped off the suit he had been wearing, piece by piece, keeping his razor sharp gaze focused on his mate.

"You mean to culture me to be like you," Will pointed out, slipping out of his everyday wear, and into clean boxers, and then the suit pants. "Change me."

"I only want to see you reach your fullest potential, Will," Hannibal offered, sliding on the suit pants over his clean underwear and reaching for the shirt next. "I do not think it would be a malicious intent on my part, to broaden your horizons and show you something you may have never seen before."

"You have to come fishing with me," Will insisted, with his head held high, as if there was no negotiating that.

Hannibal pressed his lips together at that, continuing to get ready as he contemplated the terms Will had brought forth. "By *insisting* I go fishing with you, am I to assume, then, that you wish to change me, the way that you have surmised I wish to change you?"

"Merely trying to *broaden* your horizons, Doctor Lecter," Will stated, suddenly much wiser than his years as he pulled on the shirt and did it up, slowly.

Hannibal, too, buttoned up his shirt, his head tilted in amusement. "Naughty, William. Tell me, are we no longer on a first name basis?" He was still contemplating the offer at this point, but he was also seeing a different side to his dear boy.

"Not if we are not on an equal playing field. You wish to treat me as something lower, to teach and broaden, finding yourself better than me in that aspect, then I will call you by your professional name, as a teacher and guide," Will stated, taking the bow tie and glared at it.

"Assumptions are vile little things, Will. They crawl into our minds and corrupt the truth," Hannibal retorted, putting on his bow tie. "I never said I thought myself better than you. Regardless, I will agree to your proposal, but I would prefer it be on a boat of my choosing."

Will rolled his eyes and slipped into the dress shoes by the door waiting for him, keeping the bow tie in hand as he walked out. Hannibal always had to have the last bit of control; something Will was quickly growing irritated by.

The doctor, clearly, could sense his mate's irritation, it was apparent in almost every way possible. He walked out of the room, shoes in place, and took Will's free hand once he'd caught up to him. "William," he began, with a barely there sigh. "I will go with you, and in the vessel or manner of *your* choosing." To be fair, the young Omega had made a lot of changes for him, so he could, at the very least, give something in return, if it would make him happy and more agreeable to his own requests in the future.

"I don't want to put you out," Will said, draping the tie over his shoulders, leaving it there for Hannibal to do up for him.

Hannibal's gaze was focused as he tied Will's bowtie, concentrating there and also on the long column of the boy's beautiful neck. "Of course not. It is no imposition." The Alpha was almost positive that his mate, possibly, somewhat deviously, hoped it might be for vengeful purposes, but he kept that to himself. "There. You look striking, mylimasis."

Dropping the subject of the fishing for now, Will smoothed out of the suit under his calloused hands with a nod, as if he knew he looked good, his confidence growing by the day-- or perhaps he was just finally showing his true colors.

"Let's be on our way then, yes?" Hannibal asked, arching a brow, watching Will and noting the changes that were taking place. Walking over to the table, he grabbed his keys and his cellphone and headed to the door, waiting for Will to let him know he was ready.

Will slipped the jacket on over his shoulders and then followed after Hannibal, silently. Once to the car, he flopped down in the passenger seat. "This isn't another one of those places where everyone is drinking but me, is it?"

The doctor slipped into the driver's side and looked over to respond to Will's inquiry. "They do serve champagne and hors d'oeuvres at some operas, during intermission," he stated, starting the car, once he'd buckled up. "But we can simply refrain from partaking should that be the case."

The boy shrugged his shoulders as he buckled in and they pulled out. "Whatever you want to do."

Hannibal gripped the steering wheel, just slightly harder than normal, as he drove down the road towards the opera house, wordlessly. It wasn't that he had actually thought Will would be delighted by their outing--he hadn't--but it was more that he wished for a little less resistance, if anything, especially after agreeing to go fishing with his mate.

Will was gauging everything slowly, waiting to see how the evening went before he decided how the fishing trip would go. He didn't like big events, nor the people, and spent the ride into town mentally preparing himself for the onslaught strangers and feelings he couldn't control.

Hannibal pulled up in front of the valet and put the car into park, stepping out and handing the keys over to the gentleman who had opened his door. With a nod of thanks, he went around to open Will's door, as a courtesy, and offered his arm should the boy wish to accept it.

Will took Hannibal's arm and then leaned against him a bit, scenting him, especially now that they were heading into a crowded room.

With a faint smile on his lips, Hannibal held his mate close, scenting him back, making sure to keep an eye on the other Alphas in the room after he'd handed the doorman their tickets. Not wanting Will to be overwhelmed by the people, he didn't socialize right away, like he might have usually, and instead started to lead them towards his private box.

"Don't change your ways for me," Will whispered, aware they had to keep up appearances for a little while, and if Hannibal suddenly stopped for him, for any reason, people would question. "I'll be fine here alone if you need to make social."

Nodding, Hannibal pressed a kiss to Will's knuckles and then released his hand. "I won't be long, the curtain rises in ten minutes," the doctor promised and then slipped out of the box seating and walked to where New Orleans elite gathered to converse.

"Doctor Lecter," a blonde Alpha greeted. "So good to see you, we started to wonder just what you'd been up too," she drawled with a smile, her Omega nodding in agreement. "Who was that handsome young man at your side?"

"Work has kept me rather busy, Priscilla," Hannibal explained, smiling. "The young man, is my mate, William."

"So what Susan at the salon said *is* true, Doctor Hannibal Lecter, is off the market…" she said, sipping her champagne to which Hannibal arched a curious brow. "He's exquisite, do bring him over during intermission, we want to know positively *everything* about the young Omega who has landed New Orleans' most eligible Alpha."

"I will consider it, of course," Hannibal answered, a charming grin plastered over his sharp features. "Now if you'll excuse me, I must return to him." The pair of women nodded, and offered their hands, which the doctor kissed politely before turning smoothly

on his heel to leave.

No sooner than Hannibal had left their side, the lights began to flicker in warning that the show would start momentarily. He greeted a few other in attendance, quickly and then made his way with graceful haste back into the box. Sitting down, he looked at Will and smiled. “You, are the talk of the opera tonight, dear boy,” he whispered, pulling out the opera glasses, so they could see the show. “It would seem as though you beguiled them all, without needing to utter even a single word.”

Will had heard everything, but kept quietly to himself. He took a pair of the glasses, gazing down over the audience below them and then the stage. “They are far too gossipy for their own good.”

Hannibal chuckled softly at that and watched as Will fiddled with the opera glasses. “Yes, they are indeed,” he said, quietly placing a hand on his mate’s thigh. “They desire to meet you during intermission, should you be agreeable.”

“That might cost you another fishing trip,” Will stated, quietly, looking over at Hannibal for a moment.

“Perhaps another time,” Hannibal answered, in a whisper, deciding the meet and greet would not be worth *two* fishing excursions. The curtain lifted and the lighting went dark as the band started to play the opening melody to ‘La Traviata’. He wondered then, if Will would find any sort of enjoyment in the performance. “People's reactions to opera the first time they see it is very dramatic; they either love it or they hate it. If they love it, they will *always* love it. If they don't, they may learn to appreciate it, but it will never become part of their soul,” he explained, leaning in close to Will’s ear, and pressing a kiss there just afterwards.

Will huffed, brooding about even having to be here at all, but it would be worth at least the *one* fishing expedition Hannibal would give him. He could make some excuse for the Omega and why he didn’t wish to talk to anyone. There were bound to be many excuses.

“You’re hoping I’ll love it,” he whispered back.

“I am,” Hannibal answered, honestly, quietly. The doctor leaned back in his seat, crossing one leg over the other, and twisted the opera goggles to their correct position, raising them slowly up to his eyes. He was elated with the sights, sounds and smells of the whole scenario, but mostly, he was delighted that his William was with him.

Will followed suit, knowing he had least had to pretend he wanted to be there to get out of Hannibal what he wanted. “Explain the story to me?”

" *La Traviata* , means, the woman who strayed, or the fallen one," Hannibal whispered, as the cast made their way on stage. "It is the story of a famed lady of the night named, Violetta, and her torrid love affair with Alfredo, a young bourgeois, who longs for her from afar. In this first act, she has thrown a lavish party in Paris, celebrating her recovery over an illness. She is there with her current lover, Baron Douphol, who refuses to toast in her honor. This prompts Alfredo into singing a song of the love he carries for her." The Alpha took Will's hand in his own, resting it on his thigh and cast his gaze back to the stage. "It is the most famous opera in the world, consisting of three acts."

“Three?” Will asked, sighing a little, but his smaller fingers curled around Hannibal’s, and he leaned over a little and rested his head on his shoulder. He couldn’t help but love him, even when they were trying to each other.

Hannibal smiled at the intimacy and nuzzled into Will’s curls. “Would new fishing gear, for our trip, make amends for your sacrifice, mylimasis?” he asked, softly. He knew, without a doubt, that this was going to be long and tedious for the young man at his side, but he wanted to show him that it was appreciated nonetheless.

“Maybe,” the boy whispered as the opera started, only half paying attention, as his mind wandered in and out, letting his imagination fill in the blanks with what he’d prefer to be seeing.

The doctor would occasionally glance over at Will, trying to gauge his response to the performance. When the second act began, Hannibal quietly leaned over to give his Will a brief summary, his own eyes watering ever so subtly at the beauty of it all.

“In this act, it is three months later. Alfredo and Violetta are living together in a peaceful country house outside Paris. Violetta has fallen in love with Alfredo and she has completely abandoned her former life. Alfredo sings of their happy life together in De' miei bollenti spiriti / Il giovanile ardore – The youthful ardor of my ebullient spirits," Hannibal began, summarizing, wanting Will to at least be able to follow along. "The turmoil commences when Violetta returns home and receives an invitation from her friend, Flora, to a party in Paris that evening. Alfredo's father, Giorgio Germont, is announced and demands that she break off her relationship with his son for the sake of his family, since he reveals that Violetta's relationship with Alfredo has threatened his daughter's engagement because of Violetta's reputation. Inevitably she breaks off the engagement, leaving Alfredo to assume it is because she loves another.”

“Love doesn’t matter to them?” Will asked, thoughtfully, chewing on his lower lip a little as he listened, a bit more enthralled now.

"It does, however, it is *for* love, that she sacrifices her engagement with Alfredo. She would rather live alone than to know she may have caused him any irreparable consequence from what would have been their union," Hannibal explained, with a warm smile. Watching Will chew his lower lip, he found himself unable to resist, and canted his head enough to capture it between his teeth, sucking it into his mouth. “That lip, is for me alone to savor, dear boy,” he murmured, after pulling off with a quiet pop.

Will’s brows rose up a little and he smiled at Hannibal in the low lit room, and licked his lips. “I wish I could crawl over you right now and let you savor it all you wanted…”

There was truly only one thing that could pull Doctor Lecter away from the beauty of the opera, and that was Will. Licking his own lips, he patted his lap and beckoned his boy to do just that. “It is a private box, no one can see us.”

Will cast a glance to the stage and then crawled into Hannibal’s lap, leaving his glasses in the seat beside them. He straddled Hannibal’s thighs, slowly rolling his hips down against the doctor’s. Will kissed his mate slowly, sensually, a soft groan escaping his chest.

Hannibal trailed his hands down Will’s sides, around to his backside, where he squeezed appreciatively. Kissing him in the same languid manner, a low throaty growl slipped past his lips into Will’s mouth. It wasn’t loud enough for anyone else to hear, however. “William-”

“Hannibal,” Will replied back, softly, almost child-like as he gazed into the doctor’s eyes as they shared breaths between passionate kisses.

‘Violetta’ had begun singing: *Amami, Alfredo, amami quant'io t'amo* – "Love me, Alfredo, love me as I love you" and Hannibal had not relented his insatiable assault on Will's mouth. He drank him in as if he were a fine wine, gazing into the sea blue of the boy’s eyes. His hand maneuvered in between their heated bodies to palm Will's tuxedo clad cock. “Do you think you will be able to remain silent,” he asked, seductively.

“If you force me to be,” Will breathed out, ragged and wanton, swallowing down a lump of desire caught in his throat as his hips rolled against Hannibal’s once more, their lengths hard and caught between too much fabric.

Hannibal grinned at that, which quickly turned into a quiet grunt as Will ground their strained cocks together. Quickly, he undid Will's pants and pulled out his cock, his other hand holding his jaw. He started to stroke the boy from root to tip, attuning each pass to the rhythm of the music that was emanating loudly from the stage.

The Omega breathed deeper, swallowing down another cry of pleasure as Hannibal touched him, and started to pivot lean hips into his palm, hands on Hannibal’s shoulders, clenching hard. “Oh…”

Apart from the obvious reasons for wanting to pleasure his mate, this would also give Will a positive association to the opera, Hannibal mused to himself. He slid his fingers that were holding the young man’s jaw, to his mouth, seeking entrance while he increased his pace on his cock, the music also picking up in tempo. “Open for daddy, William.”

The boy’s lips parted and he sucked Hannibal’s two fingers into his mouth, groaning lewdly around them, all but swallowing them down as he laved his tongue over the tips.

“Perfect, William,” Hannibal murmured, his tone hushed and raspy. He continued gliding up and down along his mate’s shaft, occasionally sweeping over the slit with his thumb to gather more lubrication for his descent. As Will sucked his fingers, effectively keeping him from being too loud, the doctor took the opportunity to explore the inside of his mouth with the tips of his fingers, wanting to feel his own cock there instead. “How does that feel? Are you going to come for me like a good boy?”

Will had never come from just having his cock stroked before, he’d always needed his hole filled, at least when he was with Hannibal. But, the boy was on the verge, flushed and starting to sweat in his suit. He nodded slowly, sucking Hannibal’s fingers down to the knuckles.

The doctor had considered taking him there, in the box, bent over the railing, however the knotting would prove potentially troublesome in that regard. So instead, he concentrated on bringing his boy to release this way, tightening his grip a bit and working his forearm religiously. Leaning forward a little, he kissed Will’s mouth, removing his fingers and replacing them with his tongue, as his own cock leaked and throbbed in his trousers.

The boy quaked, his limbs giving out on him as he started to come, gasping against Hannibal’s mouth, licking and lathing at his tongue until he couldn’t hold it anymore, and came over his knuckles, wet and sticky.

Hannibal swallowed every moan and gasp that resonated from Will’s mouth, his hips jerking up of their own accord. “Good, Will, perfect,” he praised and then brought his come covered hand to his mouth to clean every last drop off it off.

The boy watched, and then slid off Hannibal’s lap, between his legs, doing himself up first, and then undid Hannibal’s pants. He dove right in, lips over his cock, licking and sucked the tip into his mouth, wet and languid.

Spreading his thighs, Hannibal carded through Will's silky chocolate strands, his heart rate and breath increasing at a marginal pace. "Your mouth was formed especially for me, William," he whispered, stifling a louder groan that had threatened to spill out.

Will licked and laved this tongue over the swollen head, taking his mate's cock down to the hilt with one swoop of his head, and then back up again, tugging on the tip with his lips.

Hannibal gripped harder in Will's curls, resisting the urge to buck up and choke him with his length, his lips curled into a seductive snarl. As he watched his cock disappear in and out of the boy's mouth, a low, throaty growl escaped his lips, heat beginning to coil and spread in his spine."Will-"

Teeth and tongue were used to pushed and pulled, scath against sensitive nerves, slowly. Will used his fist to pump Hannibal a few times, and then licked vigorously at the top, assaulting the knotted nerves there.

Panting, quietly, Hannibal gave Will a look to indicate he was about to come, his muscles tense and hot like lava. At the moment that the last song was reaching its climax, so did the doctor, his vision going white, gobs of creamy seed spurting into Will's mouth and down his throat. "William," he groaned, jerking a few times, but ensuring he didn't choke the boy.

Will milked the Alpha until he had nothing left and licked every last drop down his throat, and then some. He lathed his tongue over the tip and then pulled off completely. "Mm."

Hannibal smiled, and leaned down to kiss Will after tucking himself back into his suit pants. "I must admit, I have never enjoyed an experience such as that, during an opera."

"We could have done this at home," Will whispered, getting to his knees and then slithered back into his own seat.

"Indeed, but then we would not have had the satisfaction of listening to beautiful live music while we enjoyed each other," Hannibal winked, smoothing his tux. "The second act is finishing now, intermission is next."

"You don't own CDs?" Will scoffed a little and righted himself in the seat. The Opera was into the third act now.

"Of course, but nothing compares to the wonderful rush of endorphins one experiences while hearing it in person," Hannibal pointed out, having decided to wait with Will in the box during the brief intermission that had followed the second act.

Will licked his lips to taste Hannibal there, lingering on them. "I won't do this every time."

"Then perhaps next time, it will be my turn," Hannibal retorted, his gaze drifting to Will's lips before looking back at the stage. "In the final act, Violetta's tuberculosis, that she had thought was gone, worsens. She is near the brink of death when Alfredo finally comes back into her life, to usher her off to her death, cradling her in his arms until she takes her last breath," Hannibal explains, wanting Will to understand the last act. "There is no better way to perish, in my opinion. Either in the hands of the one you love, or by them."

"Would you want me to kill you?" Will asked, blinking at his mate. "Or do you wish to kill me?"

"Neither, dear boy," Hannibal said, honestly. He, at present, could not think of killing Will, the world was a much better place with him in it. "However, if I were to die at someone's hands, I would hope it be yours."

"Why would I do that?" Will's focus was not on the opera, but Hannibal, concerned.

Will had seen but a part of Hannibal's true nature, and had even partaken of some with him, but Hannibal knew there might come a time when Will changed his mind, especially given the profession he wanted to venture into. Still, he couldn't say all of that, not yet. "Humanity has a number of reasons for which they might decide to end the life of another, but do not concern yourself, mylimasis," the doctor said, reaching out to take Will's hand in his own. "It was more said to be a testament to how vast my love for you is."

"Oh," Will said, reaching to take Hannibal's hand, feeling rather disconnected from everything, including him, suddenly.

Hannibal sandwiched Will's hand between his own, sensing the shift through the bond they shared. "Would you like to depart early?" he offered, not one to do such a thing, as it might be considered rude but the comfort of his mate was truly more important and he had more than indulged him thus far.

Will shook his head, leaning in on his other arm. "It's fine."

"Very well, William," Hannibal said, with a smile and then turned his attention back to the opera. He watched the rest in relative silence, his eyes brimming with more emotion that he might otherwise show, apart from when he looked at his mate. At the end, he stood up and applauded briskly, the rest of the audience following suit.

Will stood and did the same, half-hearted. He then got his coat and headed toward the door, waiting for Hannibal.

Hannibal grabbed his coat as well, and offered Will his arm again at the door, the usher holding it open for them to depart. He nodded a farewell to some of the people he knew, as to not seem rude and lead them outside to give the ticket to the valet. While they waited for the Bentley to be brought around, he looked at Will, head canted. “Did you enjoy any aspect of the opera, Will? Or did you merely tolerate it so that I would still take you fishing?” he laughed, fondly, brushing an errant curl from Will’s brow.

“It was okay. It's just not something I enjoy.” Will sighed, looking at Hannibal. He knew his displeasure for fishing and frowned. “You don't have to take me fishing. I can go alone.”

The doctor gently grasped Will’s face in his hands and leaned down to kiss his frown shaped lips. “William, I will take you. I promised you I would and I am a man of my word. It is more than that though, you deserve the outing, mylimasis.” Hannibal knew he would bend to his mate’s every desire anytime he made that face.

Will would rather go alone than to hear Hannibal complain about it, honestly. “It’s really okay.”

“We can discuss it later, William,” the Alpha said with a small smile. The car came around and Hannibal released his hold on his mate, deciding to let it go for now. He sighed quietly, to himself and thanked the valet, giving him a generous tip before opening Will’s door.

Will slid right into the seat and buckled up. He knew the fishing outing was a bargaining chip, but he also knew it wouldn’t be worth the effort in keeping Hannibal happy while fishing too.

After closing Will’s door, Hannibal walked around and got in the driver’s side, buckling up. “Did you desire to go anywhere else, or home?” he asked, putting the car into drive and pulling out of the parking lot. Truthfully, fishing was not something he wanted to do, but he also did not want to see his boy disappointed.

“This is your date,” Will said, understandingly. He folded his hands into his lap, watching the darkness of the night enveloped them on the road out to Hannibal’s.

“Home, then,” Hannibal decided, glancing over at the young Omega briefly. “I would like to open a rare bottle of wine and enjoy a glass on the deck, should you feel like joining me.”

“For wine or on the deck?” Will asked, really feeling as though he could use that wine about now anyway.

“Both, if it pleases you,” Hannibal answered. “I also have some scotch and whiskey, should you choose to try something different.”

The whiskey was a painful reminder of his father, so Will would drink wine for now until he could no longer remember his father with the burn. “Wine is fine, thank you.”

Hannibal nodded and captured Will’s hand, bringing it to his mouth to press a kiss on his knuckles. “You’re welcome, Will.”

A handful of minutes later and the good doctor was pulling into the garage and parking. He took off his belt and exited the vehicle, entering the house from the side door. “I am going to change, and then I will open our bottle of wine.”

Will followed after his mate, stripping down from the tux, tie first and then shoes, leaving them a scattered mess as he walked up the stairs to their bedroom.

Hannibal took off his tux, piece by piece and then hung it up, to be cleaned later. After slipping on his pajamas, he eyed Will and then went to collect the strown pieces of tuxedo that had left haphazardly along the way. A moment later, Hannibal returned to the bedroom to hang those up as well. “William, I would ask that you not leave your garments on the floor or stairs, please.”

Will flopped face first on the bed, in just his boxers. “Sorry,” he said, muffled.

The doctor tilted his head, watching his mate, curiously and then sat down on mattress next to him. “What is on your mind, Will? You can talk to me, let me be your paddle, so that I might help guide you through whatever troubles you may have,” he offered, running his large hand down Will’s spine, stopping just above his ample behind.

Rolling over, Will looked up at the Alpha. “Just worrying over takin’ you on a little boat. You’re gonna be bored.”

“I am not often bored, and when I am, I find ways to occupy myself,” Hannibal answered, looking into Will’s eyes. He ran his fingertips over the boy’s chest, around his rosy nipples, without touching them. “I will have your company to enjoy.”

“You won’t try to fish?” Will asked, nipples hardening at the barely there touch, his body shivering.

Hannibal paid notice to the way Will’s body was responding to his touch and slowly licked his lips. “I am very familiar with gutting a fish, and preparing one,” he explained, letting his fingers make more obvious contact with the hardened nubs on the

young Omega's chest. "Fishing, however, is not something I have done, but I will make an attempt at it, as long as you promise not to laugh at my expensive." The older man chuckled, and gave his mate a playful wink.

"Why would I laugh?" Will asked, blinking big blue eyes up at his mate, feet unable to stay still with how the Alpha was touching him.

Smiling, Hannibal leaned over and kissed Will's lips, sucking the lower one through his teeth, scraping there. "Do not worry, dear boy," he purred, and then ran his nose against the boy's scarred mating gland, scenting him.

Will keened into Hannibal, arms wrapping around him to bring his weight over him, and then folded long legs around his hips. "Distractin' me?" he smiled.

"Quite perceptive of you to notice, William," Hannibal smiled back, his accent gravely. The Alpha rutted against the boy's boxer encased ass and flicked his tongue over his lips. "You'll have to let me know if it is working, hm?"

"Always, Doctor Lecter," Will whispered hotly against Hannibal's mouth, rolling languid hips up against him, desperately.

Hannibal slid his hand down Will's side, and in one fluid motion, went under the waistband of his boxers and tugged them down off of his ass. Moving back onto his knees, the Alpha pulled them the rest of the way off and then shimmed out of his own. "I do believe you told me at the opera that I could savor you all I wanted, once at home…"

"Did I?" Will groaned, unable to resist his Alpha,completely taken by him.

"Indeed, you did," Hannibal rasped, melding their lips together again, his large, leaking cock resting between the boy's cheeks.

Will canted his hips and rubbed his hole against Hannibal's cock, slicked by his own lust and want. "Then by all means, doctor."

Hannibal moved his hand between them to grip his own cock, lining it up with Will's hole, his gaze never leaving the other's as he slowly entered his hot slick passage with a grunt. "Nothing on this earth, could ever feel more divine, William."

"You say such sweet things," Will whispered with some conviction, huffing out a breath as he was filled, completely.

"All of them are truthful descriptions of the feelings you inspire," Hannibal whispered back, his hips moving back and forth, slowly, cock pressing against Will's prostate.

Will gripped Hannibal's shoulders, hooked underneath his arms, and used his heels to press them into the doctor's ass, holding him just *there* . "I like it."

"Mm. Good, William," Hannibal purred, dipping his head to pepper kisses and bites along Will's neck, up to his jaw. The doctor swiveled his hips, ever so slightly, grinding his cock where his mate seemed to want it most.

"Yes-" the boy writhed and wriggled underneath the doctor, groaning louder as his prostate was stroked and bumped, heating his core, dripping liquid fire down the back of his thighs.

The doctor wrapped his arms under and around Will's body, pressing skin against skin, his ass flexing as he pumped languidly into the boy. With a deep, throaty groan, he resumed feeding from his mate's mouth, eating every sound that dare to escape his deliciously kiss swollen lips.

As the fire burned deeper in his core, spilling into his loins, Will started to buck up harder and faster into Hannibal, until they were so synced it was hard to tell where one began and one ended.

Panting and huffing, Hannibal felt himself begin to spiral down a deep well of desire, his release building at the base of his spine, promising to spill over at any moment. He gazed into Will's eyes, sweaty foreheads pressed together, and keeping him close. "Mark me, William, sink your teeth into my flesh and complete our bond," he murmured, and then moved his head to the side, exposing his neck.

Will huffed, looking over Hannibal's smooth skin there, and then sunk his teeth in, less sharp than Hannibal's, but they bit through flesh just the same. He sucked, hard, tasting copper as he started to spiral, orgasm spilling fully as growled into the doctor's skin.

Hannibal howled as he was bitten and claimed, holding Will's head there, his own come spurting out in hot white stripes inside of the boy's quivering hole, his knot locking them together. "William-"

After a long moment, just breathing, Will sighed; "Is this how this completes us? Me claiming you?"

"There are not many Alphas who allow their mates to claim them in such a manner, and it is far from required. However I am not like other Alphas and have never wanted someone beneath me," Hannibal explained, rubbing their noses together before rolling

them over so that Will was on top, almost as if to illustrate his point.

“Why?” Will asked, more curious than anything else, as he appreciates Hannibal’s need to be different from everyone else, and in doing so, treating Will with utmost respect.

Hannibal smiled at Will’s query, gazing up at him with an unabashed adoration. “For an Alpha to control his Omega, is a common thing. It reeks of banality,” he began, licking his lips contemplatively. “I always knew, if I were to form a bond with an Omega, he would need to be powerful in his own way, a challenge of sorts. Someone who I felt capable of becoming a partner of equal standing.”

“Am I challenge to you?” Will asked, hoping he was anything but someone who rolled over easily for just anyone.

“You are, yes, and I mean that as a compliment,” Hannibal answered, honestly. “Were you not, I must admit we would not be here.” Will was far from someone who simply submitted first and inquired later.

“So you like my stubborn nature and unwillingness to comply?” Will teased, kissing down into Hannibal’s mouth softly.

“I find it trying, at times,” Hannibal laughed, and kissed Will in return. “But also delightfully refreshing and hope you will never lose the fire that burns so brightly inside of you.”

“You really don’t have to go fishing with me. I just thought if we were exchanging outing of things we liked to do, you wouldn’t mind,” Will explained, softly, laying over Hannibal.

Hannibal gently caressed Will’s impossibly soft curls, staring at him up close and feeling captivated by his beauty all over again. “Thank you, William. I will gladly accompany you, if you still wish me to go...more than anything, it would give me the chance to see you in your element.”

“I would like to show you sometimes,” Will whispered with a nod.

“It will be an honor to be shown, dear boy, I assure you,” the older man murmured, his tone low and full of feeling.

“We’ll do it sometime then, maybe after we move,” Will suggested, not that they were moving any time soon.

“An excellent idea,” Hannibal said, encouraging Will to rest against his chest if he wanted, until his knot would release. “Would you still like to enjoy some wine, in a few moments, or are you ready to sleep?”

“I’m wide awake now,” Will whispered, though enjoyed their moment, knotted together, to rest against him.

“Good. As am I,” the doctor said back, quietly. To himself, Hannibal thought about how fortunate he was, to have found a mate like his William. The boy was cunning, rare and beautiful, with a vast potential for other interests and pleasures that they could one day share.

Chapter 8

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

A few weeks passed. Hannibal and Will started to pack, and Will's father going missing had left nothing but rude things about him said and left on deaf ears. Most assumed suicide after his young Omega son left, and some assumed he left altogether. With that, Hannibal and Will knew there'd be no suspicion with them leaving.

The doctor had decided that, while Will still had some time before he would be applying to university, it was best they go ahead and move. It would not only give the young Omega time to adjust in a new place, but would also separate him, physically, from reminders of his father.

Hannibal had already found a nice home in Baltimore, and had taken care of most of the paperwork by fax, and all that was left to do now was finish the little packing they had left and be on their way in the morning. Dinner dishes were done, and Hannibal had poured them each a glass of red wine to relax before bedtime. “Are you anxious about the move, William?” Hannibal asked, handing Will the wine, gesturing they go sit somewhere more comfortable.

Will took the glass and then went to the back porch to sit, one more time. “No. I’m… excited.”

Following Will, Hannibal sat down in one of the lounge chairs on the deck, sipping his wine slowly. “I am pleased to hear it, I find myself very eager to be moving to a new place with you as well.”

When they got to their new place, Will was promised a new boat, so his excitement for it was over the top. He sat in the lounge chair with Hannibal, in the circle of his arms, and sipped the wine. “A new start.”

“Yes,” Hannibal agreed, nuzzling Will’s neck from behind. “One wrought with a sea of possibilities.” Will would have his boat, and anything more he wished, the doctor was set on making him happy.

Will leaned back and then nosed against Hannibal’s jaw. “Can I get a dog? A puppy?”

Hannibal smiled, looking down at Will affectionately. “Certainly, dear boy. There is hardly anything I would deny you.” The thought of having a dog was not something that he’d ever considered agreeing to before meeting Will, but after he saw how happy

his mate had been in the park, he had decided then that he would get him one eventually.

“Really?” Will grinned and kissed Hannibal’s lips three times.

“Yes, mylimasis,” Hannibal purred, enjoying the affection and the smile that was on the boy’s face. “Have you chosen a breed?”

“I’d like to go to a shelter,” Will explained, taking another long sip of the wine, having grown to indulge himself the way Hannibal had in finer things, at least with the wine.

“Then that is where we shall go,” Hannibal answered, taking a sip of his wine as well. He liked that Will was becoming accustomed to some of the finer things in life, things that he, himself, enjoyed.

“You won’t mind that it’s not a purebred?”

“If I were to choose a dog, it would have been purebred, but this is for you, so I do not mind,” Hannibal said, honestly. “Our new home, fortunately, has a big yard for our new companion to run around in,” the Alpha smiled, stroking Will’s curls and took another, longer sip of his wine.

Will finished his glass of wine and then turned to curl around Hannibal, setting his glass down on the ground. “Maybe we can get two. One for you and one for me.”

Hannibal took the last sip of his wine, and then sat it on the table next to the lounger, wrapping his arms around Will after that. “And here I thought the only instrument you knew how to play was the guitar, my cunning boy,” the doctor teased, kissing Will’s curly head. After another pause of thought, he murmured, “I suppose even dogs, need a mate, he or she would be quite lonely without one.” It was his own unique way of giving his consent.

“That’s true.” Will crawled over Hannibal’s lap, toying with his tie. “So what kind of dog do you want?”

"Perhaps a Swedish Vallhund. They are agile hunters, small and yet still powerful. A rare breed, much like yourself, William," Hannibal crooned, running his hands up and down Will’s thighs, gazing. "All the better if I am able to acquire one with sea blue eyes."

“But will it make a good companion?” Will asked, palming down Hannibal’s chest with his hand, plucking buttons undone.

“The most unique breeds, often do,” Hannibal murmured, licking his lips, purposefully as he let Will do as he pleased. He slid his hands around to knead his boy’s round ass, pulling him closer.

“I think you’re just sayin’ that,” Will said, distractedly, as he undid Hannibal’s tie, leaving it sitting around his shoulder.

“Not at all, I tend to choose my words very carefully,” Hannibal assured, sliding his hands under Will’s pants to feel the warm skin of his ass against them.

Will bent and licked the exposed skin of Hannibal’s neck. “I get what I want, you can get what you want…”

Hannibal groaned and then removed one hand from Will’s pants to grip his curls, gently pulling him to meet his gaze. “Is that so, William?” the Alpha rasped, sucking the boy’s bottom lip between his sharp teeth. What he wanted was Will, always and only. His mate knew this, of course, and their little games only served to entice the doctor more. "What do you think it is, I am wanting now?"

“Me,” Will groaned, biting into Hannibal’s skin there and then pulled back as his hair was gripped. “Just me.”

The doctor flitted his gaze over Will’s face, down the long column of his neck and back up again. “Yes,” he murmured and then leaned forward to capture Will’s mouth, hungrily. “Only you, mylimasis...”

The boy had become ravenous for his mate, whether he was in his heat or not, his youthfulness and eager nature to experience more left him needy at the touch of the doctor’s hands. “Please…” he mumbled against Hannibal’s mouth, kissing him back slowly.

Hannibal growled, lustfully at that, licking his lips like a feral lion about to pounce on its prey. After kissing him again, he pulled Will's shirt over his head and sat it on the other chair next to them, his hands quickly seeking purchase on the boy's skin once more. To say he wanted to devour the boy whole would be an understatement. "My William..." he panted, kissing his mate’s neck, teeth scraping.

Will shivered, shimmying out of his pants and then slipped over Hannibal once more, grinding down into his hips with his now naked ones, leaving a trail of wetness behind on the doctor’s trousers.

Hannibal shrugged off his shirt, already unbuttoned from Will before, and then unfastened his trousers, pulling his strained cock free. “You are exquisite, Will,” he purred, his cock resting between the boy’s cheeks as he gripped his hips, grinding him back and forth along his length, teasing.

“So you say,” Will teased as he leveled himself over Hannibal’s cock and sunk down, already wet and spilling down his own thighs.

Canting his head back, Hannibal grunted at the tight slick squeeze around his cock, his fingers digging into Will’s hips. “It is something I will continue to say,” he breathed, his head moving back down to meet the boy’s gaze, his hips rolling up against his ass.

“Do you think I need to hear it?” Will asked, breathless, as he worked his hips down over Hannibal’s, taking him to the hilt, and then swiveled his hips.

“No,” Hannibal panted. “But it pleases me to say it regardless.” He bucked up again, hard, driving his cock in and out of Will’s hole, needing to feel every bit of his mate. He craved that intimacy, that connection. Leaning in, he bit down on Will’s chest, his arms wrapped around his back to keep him close as he popped the flesh there.

Hissing, Will dove his hands into Hannibal’s hair, bucking his hips back and then down again, started a perfectly synced rhythm. “Mmn…”

The doctor lapped at the coppery crimson that seeped from the wound, growling. He was close already, from the flavor and the way his boy was riding him. Kissing Will’s blood into his mouth, Hannibal reached a hand in between them to stroke his mate’s cock, encouraging him to find his sweet release as his own promised to burst out. “Will-”

“Hannibal-” the boy countered, panting and heaving breaths as his body flushed crimson, sweat dripping down his spine as he drew closer to the edge.

Hannibal drove into Will, over and over, until his mouth hung open in a soundless howl, his teeth stained red from his mate's blood. One hand worked the boy’s cock, the other holding his throat as heat coiled in his abdomen and spread throughout. “I could partake of you for all eternity…”

Will keened and groaned, body afire, he started to buck wildly against Hannibal and into his hand until every part of came, spilling across the doctor’s fingers and down his cock. “Fuck-”

The boy’s release triggered Hannibal’s, his muscles clenching and knot inflating, come spurting out of his dick like a geyser. The doctor opened his arms, chest heaving, inviting Will to rest there. “Mm. Indeed, William.”

Will panted against Hannibal’s neck as he recovered, completely exhausted now after their day of moving things and packing. “I love you.”

“I love you too, darling boy,” Hannibal rasped, his breath coming out in ragged bursts. He mused to himself that coming to New Orleans was the best thing he had ever decided to do, because in the end, it had brought him to Will.

Will nuzzled his chest. “I can’t wait to start new with you. Go to school…”

Hannibal brushed Will’s hair back and hummed, nuzzling back. “I am eager for our new life as well, William.” He was silent for another minute, thinking and enjoying the closeness. “I suppose I will need to make sure you have suitable transportation, while I am at work. I would like to purchase a vehicle for you, something you will like and before the semester begins. How does that sound, mylimasis?”

“What sort? Can I get a truck?” Will asked, tipping his head up to look at his mate.

“Yes, any you might desire, be it a truck or something else,” Hannibal answered, looking at Will. “No doubt you have taken driving classes in school or perhaps you were taught by other means, correct?”

“My dad taught me, I have my license,” Will explained. “Don’t worry about that.”

Hannibal nodded, and ran his fingers up and down Will’s back as his knot started to deflate. “So a truck, a boat and a dog, once we’re settled,” Hannibal reminded, with a wink. “*Two* dogs, we mustn’t forget the mate.”

“No, we mustn’t,” Will agreed, copying Hannibal with a grin on his face and chipper tone.

The Alpha chuckled at that, playfully swatting the boy’s round behind as if he were scolding him. “I enjoy seeing you smile, dear boy.”

“I do a lot more of it around you,” Will mused, and nosed against Hannibal’s neck, scenting him.

“I am honored, then,” Hannibal crooned, closing his eyes briefly as Will scented him, basking in the affection before scenting him back.

“Should be,” Will teased, and then slid off Hannibal, scooping up both their clothes and running into the house, leaving Hannibal naked in the yard.

Fortunately, Hannibal wasn’t one to be ashamed of his nudity, not in his own backyard. He laughed, and got up quickly, taking long elegant strides after the boy. He was surprisingly fast for someone in his forties. Once inside, he rounded the corner, scenting the air to try to find him. “William…” he called out, playfully, his voice deep and drawn out.

The boy had dropped the clothes at the stairs, near the bottom, and was running across the halls of the upstairs.

The doctor saw the clothes and heard the thumping footsteps coming from above and made his way upstairs stealthily, deciding it was the best way to catch his mate. Once at the top, he remained still for a moment, patient, and quiet, scenting the air with a grin playing on his lips.

There was no way to mask the boy’s scent from earlier arousal, wafting through the halls and leading to their bedroom.

Once Hannibal picked up Will’s scent again, he stalked towards the bedroom, almost predatory like, and walked into the room, his keen eyes scanning. He snuck up on him, wrapping his arms around the boy’s waist from behind, nipping at his neck. “No escaping now, William,” the Alpha growled, playfully. He was truly in love and taken with the young Omega, that much was clear.

“No?” Will laughed, leaning back into Hannibal, enjoying their playful, naked times together. Will was still very much a child in some respects.

“Never,” Hannibal chuckled, running his hands affectionately up and down Will’s torso. The thought occurred to him then, that this was not something of which, he would normally partake. Will was changing him, just as he was changing Will and as a result they were melding into a unique, harmonious union. *Conjoined*.

Turning, Will threw his arms around Hannibal’s shoulders, and kissed him sweetly. “I don’t want to anyway,” Will whispered.

Hannibal kissed him back, lovingly, and gazed into the sea blue eyes that he loved so much. “Good, because if you had, it would have greatly impeded our plans for departure tomorrow,” he whispered back, winking.

“I have no plans to ruin our plans,” Will said with a roll of his eyes, and then hugged Hannibal tightly to him.

“You are a delight, dear boy,” the doctor said, nuzzling into Will’s curls, his hands trailing down the young Omega’s back and resting over his pert behind. “I suggest we clean up and get dressed, before I am struck with the need to ravage you once again.”

Will grinned and then kissed Hannibal once. “Bed and then tomorrow we leave, right?”

“Indeed,” Hannibal smiled, and released his hold on his mate. “I won’t be but a moment, and then I’ll join you in bed, mylimasis.”

Will nosed Hannibal’s neck and then slipped off to find his pajamas, and then crawled into bed, to wait for his mate.

After that, Hannibal disappeared into the bathroom to clean up and ready for bed. Once he’d cleaned up, and put on his pajamas, he went downstairs to gather the clothing Will had left there and put them into the hamper. Finally, he made his way back upstairs and into the room, crawling in bed with Will, smiling. “Goodnight, William,” he whispered, scenting him and placing a gentle kiss on the boy’s rosy lips before wrapping his arms around him.

***

Two weeks later and they had gotten settled into the their new home in Baltimore. The boat had been one of the first things Hannibal had gotten for Will, fully equipped with the best fishing gear money could buy. But he had also promised the boy a puppy, two in fact, and today was going to be the day he kept that promise. Not surprisingly, the doctor had quickly acquired work, opting to open his own practice in the area, not far from home. He was off today, however, and after the breakfast dishes had been done, he walked through the large home to find his mate. “William?”

Will had just finished dressing, pulling on a light sweater as the springs were still chilly here, and nothing like New Orleans. He bound down the steps, a grin in place on his lips. “Yeah, ready?”

Hannibal smiled, putting on his overcoat, head canted. “I am, Will.” He walked towards the door, opening it for his mate, very pleased to see him in such a happy humor.

The boy was excited about the dogs, hoping Hannibal got one for himself, not just letting Will pick them both. Will stepped out, grabbing his coat, and slipped it over his shoulders. “Are we going to the shelter?”

“We are, yes,” Hannibal answered, locking the door and walking over to the Bentley, which he unlocked. He slipped inside and buckled up, starting the car next. “You look very handsome in your new jacket,” he complimented, as he slid in next to him in the passenger seat.

“Thanks,” Will said with a smile, buckling himself in.

“Of course,” the doctor answered, with a wink and then backed out of the driveway, heading towards the shelter. “There is a shelter about ten minutes from here.”

“Good,” Will breathed, tapping his fingers on his thighs.

Hannibal turned onto the road, the treeline passing them by. It was slightly foggy, the sky gray; the Alpha found it peaceful. “Eager, are we, dear boy?” he asked, looking over at Will’s thighs and then meeting his eyes, briefly.

Will smiled at Hannibal and then palmed his own thighs to rest his hands. “Yes. I’m… I’ve wanted another dog for a while.”

The doctor smiled back, keeping his eyes on the road but admiring Will from his peripheral. “And now you shall have two,” he said, stopping at the redlight. “*We*shall have two, since I will be selecting one as well today.” Hannibal had considered getting the rare breed he’d mentioned back in New Orleans, but thought it would please William more, were he to acquire one from the shelter.

“You’ll get one? At the shelter?” Will seemed surprised, brows raised as he looked over at Hannibal.

“I will,” Hannibal answered and smiled, looking over at Will as he waited for the red light to change. “Surely there will be a breed there, that is to my liking.”

Will laughed at the thought. “Sometimes shelters get ‘breeds’ of dogs, usually just muts, Hannibal,” he said, grinning from ear to ear.

It was too late now, Hannibal had already said he would get one from the shelter, and while the thought of his dog being a *mut*, didn’t exactly appeal to him, he would adapt. “Ah, well...in any case, I am hopeful to find one which will be a suitable choice for our home,” he said, chuckling when he saw Will’s face. The light turned green and Hannibal took off down the road again, but not before leaning over to peck his mate on the cheek first.

Will hummed as they drove, giddy with anticipation. Once they arrived, he piled out quickly, going to the door which was opened for him by someone, and he told them he wanted a dog, two of them actually. Hannibal had caught up to Will, after locking the Bentley, walking inside just as the young Omega had told the lady what they were seeking. They were asked to sign a form and then were taken back to where all the dogs were kept in nice cleans rooms or out in the back to play.

An orange-red dog caught Will attention first, and he went to him, reaching out his hand, and the dog pawed at the window. Will opened the door and the dog immediately jumped all over him.

The doctor stood, with his hands in his suit pockets, and watched, the smell of dog practically flooding his senses. Still, Will looked happy, and that was all that mattered to the Alpha. “I take it that this is the one you wish to bring home?” he chuckled, offering the boy a warm, genuine smile.

“Yeah,” Will said, just *knowing*. He checked the tag for the dog. “His name is Winston.”

“Well hello, Winston,” Hannibal said, leaning down to let the dog smell of him and then gave his head a pat afterwards. “One down, then.” He gestured for the attendant to come over and when she did, he informed her that this was the first dog that they would be rescuing. She nodded with a smile, happy for the dog to be finding a home and then leashed him. After she had done that, Hannibal inquired if they had any purebred dogs by chance to which she said no.

“It appears as though you were correct, William,” Hannibal said. “Shall we look for what is to be my dog next?”

Will nodded, while they took Winston away to give him a bath before going to his forever home. “Something small or big?”

“Nothing too small, nor too large...perhaps something in the middle,” Hannibal said, walking with Will along the long row of kennels. Small usually meant yappy, and he did not want that, but too large could be a hazard on the furniture. After a few moments of looking, they came upon a medium sized dog, with piercing blue eyes and a gray coat, peppered with streaks of black and white. It looked to be mixed with Siberian Husky, though certainly not pure bred. The doctor noticed it's calm, and almost regal demeanor, catching his eye right away. He stopped and stooped down, meeting it’s gaze. It was friendly, but not overly hyper, it was as if the dog simply knew it was worthy of his attention. “This one, it is beautiful and it’s eyes reminds me of yours.”

“Wolfish?” Will offered, canting his head, laughing at the fact the dog was very furry, but at least not too long haired.

“Yes,” Hannibal admitted, with a smile, petting the dog. He did notice that some hair came off in his hand when he went to pull it back, but he would ensure the dog was properly groomed at all times. “Do you like him?” the Alpha asked, wanting to make sure Will approved as well.

"Yeah. I like all dogs though,” Will said, reaching to pet the dog, who sniffed his hand first and then rubbed into the boy’s fingers for more pets.

Hannibal laughed, quietly, and then stood up, summoning the woman once more. “We would also like him,” he said, gesturing. “Furthermore, I did not notice a name on his tag, has he been named?” The woman informed them that he had just been brought in, so they hadn’t had time to name him yet. “Well, William, would you like to do the honors of naming the last member of our little pack, or shall I?”

“He’s your dog, you name him,” Will insisted, getting to his knees to let the dog lick his face, which made the boy laugh.

Nodding, Hannibal took a brief moment to contemplate, pursing his lips. “I think, Achilles, might be fitting,” he suggested, looking at Will. “A warrior, brave and renown. Wolves themselves are viewed as such. Do you like the name?”

Will nodded, excitedly. “Yeah, it’s perfect.”

The doctor leaned in to kiss Will’s lips, chastely, being careful to not touch his face until he’d had a chance to wash his hands first. “It’s settled then. Achilles and his Patroclus, Winston, are the newest members of our family.” Hannibal offered Will his arm, so that they could go pay and wait for the dogs to come out front.

Taking Hannibal’s arm, Will got to his feet and they took the new dog too, to get a bath before bringing them both to the front. “Thank you, Hannibal…”

“You’re welcome, mylimasis,” Hannibal crooned, walking with Will to the front. He paid the cashier for the two dogs and wrapped his arms around his mate’s shoulders while they waited.

A few minutes later they brought the two dogs out, clean and tails wagging. They handed Will the leashes. “Let’s take them home, yes?” he said, looking over at Will with a smile.

Will nodded and took the leashes and ran out to the front, happily, getting them into the car with a grin. He buckled them into the back and then slid into the passenger seat once more.

Hannibal was thankful he’d laid a blanket on the back-seats, even if they were clean now. Sliding entering the driver’s side, he started the car and backed out, heading for home.

It didn’t take long, and they were pulling into the garage. After parking, Hannibal undid his belt and killed the engine, exiting. He unlocked the front door, knowing Will would want to wrangle the dogs inside himself.

Will grabbed the bag of food they had been given and tossed it over one shoulder, the other he held the leashed and lead the dogs into the house, and then let them off to smell and sniff around their new home. He set the bag down with a thump in the kitchen

In anticipation of the two new dogs, Hannibal had already purchased the feeding bowls for both, along with the beds, toys and two leather Gucci collars. The doctor put the bowls down on the kitchen floor, near the back door and then went to retrieve the collars. Once he’d done that, he walked over to Will, and offered them to his mate. “I took the liberty of purchasing these for the newest members of our family, I hope they are to your liking.”

Will wouldn’t complain, he just took the collars with a grin and went to wrangle one on each dog and made sure their new tags were displayed in the front with their names and house phone number. “They look dapper.”

Hannibal chuckled quietly at that, looking at the dogs and then at Will. He leaned down to pet each one and then righted his stance again. “That they do, dear boy, and I would have nothing less for any member of this household...be they on two legs or four.”

Will let the dogs lick and jump all over him and then got up to hug Hannibal around the waist tightly. “Thank you.”

Wrapping his arms around Will, Hannibal hummed, nuzzling into Will’s neck. “You’re welcome, Will.” The embrace, the look of sheer joy on the young Omega’s face, those aspects made the sacrifice of having dogs completely worth it to the elegant Alpha.

Curling in again Hannibal, Will squeezed him. He knew they both made sacrifices, but it was all well worth it in the end. “Are you off all day?”

“I am,” Hannibal purred, running his hands up and down Will’s back, scenting him. “Is there anything you would like to do? I want this to be a day just for you, mylimasis.”

Will was quite happy to be in his mate’s arms, surrounded by their new dogs, in their new house. It was more of life than he ever expected to have. “I like being with you. Spending time together.”

Honestly, Hannibal was surprised Will hadn’t asked him to go on the fishing trip yet, but he figured it would be brought up soon enough. For now, he was just content to be holding his mate. “Nothing pleases me more, William,” he whispered, feeling the swell of love in his breast threatening to burst right through his skin. “Would you like for me to show you how to play the harpsichord, or perhaps the theremin?”

Fishing could wait when Will had just gotten two dogs. He snuggled Hannibal’s chest. “What’s a theremin?”

"The theremin is an instrument that can create exquisite music, without ever needing to be touched, but it requires the rare gift of perfect pitch to play properly. It is named after the Westernized name of its Russian inventor, Léon Theremin, who patented the device in 1928," Hannibal explained, stroking Will's silky curls.

“You don’t touch it?” Will asked, lifting his eyes to meet Hannibal’s, chin to his chest.

"No," Hannibal murmured, a little too caught in Will's beautiful gaze to formulate the right words in that moment. He lowered his head to press a kiss to the boy's brow and regained his thoughts. "The theremin is played, without physical touch, just as we as humans can sometimes be motivated to sing, metaphorically speaking, without ever needing to feel contact." He was, of course, alluding to the fact that a simple gaze or smile, devoid of touch, from his mate had the ability to make his heart sing with love, much like the theremin.

“Show me?” Will was curious now as Hannibal had captured his attention.

Humming, Hannibal released his grip, and walked Will to the bedroom. "Please, have a seat at the foot of the bed while I set it up," he requested, smiling at Will, delighted his mate had taken an interest.

“Set up?” Will did as asked, seating himself there as he shed his coat and sweater, just in a t-shirt and jeans, shoes left at the door.

"Yes," Hannibal answered, though there wasn't much to actually set up per say. He too, removed his coat, vest and shoes, folding them neatly over the desk chair, his shoes near Will's. He walked over and removed the wooden instrument and placed it directly in front of his mate, turning it on and adjusting the dials. He then gracefully climbed behind the boy, a leg on either side of his slim hips and wrapped one arm around his waist. “Ready?”

“I think so?” Will said, quietly, looking over the instrument, cautiously, snuggling back against Hannibal’s spread legs.

"Good. Your right hand goes near the tall pitch antenna, in the open space next to it," Hannibal began, his tone low and gravelly as he guided Will's right hand there. "Your left goes here...once you have found the pitch with your right, you raise the left, to produce the note," Hannibal crooned, moving the young Omega’s other hand to the volume antenna on the left, his chin resting on Will's shoulder near his ear. He removed his hands from Will’s, waiting for him to give it a try.

Will let his hands stay there for a moment and the only moved them a little, not really getting the sound he wanted, and laughed, but tried again. “Is it supposed to be hard?”

Hannibal laughed, nipping at Will's ear gently. "Any instrument is difficult to master at first, just as I'm sure you know from when you play the guitar," the Alpha murmured, sliding his hands up Will's sides, to his chest. "Feel it vibrating here," he continued, his lips still against his ear. "Let it move through you."

The boy laughed as Hannibal did, which quickly turned into a purr as Hannibal touched him, and his eyes closed, trying to feel the music rather than just see it. Though, Hannibal was quite distracting, he managed a note or two, that didn’t sound like something dying.

“That’s better,” Hannibal rasped, moving his hands over Will’s again, to help him make a few more notes. “You simply have to let your body become attuned to it, Will, much like you do when you use your gift. We all do it, to some degree...I did, when I met you.” The older man trailed down to Will’s scarred mating gland, purring and kissing there.

Will hummed at the feeling, his hands moving to make much better music when Hannibal did that, as if spurring him on with feelings.

Hannibal noticed, and placed one hand over Will’s groin, cupping there, the warmth of his skin no doubt radiating through the boy’s jeans. The left hand rested gently over his mate’s throat as the doctor continued to lick and scrape his teeth along his gland. “Good, William, very good.”

The instrument made a slight off putting noise but Will quickly recovered as he gasped, moaning with the notes he made, unable to help it. “Hannibal…” he whispered, licking his lips.

“My name, on your succulent lips, is the most beautiful sound,” Hannibal murmured, his hand moving to cup Will’s chin, angling his face towards his own. “More than any instrument created.” His other hand squeezed gently over the young Omega’s groin, kneading there as he captured Will’s lips, his tongue running along the seam.

Will’s fingers wavered, all but slipping from where they should be on the theremin as Hannibal thoroughly distracted him. He groaned again, long and hard as his hips canted up for more, humming into Hannibal’s mouth;“Mmm…”

“Continue, Will, please,” Hannibal instructed, gently, undoing the boy’s jeans and slipping a hand inside to free his cock. A creative, yet pleasurable way to ensure that his mate would not forget this little lesson.

Will attempted, music finally flowing through the weird sounding instrument, though wavering with every quiver from the young man. “Distractin’ me.”

Hannibal thumbed over Will’s slit, using the precome there to glide up and down from root to tip, his own cock swelling and pushing against his mate’s ass. “You’ve done well, William. Much better than most on their first attempt,” he whispered, his teeth worrying the velvety skin of the boy’s ear lobe. “We can continue another day, perhaps, if you’d like, but for now...I would rather have your attention focused elsewhere.”

Will’s hands dropped quickly, and the boy turned around in Hannibal’s arms and pushed him over in the bed, straddling him, and kissing him heatedly. “Like here?”

“Yes,” Hannibal growled, in between kisses and then swiftly pulled Will’s shirt from his body, setting it on the bed behind them. He gripped his mate’s jean covered ass, grinding their groins closer together and licked his way into his mouth again.

Will worked Hannibal’s shirt undone, deft fingers pushing buttons out of holes in record time. He let out a groan, grinding down on Hannibal’s hips. “Hannibal-”

Hannibal bit his own lower lip, grunting and rutting his hips up against Will. “Daddy’s delectable boy,” he rasped, shrugging out of his shirt, probably more regally than most and then flipped them over so that Will was now on his back.

Will rolled and wrapped his legs tight around Hannibal’s hips, gazing up with blue eyes that seemed so much brighter with the delicate crimson flush of his skin. “Daddy…” he whispered, kissing Hannibal again slowly.

With both of them shirtless and still in their pants, Hannibal was content to take his time and kiss the beautiful boy beneath him, his beloved, his mate. Which is what he did; languidly swirling and tangling their tongues together, one arm bracing his weight, the other slipping between their bodies long enough to free his own cock. Settling back down, the Alpha ground his hips, sliding their lengths together as they kissed.

The boy writhed, undulating up against the doctor, panting between long languid kisses. His fingers pushed down Hannibal's slacks and kicked his own off, trying to get as much contact as possible.

Hannibal moved back long enough to assist pulling off their pants, as well as their underwear and put them aside. Once they were both nude, he was right back on Will again, seeking out his mouth, his hands carding through his hair and cock now rubbing between the boy’s slick cheeks.

“William, you are beautiful...so impeccably beautiful,” he breathed out, taking a moment to drink him.

Will keened, mewling as he lifting his hips and all but begged wordlessly for Hannibal to slip right inside and take him ravaging. “Hannibal-”

Hannibal groaned, bracing an elbow near Will's head, his cock skating over the boy's slick hole, teasing there. When he was unable to resist any longer, he curled his hips forward, fusing their bodies together as he slipped inside, his head lolling forward against his mate's shoulder. "William-"

Will hitched his hips, canted up to take Hannibal all the way inside, with a low, slow gasp. “There, right there…”

"You overtake me, in the most delightful way, dear boy," Hannibal groaned and shifted closer, dragging his knees under himself to pull Will's hips up, cradling his body. In this position, he pulled almost completely back out before sinking back in, hard against his prostate, his lips capturing Will's to swallow every sound he made.

Panting breaths pressed against Hannibal's lips as they conjoined effortlessly, meshing and melding as one. Will bit Hannibal's lower lip and groaned as his body was played perfectly, flushing hot other desire.

A growl of pleasure emanated from Hannibal's throat as Will bit his lip; the boy's hunger pleased the Alpha to no end. This was apparent, as what had started off as a slow, simmering pace, quickly began bubbling over into a much faster one. Hannibal drove into Will, insistently, working towards bringing the young Omega to a release that would surpass all the others he had experienced thus far. "Are you enjoying my cock, dear boy? Let me hear you..."

Will groaned louder, clutching Hannibal's shoulders, feeling his eight and press of hips and cock burning up inside of him. "Please daddy, I love it, fuck … harder."

Sweat dripped down Hannibal's back and chest as he thrusted like a wild animal into Will, groaning and grunting. He kissed down to his neck, where he sunk his teeth in, popping flesh and lapping at the blood there feeling his impending release start to build. "Come for daddy, William…"

Squirming and writhing, the boy fell apart under Hannibal's perfect weight, and started to come, leaking down his thighs and over his own belly. "Daddy-!"

Hannibal watched as Will came undone underneath him, it was truly a sight to behold. A few more jackhammering thrusts and he was coming too, his seed spurting out of his cock like a volcano. "Will-!"

Will rode out the waves until he could no longer hold himself together under Hannibal, and let his lithe body go limp into the sheets, gazing up at his mate with a lazy smile.

Catching his breath, Hannibal smiled back, stroking Will's cheek, locked together. "Incredible, William, always incredible." The dogs came into the room and were circling around the bed, noses in the air; Hannibal was pleasantly surprised when they didn't instantly jump on the bed.

Will nuzzled Hannibal' neck, scenting him and how their smells lingered together and mixed well. "Mmm…"

After scenting him back, Hannibal purred and laid on Will's chest, just listening to his heart beat. "I find myself completely submerged in a euphoric state of eros with you, dear Will."

"I couldn't tell," the boy said, quietly, teasing, nosing against Hannibal's jaw. "Can we go fishin' tomorrow?"

Hannibal chuckled, and then playfully nipped at Will's lips. "Yes, the weather looks to be of an optimal condition for an outing," he answered, brushing an errant curl off of the boy's face.

"Can we bring the dogs?" Will was hopeful, eyes bright and smile big against rosy, flushed cheeks and long lashes.

Hannibal had considered saying no, but then he looked at Will's face, his smile and those captivating eyes and found he was unable to do so. "Of course, we can bring them, mylimasis," he answered, smiling back, his eyes twinkling with love and adoration.

Will grinned broader and wider. "You won't regret it."

"If at the evening's end, you are happy, I do not see regret being a possibility."

Chapter 9

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Hannibal was awake first the next morning, as usual, and had decided to let Will sleep. After he'd showered, and let the dogs out, he prepared breakfast and made coffee, dressed down in a pair of black slacks and a grey button up shirt. It was the most casual attire he owned, save for his pajamas and special clear suit. He'd done so in anticipation for what, he could only assume, would be an *interesting* outing with his mate. The doctor didn't relish the thought of going fishing, but a promise was a promise and he *always*kept his promises. More than anything though, he'd meant what he had said when he'd told Will he wanted him to be happy.

Once breakfast was ready, the Alpha went back upstairs and into the bedroom, smiling when he saw Will was still asleep. He leaned over, watching him for a moment before placing a soft kiss on his beloved's pouted lips, brushing the curls from his face. "Wake up, dear boy, breakfast is ready and I believe we have some fishing to do."

Will murmured, and slowly opened his eyes, fluttering long, dark lashes against his cheeks, and then piercing blue. "Eager?" he groaned, shying away from Hannibal's lip to cover his mouth and morning breath.

It never failed to amaze Hannibal, just how beautiful Will was at any time of the day or night, he counted himself truly fortunate. "An early start and a big breakfast is most optimal when one goes off to fish, is it not?" Hannibal stood up, grinning endearingly at his mate, his hands behind his back.

Will groaned and pushed himself out of bed, a crease on the side of his face from the pillow. "I guess so."

"Excellent, I will make you a nice hot cup of coffee, hm?" Hannibal offered, immediately making the bed in a timely manner.

"Yes, please," Will grumbled, and went to shower, and then dress. He made his way down to the kitchen, much more awake now as he slipped into a chair at the table.

Hannibal brought Will a cup of coffee and sat it before him, kissing the top of his head. "I'll bring out your breakfast, I won't be but a moment." After another minute or two he reemerged with two plates and once he'd announced the dish of eggs Florentine, he sat them down, doing the same himself at the head of the table.

Will picked up his fork cutting into the eggs, and stuffing them into his mouth with a little appreciative hum. He'd never figure out why someone like Hannibal wanted some kid like him, but he wasn't going to complain.

Satisfied with Will's response, Hannibal took a slow bite of his food, also humming quietly to himself. Once he'd swallowed, he took a sip of his coffee and just allowed himself a moment to look at and watch the boy. To him, while his mate was undeniably young, he had a much older demeanor, at least in some regards, the doctor saw a vast potential in his beloved.

The boy ate quietly the rest of the time and then when he finished, he took his plate and mug to the kitchen, rinsed both, and set them in the dishwasher.

Hannibal did the same, once finished and cleared the table. Once that was all taken care of, he turned to face Will. "What more do you require to be ready for our excursion, dear boy?"

"Just the dogs," Will said, running off to get the leashes, as the boat had all their things on it already. "Did you pack us lunch?"

"I did, indeed," Hannibal answered, nodding to the insulated bag and thermos on the counter. "Despite not knowing how long might be away, I did not want us to be without sustenance."

"Could be *all* day," Will teased, a smirk on his face that lit his eyes the near color of the ocean.

Hannibal's lips twisted into a crooked smile, his eyes narrowing playfully. "It is impolite to tease, William." The Alpha leaned forward and gently nipped at the young Omega's lower lip, in a mock display of punishment.

Will flashed a daring grin at Hannibal and then went to get his jacket, and put on his boots. "I'll keep that in mind."

"Please do," Hannibal called out, grabbing the containers for lunch. He walked into the living room and sat them down long enough to put on his overcoat and get his keys, waiting for Will to be ready with the dogs so they could go.

The two dogs and Will walked out, both animals on leashes, and Will was ready with a light jacket. "Sure hope it stays sunny out for your sake, Hannibal." The boy walked past his mate and out to the car, settling the dogs inside.

Hannibal canted his head curiously, and locked up, lunch containers in hand before getting into the driver's side. "Why for my sake, William?" The Alpha asked.

"You're dressed so nice," Will said, gesturing to Hannibal attire, though toned down, was still quite a bit much for fishing. He got into the passenger seat and buckled in.

"I appreciate you taking notice," Hannibal grinned, and started the car once he'd buckled up. "I do not own much casual attire, but nonetheless I hope this will serve its purpose for our trip today." The doctor backed up the car, and started off towards the harbor.

Will nodded. He wouldn't argue, Hannibal would learn. They drove in silence and Will let his mind wander as they made their way to the docks, having not often given much thought to his father, he couldn't help it today as they were going fishing for the first time since he had last been out… with his father. It seemed surreal to think they they had killed him-- that *Will* had killed him, and yet it didn't seem to bother him, not even know.

They arrived at the docks and Will got out, dogs on their leashes again, the key to the boat in his pocket.

After locking the Bentley, Hannibal joined Will, with the lunch containers in his arms and keys in his pocket. He would have preferred to rent a Yacht for the day, but this way might prove to be better, he would see the boy in his natural element and perhaps it would also reveal if his mate harbored any feelings about the *unfortunate* death of his father.

Once aboard the boat, the Alpha turned to Will. "I will just go put our food up until we are ready to eat, do you require any assistance getting prepared and out on the water?" Not that he knew how to guide a boat anyways, but asking was the polite thing to do.

Will shook his head and stared to get to work, hoisting sails, and anchor being brought up. He got the motor going and off they went. He stopped them in the middle of the harbor, far enough out to find a good fishing spot, where he started to set up his bait and tackle kit, string up his line.

Hannibal watched Will with a curious enthusiasm, it wasn't that he was particularly interested in the art of fishing, but more that it fascinated him to see Will's. "When did you first learn to be a fisherman?"

"My father has taken me out since I can remember," Will explained, "he wanted an Alpha son, but he got me, so he taught me what he would have always taught, how to survive if I needed to…" he looked up at Hannibal and stood, handing him the rod that was set up to go and then started on the other, hooking the bait.

"Survival is an important lesson for us all to learn, no matter what our sex or standing," Hannibal agreed and took the pole into his hands, examining it. "You have proven, on more than one occasion, to be quite strong and capable. You are most impressive, dear boy." The Alpha, himself, of course, was not like the typical Alpha in regard to knowing how to do things like fish, but he was intelligent and adapted quickly so he was not at all concerned.

Will assumed his father wanted him to know how to survive in case the day came he ditched him out on the streets. Will sighed, and did up his rod and then leaned up against the side rail of the boat, and cast it out into the water, easily. "Thanks…"

Watching Will, Hannibal then did the same thing, only not as well. Still, he wasn't a man who was embarrassed by such things. "You're welcome," he said, staring out at the water. "Perhaps you will teach me this, just as I've taught you certain things." The Alpha was not above having his young Omega show him the art of fishing, which again, set him apart from the traditional Alpha he wanted them to be each others teachers.

Laughing, Will watched Hannibal's line barely fly. He set his rod down carefully, and showed Hannibal how to reel it back in. "You want to flick your wrist as you let it go, holding down here to let the line fly further out."

Hannibal snarled, playfully, at Will's laughter and then nodded. "Thank you, William, you are quite the teacher, I suspect you would do well in such a profession." The doctor did as he'd been taught and tried again, this time doing a much better job at casting it out. "Better, it seems, yes?"

"Much," Will said and ducked his head. "Teacher? I was thinking like detective or somethin'."

Smiling, Hannibal took note of how Will's accent seemed to be much stronger out here, on the water, even in a different city, spurring childhood memories and triggering it to come on stronger. It was as endearing as it was fascinating. "I believe you can *become*anything that you set your mind to, as I mentioned only a moment ago, you are very capable."

"I wanna help people, but I don't wanna be around them, really," Will confessed, a little frown on his face as he took up his rod again, and reeling it back in a little bit more.

Hannibal did the same as Will, ever the vigilant man that he was and looked back at the young Omega. "Then you will have to adapt, yes? At least in order to perform the career of your choosing."

“Yeah.” Will let the sun that gleamed off the water get into his eyes as his line started to get tugged on, and he began to reeling in harder. He tugged and pulled, and finally he flopped a fish up onto the deck, wriggling and writhing about.

“Your abilities as a fisherman astound me, William,” Hannibal said, beaming with pride at his mate. “I will prepare it for us, tonight for dinner, if you’d like?” The outing was turning out to be better than he had anticipated, and while he would not seek out another one, he was happy to be here with Will now.

Will nodded. “I’d like that.” he set the fish into a bucket of water, for now. He’d clean it at home.

“Excellent, and so it shall be,” Hannibal said, and then turned his attention back to his pole. He wasn’t having the luck that Will had seemed to be having, but he was patient.

Will set his pole down and came up under Hannibal’s arms and held his rod with him, so that they were fishing together, Hannibal’s arms all but around him. “Better?”

“Very much so,” Hannibal murmured, leaning down to nose and scent along the crook of Will’s neck. He pressed closer against the boy’s body, but still tried to maintain his restraint.

Will laughed. “None of that until you’ve caught a fish.”

“I am starting to suspect that you delight in my torment, darling boy,” Hannibal teased, and then righted his stance, his erect cock pressing against the boy in his arms. “I will have to redouble my efforts, then.”

“I only wish to see you learn,” Will said, mimicking the doctor with a spread of his lips and a bat of his blue eyes.

“It would appear that you have, and quickly,” Hannibal grinned, his eyes narrowed. The doctor reeled in his line, and with the flick of his wrist cast it back out, much further, hoping to snare something from the deeper waters. “I accept your challenge, William.” He very much enjoyed a challenge, especially one that would prove to give him a priceless reward should he succeed.

“If it’s bigger than mine, you can do whatever you want with me when we get home…” Will offered, watching Hannibal carefully.

Hannibal licked his lips at that, all of the sinfully sweet ideas running through his mind. “And if it is not?” he asked, arching a brow, knowing there was something on the other end of that perfect offer.

“Then we get to come fishing for the next week,” Will explained, making deals with his mate.

The good doctor mentally weighed the pros and cons of this proposal and decided the benefits to be far greater. “Agreed. But William, I must warn you, I am not a man who often loses,” he winked and then released his hold on the boy, rolling up his sleeves in a show of readiness.

Will would win either way, he knew that a week of fishing or a night of whatever Hannibal wanted would be worth it. He stepped back and let the doctor have his hand at it. “By all means, Doctor Lecter…”

Hannibal leaned forward, towards the railing, looking back to grin at Will. “How kind of you, Will.” After a few long minutes of concentration, and another repositioning of the line, Hannibal felt a tug. With sweat on his brow, and his forearms flexing, he started to reel it in, little by little until at last he pulled up a large fish which he then unhooked and held up by his finger under its gill. “Looks like I win, mylimasis, I did warn you,” he said proudly, his head canted upwards with a dark victorious gleam in his eyes.

“You had help,” Will said, but wasn’t going to argue it beyond that. He leaned back against the rail much as he did their first ‘date’ together when Will went into heat.

Hannibal placed the fish into the bucket of ice and cleaned off his hands, all in an expeditious manner. Two paces and he was up against the boy, a hand on either side of his body, clutching the rail. "So I did, however it does not change the fact that I now get to enjoy you in a manner of my choosing, once we return," the Alpha rasped, ghosting his lips over Will's.

“That was the agreement,” Will offered, sweetly, batting his long lashes up at Hannibal.

“*Cunning* boy,” Hannibal murmured, and then tugged Will’s lower lip through his razor-sharp teeth and let go. “You are well aware of your magnificent power…” Power over him, he thought to himself, knowing full well that Will could bend him in ways that no other person could or had ever.

The boy was eager to learn knew things, and sometimes, he knew, he had to push Hannibal to teach him, whether in the classroom, home, or bedroom. He licked his own lips once. “You’ve shown me.”

“I will continue to do so, as long as you allow me.” Hannibal looked at Will’s lips with lust blow fawn irises, thinking of all the things he wanted to continue to show his mate, both in the bedroom and out.

"Let’s go home,” Will said, leaning up kiss Hannibal’s mouth, and then slipped out from under him, through one arm, to set sail back to the docks.

Grinning darkly, to himself, Hannibal watched as Will walked away. The outing had been pleasant, and not nearly as long as he’d assumed, which was just fine with him. As they neared the docks, the cannibal took the opportunity to take in the beauty of both the young Omega and the lake, adding this experience to the vast halls of his memory palace.

Will helped the dogs off the boat and then gathered the fish on ice and headed back toward the car, where he waited for Hannibal.

Hannibal unlocked the car, and slipped into the driver’s side, placing the lunch containers in a secure location before buckling up and starting the engine. The smell of fish was overwhelming, and he made a mental note to have the Bentley detailed as soon as possible. Once Will was seated and buckled up, the dogs in back, he backed up, heading towards home.

“Quite the enjoyable day, Will, was it not?”

“We haven’t even eaten,” Will said, knowing he cut the trip short, but he knew Hannibal was only so tolerable.

“We are in close proximity to the park that is similar to the one I once took you to, we could let the dogs run there and in enjoy our lunch, or simply wait until we return back home,” Hannibal offered, wanting to give Will the best day possible.

“They need to be out,” Will agreed, knowing that the fish smell would only get worse, and he smiled for it.

“It is settled, then,” Hannibal said and turned onto the road towards the park. While he was vaguely aware of the stench and its probability of worsening, it was of a secondary importance in this instance. After a few more minutes, he was pulling up and parking at the entrance to the park. Grateful, that the day had proven to be just as beautiful as the weather had predicted.

Will piled out with the dogs, who started to jump and run around him, and he followed after them into the park, laughing.

Hannibal left the windows cracked and collected the lunch containers, strolling leisurely, observing Will and the dogs. He never wandered too far, opting to sit down on a bench, one leg crossed over the other as he sat out their lunch. A moment longer and he caught the boy’s gaze and gestured for him to come join him.

Will ran back over to Hannibal and sat down, out of breath, and the dogs curled up at his feet, obediently. What had been their dogs, was easily Will’s. “What are we having?”

Not having had the dogs for long, Hannibal had yet to bond with them, however, he was growing fond of them, especially given their obedience. Nonetheless, while he had chosen what was to be his dog, he had known it would be Will’s more than his own. Looking over at Will, he smiled, and handed him the platter. “Salmon terrine with roasted poblano cream. I thought it appropriate given our trip today.”

“Fish while we fish,” Will laughed, even if they had left the boat. He picked up his fork to cut into the dish, eating the bite with a hum.

Admittedly, Hannibal had planned on them eating this meal around a table, but still, it was a dish that was generally served cold so it was suited for this setting as well. “Yes,” the Alpha chuckled, canting his head to watch Will take the first bite, before taking his own. Once he’d swallowed, he gingerly dabbed his mouth with a napkin. “Though I suppose I will prepare the fish we’ve caught today, later on.”

“We can have it tomorrow,” Will suggested, diplomatically.

“Indeed we can, dear boy,” Hannibal answered and then cut into the fillet, taking another elegant bite.

Will ate more, continuing to do so until his meal was gone. He smiled gleefully at Hannibal, kissed his lips, and went to run around with the dogs ones on more time.

Hannibal smiled back and finished his meal, taking his time as Will was playing with the dogs. After a few minutes, he was done, and he packed away the empty plates and tupperware, and rose to his feet, walking closer to observe and marvel at the beauty before him. “Do not feel the need to rush yourself, Will, however, I am highly anticipating our return home,” he said with a wink.

Will raised a brow at his mate, grinning over his shoulder at him. “I bet you are.”

Hannibal feigned a brief annoyance but didn’t let it reach his eyes, he was far too enchanted by the boy, despite actually wanting to take him home immediately and take him apart with pleasure. “As I mentioned earlier, you delight in my torment, William.”

“I do. C’mon, guys, let’s go,” Will said, rounding up the two dogs.

The doctor grinned, tilting his head just so and then walked with Will and the dogs back to the Bentley, unlocking it and getting inside. The smell of fish was much stronger and Hannibal made his disgust apparent with the curl of his lips. Still, he would have it taken care of soon enough. Once Will was inside, as well as the dogs, he fastened his seatbelt and started to car. “Did you enjoy our outing, Will?” he asked, casually, backing up.

“I did,” the boy said, tapping his hands on his thighs, happily, but was very excited for home now.

“Good,” Hannibal answered, looking over at Will and noting his anxious tapping. “Not much further now.” He was most assuredly looking forward to being at home and the primary thing on his mind was devouring the boy at his side.

Will loved these little games so much, and seeing Hannibal’s ravaging, beastly side. The car pulled into the garage and Will got out, letting the dogs into the house, and then went back for the fish, and set it in the outside fridge not to spoil while they were busy.

Hannibal followed suit and while Will was putting the fish into the outside refrigerator, the Alpha let his imagination run rampant, finally deciding just what he wanted to do to his wicked angel.

Boots off at the door, Will let himself into the house, humming as he went, and shed his jacket first, hanging it on the coat rack. “So…”

“William, I would like for you to go upstairs, into our room...remove all of your clothing and wait for me until I decide to join you. You are to be on your knees, palms facing down atop your thighs while you wait, dear boy, this is known as the *Nadu position*,” Hannibal commanded, gently, his eyes narrowed in a display of authority. He had been given the proverbial green light and as such he was going to bring Will to new heights through the exploration of total surrender...submission, it would serve his higher agenda as well, since he wishes for his mate to surrender to his own darkness.

Will was going to ask what that was, but he thought better of it, and ran up the stairs, stripping as he went, leaving a trail of clothes behind him. Once in their room, he did as Hannibal asked, limbs shaking a little in anticipation. How long would he have to wait?

The Alpha eyed the clothing as it fell haphazardly in the boy’s wake, that would simply not do. As such, he took his time, before finally entering the room ten minutes later. He didn’t address the boy, not yet, letting the anticipation increase and instead walked casually over to the dresser, pulling out a black blindfold. “Good, William, you have waited patiently. I am now going to impede your ability to see, so that you may only *feel* the things I will be doing to you. At anytime, should you wish me to stop I need you to say the word mercy, is that understood?”

“Mercy?” Will asked, his a grin on his face as he nodded at his mate. He was game.

“Yes, mylimasis,” Hannibal answered, a small smile only playing on his lips briefly and minutely before disappearing. Leaning down, he placed a kiss on his mate’s lips and secured the blindfold. Once he’d done that, he took off his own shirt, button by button, as well as his pants and boxers, again taking his time before placing them into the hamper. With his cock in his hand he pulled his foreskin back and rubbed it on the young Omega’s lips. “Open, please, William.”

Surprised at first, Will turned his head, but then he caught his Alphas musky scent, and steered back, mouth open and lips parted, taking Hannibal in, slowly, tongue sliding against the rough nerves there.

"Good boy," Hannibal grunted, holding Will's head for leverage, for himself and for his mate, since he had taken away his sight for the moment. “Your mouth feels like paradise. Take me all the way in, William, take daddy’s cock as far as you can.”

Gagging only once, Will took him down, hands snaking out to touch Hannibal’s ankles, for something to stabilize himself, ground him. He hummed, teeth and tongue buzzing around Hannibal’s length.

Hannibal gripped tight in Will's curls, starting to thrust in and out, his primal urges kicking in. After a few more passes, he pulled out with a wet pop and lifted the young Omega to stand, turning him around and pushing him over the bed. "You like this, do you not, Will? Being taken in such a commanding manner?" He knew his mate enjoyed his darker impulses, but he needed to hear it.

“Yes, Daddy,” Will said, hands on the bed, ass out, pert and pink. He held his breath, waiting.

The Alpha let out a low seductive growl at that, flaring his nostrils to inhale his mate’s sweet slick that was gathering quickly. Hannibal couldn’t resist bending down and spreading Will’s cheeks to lick a long wet stripe from his balls to the cleft.

As his head dropped forward, Will felt went week in the knees, bent there against the bed, it was hard to know where Hannibal would be next with his vision taken from him. However, Hannibal’s heat was undeniably apparent behind him. “Hannibal-”

Hannibal continued his feast, licking at Will’s entrance with fervor. There was nothing that suited his palate more than his beloved mate. The doctor snaked his arm around Will, finding his cock and began stroking as he continued to devour the young Omega, knowing that the experience was further enhanced by his lack of sight.

Beginning to huff little breaths of pleasure, Will groaned louder, spreading wider, begging without even speaking for more of everything Hannibal did to him. His core began to heat, winding hot as his cock leaked onto Hannibal’s fingers.

Growling, Hannibal speared Will's slick hole with his tongue, his deft doctor's hand working his Omega relentlessly. He wanted to make the boy come undone, be weak with pleasure before he took him hard and knotted him. Pulling back for the briefest moment, he licked his lips. "Come for me, dear boy, come and then I will take you."

Will dropped his head and started to feel the pulse in his loins, his cock twitching in Hannibal’s hand, coming undone in droves, as he spilled down his thighs, slicked for Hannibal.

"Mm, perfect, mylimasis," Hannibal praised and stood up straight. He'd thought about drawing this out more, longer, make him writhe and wriggle with anticipation, but he was far to aroused to do so now. Without another word, he pressed his bulbous cock head up to Will's hole and entered him roughly, to the hilt. The boy had wanted it that way, and that was exactly what he was going to get.

Will gasped, gripping the bed tightly with long, slender fingers. His body engulfed the doctor’s cock, taking him all the way in until Will could feel his prostate prodded, flipping a switch of lustful heat inside of him.

Hannibal gripped Will’s hip with one hand, and a fistful of curls with the other, tugging hard enough to cause just the right amount of pain as he piston his hips in a decadently hard manner. “How does that *feel*, William,” he inquired, his words breathy and deep, emphasized with each thrust.

The boy panted, unable to get much out as his senses overloaded, sending him reeling from the first orgasm, right into a build of the second, two completely different sensations. His body pulsed around Hannibal’s cock, causing him to grunt with every switch plunge. “I-”

The doctor pressed his large palm on the Omega’s back, guiding him to lay flat on his stomach, a forearm then bracketing his body on either side. In this position, the Alpha pounded into his ass with relentless devotion, his sharp teeth scraping the back of the boy’s neck. “You what, dear boy...”

Will huffed and groaned, knees against the bed with his belly flat to the surface, taking his Alpha's cock even further in, feeling every stroke like it was new all over again. The heat sparked in his belly, and he clamped teeth down around his bottom lip. “Please…”

Once again, the good doctor’s hand found its way to those tempting curls, gripping tight before he sunk his shark-like teeth into the side of the boy’s neck, popping skin and lapping at the tangy blood in answer. A feral growl escaped his lips as he drank deep and bucked his hips wildly, his knot throbbing and threatening to inflate. “Come, William, now…”

The keening noise that resonated through Will shook this whole body as he spilled once more, slathering Hannibal’s cock in slick, throbbing around him, milking him. “Hannibal-!”

The Alpha doctor’s seed was practically squeezed from him as the boy came and clenched vice-like around his cock, sending him into a state of unbridled euphoria, coming in hot droves as his knot inflated. “Will-”

Will tensed, clenching around the doctor, and then relaxed, huffing. “Oh, gees…”

“Am I to interpret that as you found things to be pleasing?” Hannibal grinned, licking the residual blood from his teeth, catching his breath.

“Yes…” Will crooned, breathlessly. He headed his head against the bed, panting.

“Good,” Hannibal said, exhaling slowly against the boy’s flesh. “I rather enjoyed it myself, though I always do.” Not wanting to crush his mate, he rolled them over gently on their sides, Will’s back against his furry, sweat covered chest.

“Can I take this off?” Will asked, touching the blindfold as he snuggled back against Hannibal.

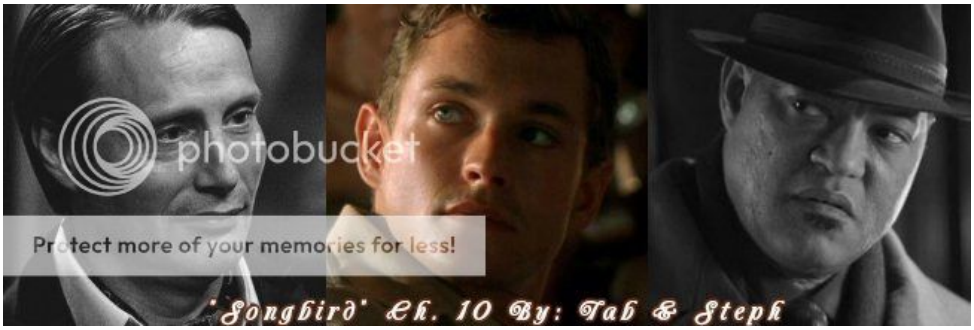
Hannibal chuckled at that. “Of course, dear boy, my apologies. I found myself a bit caught up in the moment. The Alpha then wrapped his arms around Will, letting him remove the blindfold, more as a sign that they were back to their usual roles and not one of dominant and submissive.

“Thank you,” Will said, nuzzling his face into Hannibal’s arm.

“Thank *you*, William, for allowing me the experience,” Hannibal answered back, placing gentle kisses over the wound on his mate’s neck, healing it with his saliva and enjoying the closeness as they waited to become unhooked.

Chapter 10

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened



Spring had come and gone, leading into summer, with trips to the beach and lazing about on the boat when Hannibal had time off. Will was enjoying his last weeks of freedom before starting school, but if he was honest, he was excited to start his new venture, in his new life. He and Hannibal had agreed to suppressants for now, to keep the boy in check and others away from him. He'd go into heat next on breaks when he'd stop taking them for a while. They would have to be careful, of course, as Hannibal reminded Will that the chances of pregnancy were much higher in young Omegas.

Summer gone, Will got his truck, his books, and everything he would need to attend college. Classes were easy, and he breezed through most of them without any trouble, and the ones he wanted help with he asked Hannibal, who gladly offered assistance.

Mid November rolled around and the highest ranked students in his criminology class were taken to Quantico to check out the FBI academy there, and were talked to Jack Crawford, the head of Behavioral Sciences. Will and a few others were picked as trainees, to start immediately, and help out cases as needed. Sure that he could take this on and his classes, Will drove home in excitement that night to tell Hannibal.

Throwing his pack and jacket on the ground near the door, Will ran into the kitchen to find his mate. "Hannibal!"

Hannibal was just putting the finishing touches on dinner when he heard his mate return. After cleaning off his hands, he opened his arms in waiting, having missed his presence. "William, my dear boy, how was your day?" he inquired, scenting him immediately.

Will wrapped his arms around Hannibal's tightly, nose against his neck, scenting him back. "I've been asked to help the FBI. They've made me a trainee."

"That is excellent, mylimasis, I have always known you could and would go far," Hannibal said, nosing back, not unaware of the complications this could bring. Still, he meant what he said, he was happy for his mate. "Tell me then, when do you start?"

"Monday," Will said, kissing Hannibal's lips softly, and then nuzzling their faces together. They'd ground quite compliant with each other, moving into easy living.

Hannibal smiled against Will's lips and then kissed him back, loving the attention from his boy. "Are you hungry? You must be. Dinner is on the warmer, so whenever you feel ready to eat, I will serve you." Truthfully, Hannibal was hungry for many a thing right now, but ensuring his mate was well top priority.

"I'm starved, I forgot lunch today," Will said with a sheepish smile, and nuzzled Hannibal once more. "What's for dinner? Did you eat without me?"

"Tsk, Tsk, William," Hannibal chided, playfully, nuzzling back. "What is to be done about that, hm?"

He bit down on Will's lower lip, not overly hard, again more playful in nature and then let go. "I would not venture to eat without you, it only finished moments before you arrived. I made beef wellington, please, have a seat and I'll bring it out."

Will wriggled from Hannibal's grasp, and went to wash up first, and then took a seat at his usual spot at the table. "It's smell great."

Hannibal had set the table while Will was washing up and was dishing out the portions when he heard him come downstairs. He arrived at the table at the same time as his mate did. "Thank you, mylimasis," he crooned and then sat it down before him and then himself, sitting next to him.

Will grabbed his fork and knife cut into the steak, licking his lips. He was famished, and with all the excitement food had been the last thing on his mind. He took a few bites before stopping to take a sip of wine, and swallow. “My ‘boss’ is the head of Behavioral Sciences. Jack Crawford. He’s sorta mean…”

Hannibal had just finished another bite, and was taking the wine glass between his forefinger and thumb to lift it up when he heard Will say his boss was*mean.* While there wasn’t an apparent shift in his facial expression, the disdain that the doctor felt could be witnessed by the way he gripped the stem a bit harder as well the breath he took in through his nose. “Mean? How so, Will. What did he say?”

“Well, not *mean*, but he’s loud, sort of abrasive,” Will explained, taking another bite, and patting Hannibal’s hand to soothe him. “Shouty, I guess to make a point?”

Of course Will could see the shift, as well as feel it, and Hannibal was appreciative of the sweet pat he’d been given that worked as intended. He felt himself relax and calm, almost instantly at the touch and the knowledge that this Jack, no doubt an Alpha, had not been mean to his boy. “Ah, I see. Well many in command choose to dol out orders in this manner, while others prefer a more subtle way. In any event, should he step out of line, do let me know.”

Will rolled his eyes. “I will, but he is my boss, it’s fine.”

“You’ve become partial to rolling your eyes at me, and often, William. Perhaps you need another spanking soon in order to rectify such discourteous behavior ,” Hannibal said, not angry in the least and certainly not actually wanting to control him in that way. To ensure his mate understood the tone of his words, his offered him a wink and then took another sip of his wine.

Will felt the blood rush to his groin and swallowed as he held his legs closed. “Maybe I do.”

The Alpha licked his lips, purposefully, observing the shift in his mate’s color and posture. It both delighted and aroused him. Cutting into his meat, he took a bite, his eyes remaining trained on the boy. After he swallowed, he finally spoke. “I suppose we shall have to see how you behave then, will we not?”

Will gave a curt nod, and finished his meal in the quiet, and then his wine, as well. “How has work been for you?”

Hannibal finished his meal and wiped his mouth gingerly before returning the napkin to its place. “It is going quite well, thank you. I find it consumes my time in a delightful way...that is, until I return home to you.” The doctor then gathered up their plates and rose regally from the table, excusing himself before going into the kitchen to put them into the dishwasher.

Will followed with their wine glasses, to refill. “Do you work to keep yourself occupied? Not because you have to?”

Very perceptive of his dear boy, Hannibal thought to himself. “Yes, that is why, mylimasis. I do not need the income earned from it but merely find the study of the mind to be fascinating, so many things slither in there before we even realize.”

“You have inherited money?” Will asked, once again, finally at this stage of their relationship, he was feeling adventurous to ask the things he had for months.

“Indeed I do,” Hannibal began, taking a sip of the wine Will had poured them. He had been curious just how long it would take his mate to ask these things and was pleased he finally had. “I come from Lithuania, as did my family and they were very wealthy. A Count and Countess.”

“You’re a Count?” Will asked, eyes big and bright now as he leaned forward a little to get a better look at Hannibal now that he knew. He had always seemed like something from a Fairytale.

The Alpha’s lips twisted into an amused grin, how endearing his vicious boy was. “Yes, William, I am, and while I do bite, I am not immortal,” he teased, always enjoying a light hearted joke or two with his mate.

“Coulda fooled me,” Will teased right back, and set the glasses of wine down on the counter and wrapped his arms around Hannibal instead.

Hannibal laughed and held Will flush against his body, his hands resting over his backside. “If I were an immortal, should such things exist, trust that you would be too. I could not stand to walk the earth alone without the pleasure of your charming company at my side.”

“You’d turn me, Count Lecter?” Will asked, playfully, chin resting on Hannibal’s chest to gaze up at him.

“I would, only if you think you could tolerate my extravagance for all eternity,” Hannibal crooned, his eyes crinkling with warmth at the corners, gazing down at his mate and combing through his hair.

“You would be so lonely without me,” Will insisted, eyes big and bright like this, all the love in the world for his Alpha.

“I would. Life would lack even the simplest beauty were you not present at my side,” Hannibal agreed, his own golden gaze full of love and endless devotion. “Of course, I am sure an old man such as myself would be quickly forgotten on your end.” A tease back to his dear boy, made evident by the playful narrowing of his eyes.

“I’d never forget my intended,” Will promised and sealed with a long, passionate kiss, up on his toes.

“Nothing pleases me more,” the Alpha hummed, leaning into the kiss. It was then that he picked Will up, wrapping his legs around his waist, merely wanting to move them out of the kitchen and to somewhere better suited for such tokens of affection. Still holding onto his mate, and kissing him passionately, he sat down on the leather chaise.

Will giggled, unable to help it, kissing Hannibal with doting love and adoration. Nothing could split them, he was sure of it. “Mm, good.”

Hannibal enjoyed moments like these, and knew that given Will’s latest news, they may not have as much time together due to scheduling conflicts and what not. For now, he didn’t let himself think about it too much and risk sullying the present. The Alpha purred, and nuzzled into Will’s neck, kissing up to his lips, and back again. “I find I do not desire dessert, I need only feed from you, mylimasis.”

“Dessert would only fill us far too much,” Will agreed, kissing down into his mouth slowly.

The older man groaned in reply, into the kiss, sliding his slick muscle again the boy’s pressing his hips up just enough to let him *feel* him. Will pressed back, rolling hips down over Hannibal’s.

It was safe to say that even given their age differences and that they’d been together for months now, they were still insatiable for one another. It hardly mattered to the doctor that Will’s scent was a bit less pungent, he smelled deliciously decadent to him all the same. After a few more minutes of kissing and rutting, Hannibal pulled back to look into the boy’s eyes. “Tell me what you want, dear boy.”

Will scrambled out of his clothes, shedding everything to the ground in a neat pile, and then crawled back over Hannibal without a word. He kissed down his jaw to his chest, undoing buttons and ties, relishing in his mate in ways he usually was too pent up for.

Hannibal observed with appreciation the way his exquisite boy hungered for him, how he took what he wanted. Yes, Will was truly coming into his own, and the doctor couldn’t be more pleased. Canting his head back, he gave his mate space to explore and taste as he wanted, his own deft hands finding purchase on the soft mounds of flesh of the boy’s backside, kneading there, hungrily.

Will moved down, and as he did, his ass out of his mate’s reach. He spread Hannibal’s shirt open and kissed down to his hips where he undid his slacks and pulled them down, all but salivating for his Alpha cock. Will leaned in and scented the older man first, nosing against his groin, and then licked from base to tip, slowly.

Hannibal’s hands now rested on the edges of the chaise, his maroon gaze watching, *always*vigilant when it came to his boy. A low feral purr of pleasure resonated from his chest and past his lips when the young Omega scented and licked him, his cock beginning to leak generous amounts of precome in response. “William-”

Lapping up the precious fluid, Will grinned against Hannibal’s cock, taking him in and slurping up every last bit, and then mouthing around him to the hilt, and back up again. Over and over, sucking until his cheeks hollowed out, and his pink lips redder than cherries.

The Alpha retained his composure, holding back the desire to buck up and tug hard into the sea of chocolate curls that moved swiftly and haphazardly. In lieu of that, he inhaled sharply, his nostrils flaring and teeth biting down into his own plush lower lip. He did, however, reverently cup the side of the boy’s cheek, the soft pad of his thumb caressing ever so gently along the bone of his cheek.

Will popped off slowly, panting, licking his lips. He crawled back up Hannibal and slipped over his cock, wet and wanting already. He put his hands on Hannibal’s chest, riding him. “I thought about you all day…”

“I’ve thought of you too, dear boy, and often,” Hannibal groaned, relishing the sweet suction of his mate’s slick entrance. He kept his gaze trained on Will’s, his skilled surgeon’s hands gripping lithe hips as he was ridden.

Will’s hair had gotten longer and floppier again, in need of another hair cut. He rode down hard on Hannibal as those curls swept over his features and down over his jaw. “So hard being at school and knowing you’re at home waiting,” he said, breathlessly.

Hannibal had noticed the shaggy curls, and was planning to rectify it soon, especially given the boy’s new position in relation to his impending career. Nonetheless, he would make use of them before they were gone. To do just that, he moved one hand to hold there, effectively casting them out of Will’s eyes so that he could see them better. “It is a delight to know that I am missed in an equal measure to how much I find myself missing you,” he rasped, tugging him forward for a loving kiss.

Groaning, Will kissed his Alpha hard on the mouth, writhing above him as his slim hips worked hard to take him in deeper. “Hannibal-”

The doctor deepened the kiss, lathing his tongue over every bit of succulence of the boy’s mouth.

He started to buck up harder, faster, the beast seeking to devour and ravage with an insatiable hunger. “Mine, all *mine*, William,” he growled, possessively, pulling back from the kiss, and running his tongue over his sharp incisors.

Will’s head lolled back on his shoulders as he sat up once more, showing off the delicious curve of his neck as he bounced and writhed over Hannibal. “Daddy,” he groaned, feeling the swell of pleasure roll through him like a freight train.

Unable to resist the creamy allure of the boy’s throat, Hannibal wrapped his hand around it, squeezing just enough to show dominance while not impeding his air. The other, went around the arch of Will’s back, his muscles flexing as he aided in lifting him up and down on his Alpha cock. “Such a *good*boy, Will,” he huffed, his breath coming quicker as his orgasm built inside his balls.

Mouth dropped open, Will gasped out the best he could, desire and pleasure boiling at the base of his spine, but not yet letting him come completely. He was so, so close… “Hanni-” the word couldn’t drop from his mouth.

“Come for me, mylimasis,” Hannibal commanded, not relenting on his hold or his pistoning. He too was nearing the precipice of blissful end, but retained his control, wanting instead to see his boy, his beloved mate, come apart under his ministrations.

Will came hard and fast right then, spilling around Hannibal’s cock and all over his chest and belly, still grinding and writhing until he rode out the last waves.

Hannibal removed his hand from Will’s throat, hissing with pleasure as his cock was milked from the boy’s release. He wrapped both arms around the young Omega’s body, pulling him close, thrusting wildly inside of him again and again until his knot inflated and he was spurting his seed deep inside and coating his walls.

Will groaned, and finally came to halt, as he rested against Hannibal, nosing along his scent gland. “I love you.”

“And I, you, darling boy,” Hannibal purred, nosing and scenting his mate back, his hands lightly caressing the sweaty skin of his back.

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Monday came around before they knew it and Hannibal had just served Will a large breakfast in preparation for the day. After drying the last dish, he gathered the packed lunch he had made for his boy and walked into the living room to hand it over. “Do be sure to remember to eat, William,” the doctor ordered, gently brushing the boy’s now much shorter locks off his brow. “Are you nervous?”

Will nodded slowly, taking the lunch. “But it’s going to be okay. It’ll be fun, I get to help people.”

"It will be fine, dear boy. You have my utmost confidence, but do be safe...I do not care about the lives of those you save, I care about *your*life," Hannibal said, leaning in to scent mark him before he was to leave.

“I’m not going out in the field,” Will said with a laugh. “We go over evidence and try to figure out stuff.”

Hannibal smiled, warmth radiating from his usually cold eyes. "Just the same, exercise caution, hm?" He knew enough to know that anything was possible. "It should prove to be an enlightening experience, one beneficial to your chosen path."

Will knew that he had to keep his head down too, as his father’s disappearance was still just that. Some people, he reasoned, really deserved it. Like his father. “I’ll fine. Be back by dinner.” He kissed Hannibal. “I love you.”

"I'll be expecting you, mylimasis," Hannibal said, and kissed him back. "I love you too." He walked Will to the door, hand on his lower back and saw him off, planning to tidy up and then head to work after that.

Will drove to Quantico, for his first on the job training, which would go toward his schooling credits. The others in the class didn’t seem as excited as he was, but he paid very close attention to Crawford and everything he had to say.

"Will Graham, tell me what you see? This killer, the Chesapeake Ripper, he's taken three in the span of a few months. Based on what I've told you, why do you think he does it? What kind of crazy is he?" Jack asked, his arms crossed over his chest. He saw a gift in Will already, and given that he was the one paying the most attention, he wanted to test out his theory.

“Well, first off, he won’t kill again for a while. He kills in sounders of three, sir. Second, I don’t think he’s crazy, I think he picks his victims very specifically. There’s reason behind the madness, we just can’t see it because we’re not him. There’s no connection to any of the bodies, nothing links them. He is there link, sir,” Will explained, trying not to ramble on too much, glasses very much in place over his eyes today to keep people out.

The Alpha smiled and walked over to Will, forcing him to meet his gaze. "Good," he said, patting him on the back. "Everyone be like him, he is going somewhere, will make a fine agent some day." Jack walked back to his desk. "Will Graham, I'd like for you to stay after class, I have a project for you."

Will just nodded, not asking the question he had on his tongue, as he was sure he’d find out soon enough. “Yes, sir.”

Class went by quickly, they helped on a few other cases, and Will stayed behind to talk to Crawford.

"Will," Jack began, walking over the young Omega, deliberately taking his time to feel him out. "You did well today. Made me proud and your Alpha will be too." He neared, grinning, all teeth gleaming. "I wonder if I could...*borrow*your imagination," he said, giving a 'may I?' type of look as he gently pushed the boy's glasses on straight. “For a special assignment.”

“Assignment?” Will asked, trying to not get too engulfed in this other Alpha, which was harder than it looked, given what Will could do.

"Yes, I want you to examine the newest crime scene, tell me what you *see*. We need to catch this killer, Will and I'm only asking the best. I see a lot of promise in you," Jack said, his tone firm, indicating this was non-negotiable if the boy wanted to advance in his career there. “If you need to speak with your Alpha first, go ahead, but I need an answer as soon as you do. I’ll need your help tonight, before the evidence has a chance to get tampered with.” Freddie Lounds had proven to be a pest in this way before, which Jack was tiring of quickly.

“No, no! I can do it. It’s fine, My- My Alpha will understand. He’s very helpful in me wanting to do this,” Will explained, eager and willing to advance.

"Good. I'll expect you at this address at seven tonight," Jack said, nodding his head once. He handed Will a piece of paper with address that he had written down prior, knowing the boy would agree to help. "Bring your Alpha if you want. I'll be waiting, Will. Don't let me down." The Alpha looked at Will and then patted his arm, a sign for him that he could go.

Will nodded and stuffed the paper into his pocket, and went to leave, slipping out of the door and into the hall. He pulled out his phone call Hannibal, to tell him, the line rang.

Hannibal had been home and was starting dinner when his phone buzzed on the counter. He walked over to it and smiled when he saw it was his dear boy. “Hello, William. To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“I’ve been offered to help Crawford after hours on a case. I told him I would, it’s during dinner hours, though. He said you could come, too…” Will blurted out, not stopping for a breath.

Hannibal pursed his lips at that, listening, he was happy for his mate and wanted him to do well, naturally. “I am quite proud of you, dear boy, I trust you will do everything in your power to assist. Tell me, would you like for me to accompany you?”

“If you want to. I… don’t know what’s involved, and I don’t want my ability to get out of hand,” Will whispered, sighing into the phone as he paced back to his truck.

“I will join you, then. Help guide you, should you need me,” Hannibal decided, wanting to be there to support his mate. “Come home, and I will feed you before we go, what time does he require you to be there?”

“Home is hours away,” Will said, with a sigh, he didn’t want to be on the road so long today, he had early classes tomorrow. “Seven.”

“Ah, you make an excellent point, William. Text me the address, please, and I will meet you there,” Hannibal suggested, shutting off the stove and letting the dogs out to do their business.

“Okay. See you soon. I’m going to get sandwich or something,” Will said, and hung up. He texted the address and an ‘I love you’ at the end.

A sandwich...Hannibal crinkled his nose at that, knowing full well it would probably be something from a fast food place. A talk, later, perhaps. He smiled, however, when he saw the ‘I love you’ at the end of the text and texted him back, saying the same. The cannibal put the food away, making sure it was covered and stored properly, then let the dogs back in, adding food to their bowls.

With that done, the doctor put on his jacket, keys and phone in his hand and locked up, getting into the Bentley, heading to the address. An hour and some time later, he was pulling up and parking, stepping out elegantly, seeking out his boy.

Will ran up behind Hannibal, having been waiting, and threw his arms around him tightly. “I missed you, we’re going to a crime scene. Isn’t that cool?”

Hannibal turned around in Will's embrace, smiling and hooked his arms around Will, holding him tightly, possessively. "I have missed you, exquisite boy," he said, nosing against his gland. At the Omega’s enthusiasm, the Alpha chuckled, thumbing over his cheek. "Yes, it is. I will enjoy getting to peek behind the curtain, so to speak. Come, introduce me to your superior."

Will took Hannibal’s hand, having forgone anything to eat at all, and then dragged him over to Jack’s car where was typing out a text to someone, likely where to meet. “Agent Crawford, this is my Alpha, Doctor Hannibal Lecter.”

"Agent Crawford, it is a pleasure," Hannibal said, offering his hand to Jack, who smiled and shook, before they both let go.

"It *is* a pleasure Doctor Lecter, I have to say, I had no idea Will was with such a respected psychiatrist. I've read some of your work, and my opinion as a layman is that is was outstanding," the Alpha agent said, looking him over to get a good read.

"You're hardly a layman, very respected in your field as well, I've read. That and Will looks up to you. I thank you for the opportunity you've bestowed upon my mate. I assure you, I will not be in the way," Hannibal promised, also getting a feel for the other Alpha, keeping a hold on his boy's hand as he spoke with Jack.

"Now that I know who you are, Doctor Lecter, I wouldn't mind your opinion on the case either. We need all the bright minds we can get if we're going to catch the Ripper," Jack explained, and then looked at Will. "Isn't that right, Will? Think your Alpha could help?"

Will nodded, feeling a little less charged now as he leaned a little against Hannibal. “Yes, that’s fine. He’s very smart, observant.”

"Thank you, William," Hannibal says, wrapping an arm around his mate before turning to Jack, who is nodding in agreement. "Lead the way Agent Crawford, if you please."

With this, Jack lead them over to across the field into an old building, where on the table lay a corpse of a man, wound man as he'd been termed, with several weapons lodged in his body, protruding prominently.

"Here we are gentlemen," Jack said, stepping back so they could look.

Hannibal walked close and furrowed his brows in what could be seen as deep contemplation, his hand resting over his chin. He was silent, wanting to hear Will's thoughts.

Will stared for a long moment and then closed his eyes, feeling himself fall into the footsteps of the murderer. Back, back, back… like time reversing. The man is stabbed repeated, and then torn open, his heart removed, no little stitches up the chest cavity of the body are seen. Will opened his eyes.

“He was rude. Racist, heartless…. That’s why he hasn’t got his heart. The Ripper took it,” Will said, squatting down to point out the small stitches, barely seen.

As Hannibal gave Will a smile of approval, of pride, Jack circled the corpse of Jeremy Olmstead. "Mhm, Mhm, very good, Will. So this killer took his heart, but what did he *do* with it? Does he collect trophies or was it only to make a statement?" he asked, his arms crossed and eyes sharp.

“Well, the Ripper always takes parts, doesn’t he? Trophies, I’d say, what he does with them?” Will shrugged, he hadn’t stepped that far into the role of the ripper, actually he might lose himself there. He’d had blood on his hands once, and he didn’t want anymore.

Jack nodded, not wanting to burn the young Omega out just yet, he would need him more often, he'd decided. "Doctor Lecter, you've yet to tell me your thoughts..."

"I agree with Will," Hannibal said, simply, leaning down to examine the body closer. "I would only add that in ancient times, *cannibalism* was viewed as way of consuming the person's power, to surpass or even eradicate it, if this...Ripper, collected his heart, perhaps he was hoping to swallow this man's discourtesy."

“Interesting, thank you, Doctor Lecter, Will,” Jack said, speculating now with his new insight. “That will be all I need for tonight, gentlemen. Will, I will see you in class tomorrow.”

Will glanced up and over at Hannibal when he said that, side eyeing him, and then looked away when his mate caught his eye. Will nodded to Jack and stood, again, and gathered his things to get back to his truck.

Hannibal shook Jack's hand again and then walked with Will, he'd of course felt his cunning boy's eyes on him, but made no plans of mentioning it. The Alpha captured the empath's hand, squeezing gently. "You did well, William, I will see you at home. Do drive safely."

Will had leaned in for a kiss, but then Hannibal was gone, so the boy walked back to his truck, throwing his things inside the cabin and then started it up. The drive home was mostly him stuck in his own mind, contemplating everything. He hadn't thought of cannibalism at all, honestly, and not the notion of it was reeking havoc in his mind. By the time he got home, he was wrought with distraught over it. He tossed his book bag down, exhausted, and fell over onto the couch.

Hannibal had arrived only a few minutes prior and was heating up the food he'd prepared, assuming Will hadn't eaten, or had done so poorly. Upon smelling and hearing his mate, and his distress, he went into the living room. He stood next to the couch, apron on and hands behind his back, observing. "William?"

“Hm,” the boy hummed, and turned over, looking up at Hannibal, head cocked to one side.

"I can smell your distress, dear boy," Hannibal pointed out, sitting beside Will on the wide couch. "Tell me what you are thinking." He obviously knew, he wanted to see if his mate would tell him.

“How could you know it’s cannibalism? There’s a number of reasons to take organs. Black market, donation…” Will said, shrugging slim shoulder as he sat up to look Hannibal in the eye.

"It was merely an observation, and educated guess based on my studies over the years, mylimasis," Hannibal offered, looking at his mate. "I do not possess your gift, unfortunately." The Alpha chuckled, smoothing a hand down his back.

Will nodded slowly, filing away that bit of information for now. As odd as it seemed, he wouldn’t push it for now. “Okay…”

"Good. Tell me, have you eaten?" he asked, rising to his feet. He was not unaware of Will's skepticism, but would also speak no more on the matter for the time being, unless asked.

Will shrugged. “Not yet… you seemed disappointed that I would eat anything that wasn’t made by you.”

"I would rather you eat meals from home, Will, yes," Hannibal agreed, leaning in to peck the boy's cheek. "However, I would not wish you to starve. Nonetheless, please have a seat at the table and I will bring dinner."

Will got up, toeing off his shoes by the couch. He wandered over to the kitchen and then sat down at the table, ankles crossed under his chair. “What’s for dinner?”

“Chicken Cordon Bleu,” Hannibal answered, smiling over at the boy. “There is wine breathing on the counter, should you wish to partake.” The doctor removed the food from the oven and took off his apron, returning it to it’s rightful place and then plated the food.

Will got up to pour them wine and set the glasses on the table at their place settings. “Sounds wonderful,” Will said, and sipped his wine.

"Thank you, dear boy." The Alpha brought the food to the table and sat down the plates, sitting down after that. After taking a slow sip of wine, he held his utensils in his hand and waited for his mate to take a bite.

Will did the same and took a bite, and then another, starved after such a long day. His mind was working harder now, and his appetite showed for it. “S’really good, Hannibal.”

Hannibal, feeling pleased, took a much more elegant bite, slower in nature. He watched as his mate ate with a wild hunger. "I'm glad you find it suitable to your palate, William." Reaching out his hand, he patted the boy's thigh, affectionately.

Will ate with gusto, soon finished and sipped some water. “I thought crimes scenes would be weird, and gross. I thought it was fascinating.”

This wasn’t a surprise to Hannibal, considering Will had killed his own father, but it delighted him to hear it all the same. The doctor finished at the same time, having been hungrier than he’d imagined. Still, he’s eaten with grace. “As you should, mylimasis. There is much to learn from such things. I wonder, what aspects did you find most fascinating?”

“The how and the way he was set up. Like art,” Will said, fascinated. “The Ripper is showing off, but he loves the attention.”

Hannibal’s lips twisted into just the slighted indication of a grin, prideful for more than one reason. “I would have to concur, William,” the Alpha nodded, refilling his wine and then Will’s. Only one more glass since he had school tomorrow early. “I must say, you are becoming quite skilled at honing your gift.”

"Been workin’ on it,” Will said, and sat back, taking his wine up in hand.

“It shows, dear boy, most certainly,” Hannibal praised, taking another sip of his wine, licking his lips after that. “I would say that Agent Crawford sees potential in you, otherwise you would not have been chosen.”

“Yeah, he does. It’s exciting right?” Will knew that if his background ever came into play and they found out his father was dead or missing, he might just lose this chance, or be looked into… God, there was a lot to risk here.

"Indeed," Hannibal said, watching Will's body language, posture and listening to the lilt of his voice. He always kept a keen eye on such things, and now was no different, though he did consider the ramifications of his mate's chosen profession, given what had become of his father. "I too, see your *potential*. I should hope that goes without saying."

“Do you see what Crawford sees?” Will asked, honestly, big blue eyes looking over at Hannibal over his wine glass.

“I do,” Hannibal said, truthfully. “I also see things that perhaps he does not. We are complicated creatures, mylimasis-- not bound to any one particular path.”

Will considered that carefully, and nodded his head, sipping the last of his wine. “What do you see?”

The doctor took a sip, allowing the question to suspend in the air like dust before swallowing and deciding to answer. “Initially, I saw the mongoose I wanted under the house when the snakes slithered by. Now, I see power. I see...a wealth of untapped potential. A wolf.”

“You… saw me as a predator?” Will asked, blinking. Not wrong, he supposed, considering what they had done to his father.

"Do you find this offensive, dear boy?" Hannibal asked, placing his hand atop his mate's to assure him he'd meant none, to the contrary, he meant it as a compliment. "We are all predators on various scales. You, however, I knew right away were not the typical Omega, it was in your eyes, in how you carried yourself."

“My father tried to raise me an Alpha,” Will said, though he knew Hannibal knew this already, he felt it was important, or he thought it was, anyway.

"Do you miss your father, Will?" The doctor asked, fully aware that the boy's potential would have surfaced with or without his pathetic excuse for a father.

“No. I feel free,” Will said, even if he wasn’t free, he was bound, and yet the type of freedom was far different.

“Good,” the Alpha answered, finishing the last of his wine. No remorse was what he had hoped to hear. The little bird would be flying from the nest soon, at least in certain regards. “I do wonder, did you think of him, tonight, at the crime scene?”

“Should I have?” Will asked, twirling his now empty wine glass between two fingers.

“No, but if you had it would have been understandable,” the doctor answered, watching Will. “We should rest, you have class early, dear boy.”

It was early yet, but Hannibal was right, Will needed to be in his best mindset for the coming weeks of grueling work and investigations. “Can I help clean up?”

"That would be most appreciated, Will, yes." The doctor stood up, elegantly, and smoothed out his suit, collecting the plates. "If you would be so kind as to bring the glasses and the wine into the kitchen, please."

Will gathered the glasses and the bottle, and stole after Hannibal with a little smile. His mind was reeling, but his body was exhausted from the day, the wine making everything lethargic in him. He set the wine on the counter and glasses in the dishwasher.

Hannibal glanced back and gave Will a smile in return, noting the effects from the wine with a flare of keen nostrils. After rising and placing the dishes into the dishwasher, he put away the wine and then captured Will around his waist. "Thank you, for your assistance in cleaning up, mylimasis." He leaned in to kiss the boy, twice, brushing soft curls from his brow.Will smiled up at Hannibal and wrapped his arms around his neck, pulling him in closer, as they nuzzled, sharing in their scents together. “You’re welcome…”

The Alpha, drank the boy in, each time exactly as though it was the first. "You never cease to bewitch me, beautiful boy," Hannibal murmured, planting soft kisses over cherubic cheeks and ruby lips. Their scents drew the attention of Achilles, who padded over with his tail wagging and head canted in a show of curiosity.

Will wiggled his fingers down at their dogs, both of them coming over now as he pet them, and let Hannibal all but *pet* him. The boy giggled at that, smiling against Hannibal’s lips where they were perched on his cheeks.

It was true, Will looked good enough to eat, and tasted just as sweet. The cannibal couldn't get enough of his boy, his addiction. Heaven help the person who should try to tear them apart. Another thought, for another time. Instead, the Alpha smiled back, after giving the dogs a pat,now nipping at the Omega's lips, giving a little tug.

“Hannibal-” Will groaned, hands going to rest on Hannibal’s triceps, squeezing as their lips melded together. All sense of tiredness was gone when Hannibal did that, waking and rousing the boy’s sexual delight.

It was as if the cannibal was feeding on Will just as much. It hadn't been his intention to try to take the boy at this moment, and yet, he was unable to resist him. "William-" Hannibal growled, biting his own name from the rosy lips. Smoothly, he lifted the the empath into his arms, walking them up to the room, dogs in tow.

Chapter 11

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

It was in the dead of the night, in his dreams that were so vivid he thought he might actually be living them, that Will had a memory surface to the top of his thoughts, one that he pushed down just after his father was killed, so no guilt ever fazed him again.

"*...often killers will take or even consume some part of their prey. Be it to honor them, or absorb them in some way...*"

It was something Hannibal had said to him, something strange that Will hadn't given much thought to, at the time, and the second he opened his eyes, the words whispered out of his mouth, mostly to himself, hidden into a pillow. Consume. Take a token of them, just as the Ripper killings. Will calmed himself so that his distress would not alert his Alpha. He needed proof, but then what? Tell Jack? Cover for Hannibal? Will *had* killed his father after all, Hannibal only helped him dispose of the body.

There was a lot to consider.

Early yet, Will laid awake for a long while, and then finally at five am, he slipped out of bed to shower.

Hannibal awoke to the sound of the shower running, and elegantly rose from bed, making it up after that. After showing in the other bathroom, he went downstairs and made coffee, as well as breakfast--simple eggs and bacon with orange juice.

A handful of minutes later and the table was set, all he needed now was his boy to join him. "William, breakfast is ready," he called out, once the water had been shut off and he'd given him time to get dressed. Hannibal was in a blue two piece suit today, cream shirt and matching tie and pocket square.

Will took the stairs down a few at a time, and jogged in, stopping to kiss Hannibal's cheek, and then settled in at the table with the food. He was in a flannel shirt today, jeans, and his boots, the weather having gone much colder recently, he wanted to layer up.

The Alpha smiled, and joined him at the table, placing his napkin in his lap as he eyed the hideous flannel shirt. Nonetheless, it was cooler out, so he would let it go for the time being. "How did you sleep, Will?" he asked, waiting for his boy to take that all important first bite.

“Good,” the boy said, stuffing food into his mouth, humming around each forkful as he smiled over at Hannibal, doing as they usually did. Even if he was right, he had to think about all he’d lose if Hannibal were The Ripper, and what turning him in would mean.

"Likewise." Hannibal smiled,taking a bite, and then another, until there we both nearly finished. Content to enjoy a peaceful meal together. The dogs sat at their feet, quietly watching in case something fell that they could eat. "I would point out that I assume Jack will be needing you again, and soon I would wager," he finally said, curious how his mate was holding up after what he'd seen.

Will swallowed down his orange. “What makes you say that?” he asked curiously, licking his lips as he rubbed one dog with his booted toes.

"A bright mind such as yours, will not be one he wants to go to waste," Hannibal answered, winking at Will. He also knew that there would be another body discovered, and soon. A feast for his boy, in celebration of his success at the academy.

“It might not be from the Ripper though,” Will pointed out, slipping from his chair to take his plate to the kitchen.

"I did not imply it would be," Hannibal said, politely, rising regally from the table to take his plate in the kitchen as well. "I merely meant that Jack now sees your gift, and will likely attempt to harness it at every turn. I would advise you against lending it out freely." Hannibal had suspicions as to what Jack was going to do, knew he would likely put Will at risk, for his own gain. It was not at all convenient in any regard.

“I should charge him?” Will asked, scraping his plate into the sink and then setting it in the dishwasher.

“No, I meant that you should be wary, do not lose yourself,” Hannibal answered, doing the same to his plate and putting it into the dishwasher afterward.

“Oh.” Will sighed, shrugging his shoulders. “That’s what I have you for, isn’t it?”

"Certainly," Hannibal said, looking over at Will. "However, I am not always at your side, darling boy."

“Then what do you suggest I do?” Will asked, keeping conversation light and on subject as his mind filed every bit of information away.

He knew if he told him to quit the academy it would not only disappoint the boy, but would cause other thoughts to spring up and that was not wanted either. "I suggest you keep me well informed on this case, and your well being, I would like to monitor you closely."

Will nodded slowly. “Do you worry I can’t handle because of my… gender?”

Hannibal dried his hands and cupped Will's jaw, gently. "No, it is not because of your gender, William. It is because as a doctor, I understand the ramifications of performing such tasks, as well as the toll they can take...on any gender." He meant it, it had nothing to do with Will being an Omega, the boy had proven himself strong and cunning.

"Why worry about me then? I can handle it,” Will said, softly, gazing up at his mate.

"I am your Alpha, Will...your *mate,*" Hannibal said, not that Will didn't know. "Should I not be concerned for your safety, for your life and career?" He gazed back into the oceanic blue eyes he loved so much, he saw his world in them, staring right back at his own.

“I just want a little faith in my ability, is all,” Will said, and hugged Hannibal tightly, taking in his scent.

"Very well," Hannibal said, knowing in his mind he would still check into things. He hugged the empath tightly, and pushed his nose against the mark on his Omega's neck, kissing there and flaring his nostrils wide to take in his sweet scent. "I am sure you will be more than able to hold your own."

“Thank you.” Will nuzzled a little longer, glad to have Hannibal give him the space, honestly. He needed a clear head to figure this case out.

"You're welcome," Hannibal murmured into Will's neck, his teeth scraping over the scar for just a moment. Such succulent, tender flesh. Nonetheless, he would feign the space, secure his viel. With a pat of the boy's backside, he pulled back. "You will be late for class, and I must get to work."

“Will you miss me?” Will asked, a smiling flitting across his face that lit his eyes.

"Always," Hannibal grinned, his eyes glistening warmly. He pulled him close again and sucked in his lower lip, which turned into him licking into his mouth, tasting all of his mouth, bending him backwards, before righting their stance and letting go. "Does that answer your question?"

“Yes,” Will whispered, breathlessly, biting his own lip where Hannibal’s had been. “Okay. I’ll see you tonight.” He leaned for one more kiss. “I love you.”

"I love you too, Mylimasis," Hannibal said, leaning into the kiss, drinking his boy in reverently. Such a delight his William was. “I’ll see you for dinner, have a pleasant day.”

Will slipped away, grabbing his bag and keys from the counter, and waved one last time at Hannibal, and headed to his truck, and then to school.

After Will left, Hannibal tidied up a bit and then went to his office, listening to the banal cows rattle on about their pointless lives. He sent Will a text between patients, just say that he was thinking of him.

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For weeks, nothing happened, and Will was quickly coming up on winter break, a few weeks off of classes and work for Jack, which he would spend in his heat. Will had forgotten, for now, the Ripper case as the leads went cold, which meant his suspicion with Hannibal went with it.

They went together to the doctor, an Omega specialist he’d seen for the suppressants, who would now safely take him off them until he would start them up again when school did. Will had a hold of Hannibal’s hand, walking them into the clinic. They were shown into Dr. Sutcliffe’s exam room, where he would do a thorough examination to be sure Will was fine to go off the pills and return to his heats.

Will sat there in the silly paper gown as they waited.

"Hello Will, Doctor Lecter," Doctor Sutcliffe greeted, walking into the room with the young Omega's chart, looking up at them both. Hannibal, who was standing by Will, holding his hand, nodded a smile to the other Doctor in return.

"Will, please lie back for me, first, I'm going to to examine your uterus, and make sure everything looks normal, as well as take a swab culture. Once I've done that I will collect some blood and take your vitals, okay?" the Omega specialist explained, putting down the chart and pulling on some gloves. "Have you experienced any negative reactions from the suppressants during the time you've been taking them?"

“No. It’s almost like I’m not taking them,” Will explained, a smile up at Hannibal as he laid back, easing himself down, and spread his knees apart, trying not to think about this part.

"Good, we'll get you all set by the time you leave here today, now, please try and relax. " The Doctor then began, making sure to wash his hands, apply gloves before that and using plenty of lubricating jelly to ease the examination. Everything looked good there, but they wouldn't know for sure until the results came back in half an hour.

Next, Doctor Sutcliffe took hold of the young Omega’s arm to wrap the latex binding there, gently pushing for a vein. He found one, and then took a alcohol towelette to cleanse the area. "Going to be a little stick okay? On three." He counted to three and pressed the needle into Will's arm, gently, attaching the vial to the end to start the blood flowing, keep it from coagulating.

Nodding, Will watched, fascinated by the color of the blood, his head back. Until he’d met Hannibal, he didn’t even know Omega specialists were a thing. “Is the blood just routine? You did this the first time too.”

"I have to compare your blood chemistry to how it was before you started the suppressants, make sure there has not been any drastic changes, hormonally," Sutcliffe explained, quickly switching to the next cylinder. He looked up at the young Omega and then over to Hannibal before returning to the task at hand. "You know, I do understand the reasoning for wanting to get your mate off of the suppressants, Doctor Lecter, however I would say that trying to breed a...male Omega, is very ill advised. They are not meant to carry pups as well as female Omegas, in my professional opinion of course." The doctor then removed the tube and the binding, quickly applying a bandage over Will's open wound. "I mean no offense of course, Will."

Hannibal narrowed his eyes, though it was only in the most minute of ways, hardly detectable. "I am well informed of Will's capabilities, Doctor Sutcliffe, as a fellow doctor and as his mate." The Alpha looked over at Will, and carded through his curls, lovingly.

“Breed me?” Will asked, surprised. He knew going off would likely be risky, but Hannibal said they would talk about that, and likely Will wouldn’t even be able to his first few heats anyway.

"Of course, I am unaware of any plans you and your mate may have, but I thought it was my duty to inform you how poor of an idea it might be," the specialist stated, putting the vials into their holding spaces and attaching the labels.

"It is not something Will and I have had the opportunity to discuss, Doctor Sutcliffe, and as such, I would prefer to end this discussion. We are here merely to be certain William is ready to come off of the suppressants, nothing more." Hannibal looked at Will, and at his surprise, and offered him a smile. "You needn't worry, we can speak of this later, dear boy."

Pups were not something Will was sure he wanted, he’d never thought about it either. He nodded at Hannibal slowly. “Okay. Okay.”

Doctor Sutcliffe then listened to Will's heart and lungs, and took his blood pressure before excusing himself to go get the blood work to the lab, leaving the couple to talk amongst themselves.

"Your blood pressure is perfect, William, I am positive you will be able to come off of the pills with no issue. How are you feeling?" Hannibal asked, meaning mentally more than anything though having blood drawn could also make someone feel light headed.

“I’m fine,” Will insisted. It would take a few days, but he knew he’d feel the effects soon enough. He craved Hannibal’s touch as it were, he couldn’t imagine needing him more than he already did. He straightened and fixed his gown and then pulled on his own pants once more and took the thing off.

"Very well," Hannibal answered, looking and scenting the boy to check for anything. His keen sense of smell was often better than a test.

The doctor returned after a few minutes, with some paperwork for Hannibal to sign and look over. "Everything looks surprisingly good, you can come off of the pills, but if any withdrawal symptoms flare up, please let me know. With that, you are free to leave. I will see you again when you're ready to start them back up."

"Thank you, Doctor Sutcliffe, I wonder, may I have your business card? Should anything occur, I would like to have it at my disposal," Hannibal said, with a smile.

"Of course." The specialist handed Hannibal his card, which the doctor took with a nod of thanks. "Take care."

Will finished dressing and slid off the table, and took Hannibal’s hand as they left. “You didn’t need his card last time,” Will pointed out.

Hannibal looked over at Will, his head canted. "No, and how thoughtless was that of me, hm? Trust that I have it now, should we need him for anything," the doctor said, smoothly, walking them towards the Bentley.

Will nodded slowly and got back into the car, thinking nothing else of it. Hannibal got in afterward and headed for home.

The car ride was silent, for the most part, and before too long, Hannibal had parked in the garage and was unlocking the door to go inside. "How shall we spend the evening, dear boy?" Hannibal asked, taking off his coat and hanging it up.

Without school work to finish up for a while, Will was free to do as he pleased for a while, but there were some books he wanted to catch up on. He knew the next few days to come would be heavily concentrated on his heat and dealing with that anyway.

“I might read for a while, if that’s okay.”

"Of course, I will let the dogs out and do some work of my own before starting dinner. I love you," Hannibal said, and then pressed a kiss to Will's mouth before walking off to start his tasks, giving his mate time to study.

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His heat came on unexpectedly during the night a few days in, and Will pushed off the covers, sweating, and hard under his soft, warm pajamas. He rolled out of bed and padded off to the bathroom to take a leak, the best he could, and then stripped his pajamas off all together, too soaked with sweat and heat secretions to keep them on. He crawled back into bed, right next to Hannibal, scenting his neck with a soft whine.

When Hannibal woke up, his senses were instantly flooded with the sweet scent of heat, his nostrils flaring to take more of that in. Only wearing his red striped pajama bottoms, he scented the heat stricken Omega back, a low Alpha growl resonating from his chest. "William..."

The now very forward Omega reached his hand into Hannibal’s pants, palming his heavy, hardening cock. “I need you,” the boy all but whimpered, his voice a soft mewling sound.

That was all it took and the Alpha was sliding off his pajama bottoms and crawling on top of Will, in between his legs. "I will give you what you need, sweet William," he purred, his knot throbbing, and rut triggering. The slick smelled divine as it gushed out, the boy's body ready to be mated. Hannibal positioned his engorged cock head at boy's hole and pushed in, slowly, practically howling at the pressure and wetness.

It had been months since Will felt this sort of heat take him over, the need and want for Hannibal so pent up that he thought he might just come right there. “Hannibal-” he groaned, gripping his shoulders, hips hitched to take him down. “Hard-- take me hard.”

Hannibal was more than happy to oblige. Which was proven by his hips which began to snap fast, and hard, just as his mate requested. The Alpha was almost intoxicated by the way their scents permeated the room, which served to spur him on. Hissing, he gripped the boy's hair, tugging and biting kisses roughly into the other's mouth. "Will-"

Will fell apart there, his whole body aflame as let out continuous moans of pleasure that filled room amidst their heavy panting. He held tighter to Hannibal, fingers digging in as he pressure started to build and build.

The doctor continued his pleasurable assault, driving into his mate with relentless ferocity. All too soon Hannibal was nearing his blissful end, the boy's tight hole simply too perfect of a feeling. Still, he wanted his boy to come first, before he was to knot him. “You are so very exquisite, William-”

It was fast, but they both needed it that way. Will gasped, coming hard as Hannibal’s cock tapped his prostate perfectly that one last time, sending the boy reeling in a series of loud moans, legs tight around Hannibal’s hips.

It was all it took for the Alpha, feeling the tight squeeze around his cock, his body tightening and muscles flexing. Hannibal pumped a few more times, before he pushed his knot in, over the rim as it inflated, cock shooting out copious amounts of hot seed, locking them together. "I love you..."

Will’s eyes rolled back into his head as he held Hannibal close with all limbs. “I love you, Hannibal,” he whispered, panting, chest heaving.

Hannibal grunted as another wave of seed poured from his cock, filling Will's belly full. He peppered soft kisses on the boy's lips, his jaw, now wanting to give him the post-coital affection after their mating.

“Mm,” Will hummed, nuzzling into Hannibal’s neck, scenting him. “I’ve missed the heats with you.”

Nuzzling back and licking over Will's bond scar, the Alpha panted, catching his breath. "I must say that I too, have missed the pleasure of enjoying this with you, mylimasis."

The boy pressed down on Hannibal’s thick knot with his hips, feeling Hannibal’s capacity inside him. “You feel even better this time.”

Hannibal let out another grunt at that, biting down gently into Will’s neck at the pleasurable squeeze, a bit more seed spilling out, emptying him completely. “You feel akin to paradise, William, my own proverbial Garden of Eden.”

The boy groaned, once more, and squeezed his whole body around his Alpha. There was nothing better than this feeling, like the highest elation he could ever achieve.

The Alpha leaned down to capture Will's lips again, kissing every sweet sound the escaped them. He only wanted more, he wanted everything from the boy, his mate. They were conjoined, their body and soul unified in the most decadent of ways. "You astound me with your beauty, with your cunning, I knew from the moment I scented you in New Orleans you would be mine and I yours."

Every single thought about Hannibal being the Ripper left Will at that moment, too content, and too in love to give it anymore thought for now. He smiled widely up at Hannibal, touching his face with both hands. “I don’t think I could live without you.”

"We could not survive separation, William. I would be lost adrift at sea were I to not have you at my side," Hannibal answered, smiling back at his mate, his normally cold eyes, warm with unbridled love--a love only for Will, no one else mattered.

“I hope you canceled all your appointments this week,” Will crooned, his gaze soft and alluring.

"Mm, yes. I smelled your impending heat, and as such, I did make the necessary arrangements so that I would be able to be here for you, dear boy," Hannibal answered, his tone low and soothing. How he'd missed this with his mate. The doctor loved attention, and nothing was better than seeing how Will needed him.

Lavishing attention on each other for the hour they were stuck together, knotted, Will finally fell back to sleep for a little while, aware that all his energy and time would be spent making sure Hannibal fucked him as much as possible.

Hannibal had fallen asleep as well, weighing down his mate, his exquisite young Omega. When he awoke, they had unhooked, so the Alpha spent a little time just gazing and drinking Will in. After a moment, he gave his boy a kiss and slipped out, rolling over onto his side with a quiet yawn. Yes, he was looking forward to the next few days indeed.

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After a few more rounds through the first day, a phone call woke Will from his sleep, and he rolled over to grab it, answering it with a groggy “hello”. It was Jack Crawford, and they had another body, assumed to be the Ripper’s victim.

“I can’t… I’m indisposed,” Will explained, but Jack was having none of it and hung up on Will after telling him to get there as soon as possible.

“I have to go,” he whispered to Hannibal, rolling to kiss his neck softly.

Hannibal let out a quiet sigh at that, his eyes squinting just a bit in contemplation. He could insist Will stay, but knew that since his Omega was mated to him, no other Alpha's would try mating him despite his heat induced state. It was an assurance at least and his boy seemed as though his mind had been made up. "Very well, darling boy. On your own or do you wish to have my assistance, I presume that was...Uncle Jack?" Hannibal asked, stroking through silk curls and scenting his beloved.

“Yes. They have another Ripper body,” Will said, being pulled right out of his sex induced haze and into his career mode, his mind working quickly, pulling all the information back into place once more.

"Ah, I see," Hannibal said, getting up. His rut was clearly still in effect, but he pushed it back, being more controlled than most Alpha's who would be having none of this right now. He wanted an equal, not a slave. "Would you like for me to pack you something to eat before you depart?"

“No. Aren’t you coming?” Will asked, getting his pants on and his shirt, slipping into sneakers, not very mindful of what he was wearing, he wanted to get this done with and get back home.

The Alpha was also ready for that very thing, however his mind wandered, wondering how this all might play out. His curiosity was insatiable. "I would love nothing more," Hannibal answered, pulling on his dress slacks, and then his shirt, buttoning it up. "I did not want you to think I thought you incapable of going alone, mylimasis."

“It’s a better idea right now with my heat, I think,” Will answered, grabbing a jacket. “Don’t you?”

Truthfully, Hannibal had planned on following him there, if he had said no to wanting his company, knowing he'd need to keep a watchful eye on his mate. After putting on his tie and suit coat, he sat on the bed to put on his shiny loafers before rising and grabbing his keys and wallet. "Indeed I do, William. Shall we?"

Will took Hannibal’s hand and lead them to the car, quickly, since Jack was in such a hurry. He dropped down into the passenger seat and buckled in.

Hannibal started up, after buckling in as well and headed off to the location, once he’d asked Will for the address. A bit later and he was parking at the scene, and getting out, taking his mate’s hand.

They walked up to the scene, in the hospital Will had been at just days ago, to the office of *his* specialist. The doctor was laid back in a chair and his face split open a the jaw, hinging it back, grotesquely.

“Oh my God,” Will murmured.

Hannibal's face remained unchanged, initially and inwardly, he was quite proud of the work he'd done. "I am at a loss for words, Will," Hannibal said, finally letting what could be viewed as shock or concern flit across his features. He gently squeezed his boy’s hand to offer him comfort.

“I mean…” Will swallowed, they’d just seen him the other day. It was like that time with the hairdresser. The business card. A light went off in Will’s mind, and the fog of his heat dissipated a little more. “We just saw him the other day.”

Hannibal watched Will, and took in a breath, scented the dissipation of heat--the signs of epiphany were present. "Indeed we did, an unfortunate thing. It would seem as though none of us are safe from this killer's list."

“I wonder what he said to piss of the Ripper,” Will said, hand still in Hannibal’s, knowing, but he said nothing. Not the time, nor the place. Will had to think this through.

"You assume this was not a random act then? That they somehow knew each other and the killer was provoked into such an act?" Hannibal asked, not answer Will's musing directly as to not give anything away, despite knowing they both were aware. He gave another gentle squeeze to his mate's hand. Surely a conversation would occur later...he was curious as to how it might go.

“Yeah, knew each other, maybe not well maybe well enough. The Ripper rids the earth of the impossibly rude,” Will said, as if slipping inside of Hannibal’s trains of thought.

Hannibal looked over at Jack, who was talking to Beverly Katz at the moment, checking to see where he was, and then looked back at Doctor Sutcliffe. "The poor doctor must have been very rude indeed then. Will this ripper strike again?"

Will gave Hannibal a look, knowing and strong. “He strikes in threes doesn’t he? I’d imagine he will.”

"Mm, yes, it would appear so," Hannibal answered, looking at Will, admiring his strength even if it was pointed at him. "What else do you see, William?"

“I see man who wishes to be seen. Usually for the part of it, but now…” Will said, leveling Hannibal with a heated gaze. “Now he wants to be seen by someone in particular.”

Hannibal narrowed his eyes only slightly as he looked back at Will, contemplating with a keen lick of his lips. "When people wish to be seen it usually indicates they have been lonely, or perhaps they wish to share a part of themselves with that particular person. This could have been meant as a token of affection--a love poem, written in blood."

Will swallowed, well aware of Jack’s keen eye on them, and his ever lingering forward now that he was done talking to the science team. “A valentine come too early.” Will threaded his fingers with Hannibal’s.

Of course the Alpha was aware of Agent Crawford's watchful eye on them, but he merely took it as he was observing Will, more than himself. Will, who was very cunning indeed. Rubbing a gloved thumb over his mate's, he offered a subtle grin. "Yes. One can only hope the intended recipient of this valentine, will not let the killer's love go to waste."

“He’d be foolish if he did,” Will said, sighing heavily and went to explain to Jack the same things he had said to Hannibal, toned down of course.

Once he’d finished with that, Will went back with Hannibal and they went home. Jack said Will could come see him once his heat was over in a few days, which was just fine with Will, he could hardly think straight otherwise.

Inside the house, Hannibal hung up his coat, and removed his gloves, walking over to Will to offer to assist him with his. The Alpha remained quiet as he did, giving the young Omega time to process. The boy would speak when he was ready.

Will let Hannibal take his coat and then stuff his gloves into the pockets of it before he took it away. The boots were kicked off into the closet and then Will was hugging Hannibal from behind, slipping under his arms as he slid around him, to face him. It was better not to acknowledge the lion in the room, just yet.

"My darling, exquisite boy," Hannibal crooned, also content to let everything go for now. He still needed to see Will through his heat, after-all. Leaning down he nosed along the boy's scent gland, pressing there and inhaling. "Why don't you get comfortable, and I will pour us some wine, hm?"

Will ran his hand up Hannibal’s stomach to his chest, feeling out every curve and muscle. “Okay,” he whispered, the grip of his heat slowly rising back up and taking hold of him.

A faint snarl twitched onto the doctor's lips at that, his keen nose catching the scent of heat increasing. He was suddenly, less interested in the wine, and more interested in the heat stricken Omega who was touching him right now. Dark eyes leered at sea-blues, his body looming over the young man, a growling seductive purr that resonated from his chest. "William..."

“Forget the wine,” Will said, coaxing the doctor toward their bedroom as he slipped out of his reach and up the stairs.

"Already forgotten," Hannibal said, his tone thick and gravelly with want. The Alpha trailed behind, almost as if he were stalking his prey, a predatory instinct to mate and breed now running through his mind.

Will lost clothing as they walked, careful not to leave a trail of them behind him, but hold on to them until they reached the bedroom, then laid them into the hamper, stripped down. He crawled onto the bed and and spread himself wide, ass in the air.

Likewise, by the time Hannibal was inside the room, he was down to his boxers. Clothing folded over his arm, and loafers long since left downstairs by the door. At the sight of his mate so beautiful presented, the Alpha tugged off his boxers with haste, laying his clothing over the chair to be dry cleaned later. He let out another snarling growl, and climbed onto the bed, positioning his cock over Will's soaked hole with a few slaps before pushing inside with a guttural groan.

Will heaved forward as he was plunged into, hands grasping the covers for purchase as a low mewl escapes his throat, his head bent back with impending ecstasy. “Hannibal-”

The Alpha was completely submerged in the euphoric delight of his Omega, relishing every ridge and squeeze from the boy’s hole, groaning. Strong hands held Will's hips, kisses peppered over soft skin as he rolled his hips back and forth, building speed. "Will-"

Groaning into the sheets, Will pressed the side of his face into the mattress, his ass perfectly pert against Hannibal’s hips, taking him in completely with each thrust. “Alpha, please, please, harder-”

"My perfect Omega," Hannibal hissed, snapping his hips harder, his large balls slapping lewdly against Will's. Deft fingers dug into the boy's hips as he took him, over and over, heat coiling in his body and spidering throughout.

Fingers clenching into the covers, Will all but growled out his pleasure, panting as the throws of passion started to built heavy heat in his core. “Daddy…”

"My boy..." Hannibal all but howled, wrapping his hand around Will's throat, pulling him up, flush against his body. In his position he had better access to his stunning Omega's throat, which he sunk his sharp teeth into, at his scar, reopening it and lapping at his blood while he drove into his mate relentlessly.

Will ground back against Hannibal like this, reaching one arm around to grasp Hannibal’s silken hair, holding there against his neck with a soft, shuddering sigh as his body filled with heated pleasure. “Only yours, ever.”

As the cannibalistic Alpha bred his mate, he snaked an arm around the empath’s slim waist, to his cock, with a deep resounding growl. Fingers worked the boy's sensitive flesh in time with each violent thrust, tongue continuing to lath over the wound he’d opened. "Just as I belong to you, eternally."

Every time Hannibal reopened the mating scar, Will felt a sense of rebonding, becoming whole all over again, and this time was no different. His eyes shut as he his hips rocked and jutted, panting breaths into the air, losing himself to the feel and rhythm. “Yes… fuck, Hannibal-” His body coiled, his ass clenching hard around the Alpha’s cock, spilling over his fingers and seeping down his length.

It was equally as powerful an experience for the doctor each and every time. A fitting moment, Hannibal had decided, to rebond given the crime scene earlier. As Will came and soaked the Alpha, he pumped a half a dozen more times before he pushed his knot over the rim, spilling his seed deep into his mate. "Ah, my William-" Now knotted and locked into place, Hannibal panted, angling the boy's mouth to meet his own for a breathless kiss.

As Will shuddered and quaked under Hannibal’s strength, he kissed his Alpha back sweetly, groaning as their tongues twisted, and his body hummed. “I love you…”

"All my life, I have never loved another, as much as I do you, Mylimasis," Hannibal murmured, his touch much softer now, reverent and full of worship as he caressed Will. With caution, he turned and positioned them so that they were laying on their side.

“I should hope not,” Will whispered, curling back into Hannibal’s, knotted together, stuck, perfectly. He worried, honestly, about what would happen if he brought up the murders, the killings… if Hannibal would love him still, or…

Hannibal would always love his mate, honor him, in any way that seemed appropriate. Fate and circumstance had brought them together, brought them to this time, even down to now as they lay bound, conjoined. With a playful nip of the boy's shoulder, the Alpha grinned, finding Will's spirit endearing. "You are truly magnificent, William. However, I wonder, what is on your mind, in this moment? You may speak of anything you wish."

“What could anything possibly be on my mind more than having your cock up my ass?” Will asked, his words crude, he knew that, but he smirked back at Hannibal, knowing he’d forgive him.

"Such a filthy mouth on such a beautiful boy," Hannibal teased, snarling a bit as he scraped his teeth over Will's shoulder. Of course he'd forgive his boy, the young Omega had the key to his otherwise cold heart.

Will hummed at that and that settled in, knowing they’d be locked together for a good long while.

Chapter 12

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

A week in, Will finally dropped off his heat, coming down like he'd been riding a roller-coaster for a while now. School wouldn't start back for another few weeks, but he'd promised Jack Crawford a meeting. He kissed Hannibal goodbye for a few hours, and left to Quantico. On arriving, he was shown into Crawford's private office, where will stood, looking at everything but the FBI agent in front of him. He wasn't so used to be singled out like this, not even when first asked to consult.

"I wanted to see you without your Alpha, so that I knew your answers were genuine, Will, and not swayed by his effect on you," Crawford said, leveling Will a look, one that suggested the older man knew something, possibly what Will knew.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you understand?"

Will nodded.

"Okay, Good." Crawford paced the floor his window covered back and forth, contemplating how he might just spit out what Will knew he was going to suggest. "There have been numerous murders that happened over the last year, that are just like this one. The same patterns, the same sort of tokens taken from the bodies. The only difference being that these other bodies were found in New Orleans. The murders stopped there some months ago, around the time you and Doctor Lecter moved here. Months later, we get another murder, the Ripper. Same thing, same sort of artistic set up, organs missing…"

Will swallowed, staring down at Crawford's desk. "If you're suggesting I had anything to do with this-"

"No, no. Will, no, I'm not suggesting you had anything to do with it." Crawford paused, and moved around to the other side of the desk to touch Will's shoulders, making the young man look at him. "I'm suggesting you got caught up innocently in this mess, bonded with him, and now you're stuck. It's going to be hard, but they allow visitation rights, you'd still get to see him, Will."

Sea blue eyes widened up at Jack. Will knew if he agreed, if he said anything right now, that he'd be giving Hannibal away, that he'd be signing his death sentence, whether he'd be locked away for forever put to death, it'd still be the worst possible feeling in the world for Will. He loved Hannibal, he'd be lost without him. Emotions ran high suddenly, and Will felt like a wave of unwanted tears spread through his eyes, trying not to blink to let them drip, to give Crawford the satisfaction that he was right.

"Will, please, you are the only one that can prove this. I know you know, I watched you two together, the things you two were saying, it's all slotted into place, but I need your help to get that last bit of evidence. Do you want more people to die because of you, Will?" Crawford dipped his head to meet Will's eyes, and the boy for all his strength crumbled. This was what he went to school for, to *save* people.

"N-no, sir."

"I didn't think so. Here's what's going to happen…"

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Days past, which turned into another week, and Will fell short of the things Crawford wanted, the boy only finding he wanted to spend as much time a she could with Hannibal, but it grew harder and harder to avoid the Agent, and not let it spill to Hannibal. Will grew quiet one evening after dinner, sure that their meal was made up of human parts, he'd snuck some into a ziplock when he offered to clean up and put away the leftovers for Hannibal, he left the piece of meat in his coat pocket to take to Crawford later, his heart heavy, and his soul burning with what he knew was betrayal. He'd never live with himself after this.

Hannibal had noticed a change, just in the overall demeanor of his beloved boy, and while he was not entirely sure why, he had his suspicions. Once Will had finished with cleaning up, Hannibal put down his tablet, having been reading the latest articles from Tattle-Crime, and went to him.

As soon as the Alpha located his mate, he instantly wrapped both arms around him from behind. It was then that he noted the change in the boy's scent. Will was wrought with guilt, sorrow, and betrayal--which always gave off a coppery tinged aroma, tainting the young man's otherwise sweet fragrance. The cannibal kept his own emotions at bay, of course, not wishing to alert his mate to any of the feelings of hurt and anger that he was experiencing. Instead, Hannibal kissed the empath's scarred mating mark and held him tightly, his lips moving up to brush along his ear.

"William, shall we enjoy a glass of wine by the fire, a bit of a nightcap and light conversation before we are to retire?"

Will hummed, never one to turn down the affections of his mate, especially not now. He canted his head a little, nuzzling into Hannibal. "Do you want me to get the wine?"

"Please, something light, a red, not too sweet. I trust you'll make the right decision, dear boy," Hannibal said, nuzzling him back before releasing his hold, an endearing smile playing over his features.

Will nodded, and dispatched from Hannibal embrace, going down the cellar to get the wine. He thought on it for a long moment, and picked out a merlot, and then brought it back up, and snagged the glasses from the counter. He opened the bottle and poured them up, taking it and the glasses to sitting room, where the fire was roaring already.

"Here we go."

"Thank you," Hannibal answered, looking up at Will and taking the offered glass. An outstretched hand beckoned his boy to join him on chaise, the other bringing the glass to his nose for a sniff. He took a slow sip, bathing his tongue in its decadence before swallowing.

Will tugged his feet up and under himself, sitting down with Hannibal, leaned up against his side. He took in his mate's features and then nestled himself in, taking a slow sip of the wine, which was not settling with his stomach as well as he wanted, hoping to take the edge off his nerves.

The feel of Hannibal's boy close to him was both soothing and heartbreaking; still, he wrapped an arm around him and took another sip of wine, contemplating. "William, I must say again, how very pleased I am that you have begun to advance in your career and in your schooling."

"You are?" Will asked, quietly, after a moments to breathe. He took another sip, but again, the wine just didn't settle, so Will set it down on the side table, for now, and wrapped himself around Hannibal instead.

Hannibal sat down his wine as Will did, and held him close against his body, scenting him, eyes closing for a moment to savor. "Of course, I certainly am. I only want what is best for you and for our life together, Mylimasis."

Letting out a soft sigh, Will curled up into Hannibal's lap, needing to be close to Hannibal, to taking in every part of him while he could. Jack promised visits, but Will knew better with Hannibal. Will turned, straddling the doctor, and put his hands on his shoulders, and rested his their foreheads together. "I know you do."

Running his hands down Will's back, Hannibal nosed against his nose, just breathing him in. "I'd love to take you on a trip, a celebratory vacation perhaps, even as soon as tomorrow. I am a Doctor, Will, I could make up a letter of excuse for your absence. If you'd like?" Hannibal asked, testing, but with a playful grin on his face as he gazed at his boy up close.

Will gazed down into Hannibal's eyes, lost in the deep amber pools, caught between the right answer and the wrong one, at least where Hannibal was concerned. "I'll have to take the note into Crawford and my professors. It's the first day back to classes." He swallowed. "Then I am all yours."

"Very well, Will. We can make our preparations after that then. In any regard I will have the letter prepared for you and ready for your departure in the morning." The cannibal paused, pursing his lips in speculation, and kissed the boy's lips softly before speaking. *One last attempt.*"Should you decide you would rather stay home, I would remind you that I can always fax the letter to them, as early as tonight. It would still be polite, I assure you."

"And what of my school work? They can't fax books over," Will pointed out, cupping Hannibal's face with his hands as he kissed him one, and then again more slowly. Will was still very undecided.

Hannibal kissed Will back, exploring his mouth, committing every sensation and flavor to memory, his hands carding through impossibly soft curls. It was clear the empathic Omega was not wavering and as such the cannibal would not push. "My intelligent boy, so devoted to his studies. Keenly aware of the consequences of abandoning them. I have no doubt that you have considered them thoroughly, and in many aspects of life. All the more reason for which I feel proud of you. I do love you, William."

Will quivered over Hannibal, in his arms, breathing with him as they kissed, and only pulled back when Hannibal did, again gazing, committing it all to memory. *You're saving lives*, he reminded himself, and yet it didn't seem like enough. "I love you, Hannibal."

The Alpha held him, touching his back, his neck, any sliver of skin that was exposed, just enjoying this time together and making it count. Hannibal could only hope that his mate changed his mind in the morning. "Why don't we go to bed, get more comfortable. You may bring your wine if you'd like, just this once."

Will nodded, and slid off Hannibal's lap, grabbing both their glasses, and leading the way up the stairs. Once there, he set the glasses down and stripped only to redress into his pajamas, and crawled into bed. He tried another sip of wine and then let it sit on the nightstand.

As Will dressed for bed, Hannibal drank the rest of his wine, a bit faster than he might normally otherwise. He too, then got into his pajamas, and got into bed. Once in bed the Alpha held his darling Omega, his mate and kissed him once more. "Remember, what I have offered you, sweet William. Goodnight."

"Night Hannibal," Will said quietly, and attempted to sleep.

***

Sleep did not come easily, and when it did, all Will saw were victims and blood, himself on the floor bleeding out, and the absence of his Alpha surrounding him. He decided instead of sleeping, after hours of trying, to get up and go at it early, taking the note Hannibal had written with him; he'd make a decisions at school.

He dropped by school first and handed the note over and then to Crawford's, his mind made up. They'd have time until a warrant was made, and they could run. He wouldn't be letting anyone down. He gave the Agent the meat.

"You did good, Will," Crawford said and took the baggy of meat. "Hopefully this will get us a warrant. I might suggest you not go home for a few days."

Will nodded. "Yes, sir."

Jack waved him off and Will left, getting his cellphone out he called Hannibal as he walked to his truck, the phone line ringing. He got into the truck, nervously rubbing one hand against his pant leg as he started it up, the rain starting to fall in thick, wet drops on the windshield.

Hannibal was preparing dinner, one last meal, and the menu had to be perfect. He was in agony, his heart broken by the betrayal of his beloved, but still he held a bit of hope. It was then that his phone rang, right after he'd washed his hands and dried them off. Ah. William. "Hello?"

"The FBI knows. We have to leave now, when I get home. We pack up the dogs and we go," Will spilled, all of his emotions coming to a boil as he just let it all go. "I'm on my way." Will hung up and drove out of the parking lot and toward their home.

It took an hour, but finally he arrived, and jumped out of the truck and ran into the house, soaked by the time he managed to get the key into the door, dropping all of his things at in the foyer. It was quiet and the smell of food didn't waft in as he thought it might, and everything was quiet.

"Hannibal?" Will called out, shivering, wet boots squeaking along the corridor from foyer to kitchen. He touched the side of the wall as he rounded the corner.

Hannibal could have left, he could have packed up and been far away by now, but he had to wait on his boy. As the rain pounded against the roof, and the glass, he mused to himself that it was both representative of his broken heart as well as an opportunity for a cleansing. The person suit would be washed away, only the monster left in its place.

Then came the scent, William was here, the dogs unaware and asleep in the other room. The Alpha came up behind his mate, his loafers indicating his presence as they clacked against the floor. He stood wordlessly, eyes conveying his pain, letting it all come through now, pheromones wafting it in thick waves.

Will turned, swallowing as he looked at his perfectly groomed mate, able to feel every inch of sadness and rejection. "Are you packed? We need to go, Hannibal." Will stepped in closer, hands on Hannibal's shoulders, trusting and still *so* in love.

With a sharp inhalation of breath through flared nostrils, Hannibal gently placed his hand on the side of Will's wet head, stroking as he gazed at him. "I love you, William," he said, his tone nothing more than a deep flat rumble. A flash of steel from his right hand as it twisted, and a sudden pop of flesh as he surgically pushed the linoleum knife into the young Omega's abdomen and drug it across. His dark eyes never faltered, his left hand gripping at the nape of the boy's neck.

Struck still with pain, Will froze there, hands gripping Hannibal's shoulders tighter as his body started to spill blood and bile across the floor below them, his boots slipping in it as he started to go slack. He'd never thought Hannibal capable, not to him, not with their bond. Just as Will had not been able to thoroughly turn Hannibal in and let him go to jail. It was too late though.

"Hanni…" was all Will managed to get out, sucking breaths as struggled to stay on his feet, bleeding out fast. His arms could no longer hold him up, and he started to slip from Hannibal's grip.

The doctor pulled the knife away and hoisted Will up, wrapping both arms around him, and pressing their bodies together as he carded through his hair, his face eerily calm. "A place was made for us, in this world, together. I wanted to surprise you-" he explained, his eyes starting to grow wet, moving the young Omega back enough to look into his eyes. He'd planned on moving them to Italy, starting a new life away from Jack and the FBI. "But you...you wanted to surprise me."

Tears ran down Will's face as he stared at Hannibal, trying not to lose consciousness, wet curls stuck to the sides of his face as his blue eyes lost their light, his body going into shock. "Please…"

Hannibal let Will fall to the floor, guiding him there and then lowered his stance to meet his eyes, his own leaking a few tears. As he spoke next, his voice trembled, ever so slightly, his lips pressed together. "I let you know me...*see me*. I bonded with you, giving you a rare gift, but you didn't want it."

"D-didn't I?" Will asked, his hand over his cut open stomach, pieces of him hanging out, and a world of loss flowing out of him, skin blanching from the draining blood.

Taking a brief pause to contemplate that, Hannibal swallowed, still watching Will as his beloved bled out onto the wood flooring, clutching onto his life. "You would deny me my life or my freedom? Take that from me? From your mate?"

"No." Will choked, trying to sit up but he slipped, unable to get any bearings as he slowly bled out, wasting his last breaths and life. "I wanted… I wanted to run away with you," he managed to get out, eyes closing, struggling.

"Fate and circumstance have brought us to this moment. The consequences of your betrayal," Hannibal said, tilting his head to the side, inwardly longing to reach out and comfort his beloved. Many trains of thought running at once. "I wonder, had we run away, do you think you could have changed me...the way that I have changed you?"

Will's eyes opened just a sliver, deep oceanic blues gazing at Hannibal as his breath slowed, lying in a pool of his own blood. "I already have," he whispered like a prayer, barely audible. Distress from the Omega filled the air, pungent and thick.

Again the cannibal took a moment to think over what Will said, maroon eyes flickering with emotion as he realized the boy was right. Will had changed him and it was as painful a concept as it was intriguing. "I forgive you, Will. I hope you can forgive me."

With this, he neared his face close to the Omega's, taking in another breath of air, his lungs filling with the distress from his mate. "You can still run...make it all go away. Put your head back, close your eyes, and wade into the quiet of the stream."

Will's eyes slid shut as his body went lax, slipping down into the pool of blood around him, every breath shallower and shallower...

Hannibal then rose to his feet, leaving Will there, the dogs starting to rouse and whimper, padding over to their injured master as the doctor walked out into the rain. Outside he put on his jacket, his head lifting as rain pelted his face and washed over him.

***

Not long after Hannibal left, Will was roused by the paramedics, who were carefully pulling him onto a stretcher, and he was barely able to hold consciousness, but Crawford's form came into view, mostly a dark blur as they strapped him down tight.

"Will, I'm so sorry, I didn't think he'd do it, I didn't think he'd hurt you…" Crawford said, walking next to Will, but the boy was in daze, uncaring if he lived or not, his mate had left, and all his choices were wrong, every single one of them.

Will had been deserted.

Chapter 13

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Chapter Notes

1) Heeyy, so we made you wait a bit for this but here it is. They don't flounder long, at least not in reader time!
2) We've made a tumblr to compile a list of our fics and so forth! Please follow us!

After hours and hours of surgery, Will was set up in a hospital room in intensive care, where he spent two months in a coma, until the day he came to, confused. The doctors explained the surgery to him, that parts of his intestines were taken, having been cut into, along with some other untimely, awful news.

“Mister Graham, we’re sorry to tell you won’t be able to have children,” the doctor explained, as tactfully as he could muster. “Hannibal Lecter cut into you perfectly, destroying your uterus and the embryo inside of it at the time.”

That caught the boy’s attention. “Embryo?” His dull blue eyes sparked for a moment, the words the doctor said not yet making it to his brain, everything still very foggy.

“Yes. you were a few weeks pregnant, Will. I’m so sorry.”

Not only was he without his mate, he was without their child, now, too. Will swallowed down the raw emotion that bit at him almost worse than the blade, anger welling up inside of him as he screamed out, palms into his eyes, finally able to let go of everything he hadn’t been able to do when Hannibal left him there.

“Mister Graham-- Will, please calm down, this stress won’t do you any good,” The doctor tried to placate, but Will sobbed harder, nothing would calm him, nothing would get to him the way his mate would, and without Hannibal, there’d be no balance.

Finally, after Will started to heave things up, inconsolable, they brought in nurses and orderlies to help keep him down and strapped him to the bed.

“It’s for your own good, Will. You need to heal.”

***

Two and half years later, Will finished getting his degree early, with nothing but it to do to keep him occupied and his mind off his mate. No one came near Will, everyone knew who he was, what had happened and everything else. Will planned to move to Florida, and Jack was sad to see him go, but the Omega insisted he needed to get away for a while, and with the money from the house he sold, he bought a new boat. So, taking the dogs, he sailed the boat south. He harbored on a dock and lived there for a half a year before many took any real notice to the young man, nearing twenty three years of age now.

He did start to pick up some consulting work, helping out locally for a little while, and here and there he got his name in the paper for it, all of which he never kept or noticed. Will Graham, the bonded but without an Alpha Omega, a loner.

On a slew of medications to keep his heats away, to keep his scent under control, Will had to balance it all with anti-depressants and sleeping pills, often waking in sweats from nightmares, and never a soul to soothe him.

When he did think of Hannibal, it only brought on days, and days of pain and anguish, leaving him feeling utterly immobilized.

It was near Christmas, but it’s still warm near the shore in Florida, and Will was walking the dogs, when a blonde girl approached him, a leash with a dog in her own hands, and she smiled at him, pausing in front of him so he’d stop.

“Hi,” she said, waving, but Will kept trying to walk on through. “Hello? Please, come on. You’re that detective aren’t you? The consult? You helped catch the killer a few weeks ago. Will Graham?”

Will huffed, leveling the round faced girl with a look of disinterest, but then saw her dog, and offered his free hand to it so it could sniff. “Yeah, that’s me.”

“You’re really smart.”

“Thanks.”

“I’m Molly,” she said, offering her hand to him, and Will finally conceded and shook it.

“You already know who I am.”

Molly laughed; “Yeah. Say, you want to get some coffee?”

Will looked over; another Omega, and innocent at that, but he wasn’t interested, he couldn’t be, and didn’t want to be either. “No thanks. Nice to meet you."

The male omega started off back toward his boat.

***

Tattle Crime posted a picture a day later of the two shaking hands on the website, headlined with “Ripper Victim finally befriends local Omega: Is Love in the air?”

The article had made Will scoff as he stared at it ominously, but Molly, who came up beside him just laughed, snatching it out of his fingers.

“That Freddie Lounds sure is a gossip,” Molly sighed, shaking her head. “It’s not a bad picture though. You’re very handsome.”

“I don’t want to instigate it. Keep the paper.” Will walked off and Molly followed, both with dogs in toe.

“C'mon, let’s just get coffee. You can’t live your life alone forever.”

Will shot her a look over his shoulder. “Can’t I?”

“Please?”

“Okay, fine. Just coffee.”

***

Over the next three months more and more pictures were posted, the two continually getting closer and closer in each one, until the day Lounds posted one of them snuggled up together on a park bench watching the dog. It was posted the eve of Will’s twenty fourth birthday.

***

After that tragic night, Hannibal had found himself on a plane, heading towards Florence, Italy. He knew his mate would survive, Will was strong and while the separation was hard, and would continue to be, the Alpha had been left with no other choice.

The doctor procured a palazzo there and began work as a museum curator under the alias Doctor Fell, given the untimely death of the actual curator. Still, he'd won the position based on his merits after that and had hardly killed anyone up to that point. The monster of Florence, as he was known years ago, kept a keen eye for any news of William, devouring it hungrily. He longed for his boy, even sketching him in his free time, recreating his beauty in La Primavera.

Months turned to years and bodies collected one on top of the other, always in sounders of three, some of his favorites being an Omega named Anthony Dimmond, who he'd fashioned into the shape of a heart--reflective of how broken his own had become. The other was that of Inspector Pazzi, of the original Pazzis, who he'd left hanging against the cold stone wall, bowls out.

It wasn't until the cannibal saw an article of Will, far too close with a female Omega, that he decided to return to the states. With longer and more silvery hair, a bit of scruff, and in clothing far less suited to his tastes to conceal his identity, he got off the plane, luggage in hand, near the coast of Florida, where his boy was reputed to be.

Of course the doctor had been vigilant, and with the use of modern technology, had been able to locate the precise location of Will's home, or rather, his boat. Once it became dark, he waited, hidden, much like he had done years before when first meeting the boy.

An hour in, the girl from the photos stepped off the boat and Will hugged her goodbye, nothing more. She left with her dog on a leash, down the street, and out of sight. Will ducked back into the boat, the two dogs barked and he hushed them, and a few minutes later the light inside went off and Will stepped out, and jumped down onto the dock, a jacket on now, over a t-shirt and jeans. He was much older now, his jaw had formed a bit more, filled out nicely in the face and shoulders, no longer a little boy.

With a curling snarl, Hannibal had watched the young woman leave his William, imagining what surely had been occurring these few months in their time together. But he pushed it down, for now, instead, taking a beat to feast his eyes on the once boy, now young man. He was just as breathtaking as he ever had been, if not more.

In khaki pants, and a hideous polo shirt, a light wind breaker over that, Hannibal followed the scent, towards the dock. It was less faint now, given the various medications, and tinged with a melancholic type of bitterness, but still Will’s. "If I saw you every day, forever, Will...I would remember this time," he said, quietly, coming up behind the Omega with his hands in his pockets, prepared for any sort of reaction.

Looking up from the rope he was untying to set sail for his birthday, Will’s steady blue gaze caught the light of the moon as it trailed up the figure in front of him. He’d long dreamt of the times that this might happen, but the dream often turned to nightmares. The boy was frozen into place, fingers clenched hard around the ropes in his hands. “Strange to see you in front of me after all these years. I’m used to the nightmares, not reality.”

Hannibal couldn't help but smile, if only momentarily, and faintly, love twinkling in his eyes. Seeing his beloved was beautiful, no matter the circumstances. Stepping closer, he gazed out at the water, then back to Will, absorbing his stunning features by the light of the moon. "Where does the difference between the past and the future come from, between dreams and reality?"

Just as Will thought he might be able to move on, to be happy again, here came his past to stomp up on him once more. For all this growth, Hannibal reduced him to a boy once again by standing there, his scent wafting toward him, making the Omega’s limbs quiver, hands shaking. Everything witty in him died before it reached his tongue, and all he could do was shake his head. “I don’t know.”

"How I have longed for this moment, Will. Given it is your birthday, I thought it only fitting," Hannibal murmured, placing a hand on his estranged mate's shoulder, noting the more developed muscle there.

“You had every chance to take me with you, to come back for me,” Will whispered, every limb on his body tense as he was touched, forcing himself not to bend right into Hannibal, his body wanting to so, so badly. He’d learned to cope without having his Alpha’s scent to comfort him.

"I was hoping you would come to me, seek me out," Hannibal explained, his own body yearning to pull him close and scent him, reopen the long abandoned mating scar once more. "I have watched your progress, William. I am more proud today than I ever was before. I did not wish to impede your growth. It was not until I saw some unsettling articles as of late, that I decided to come to you."

“You tossed me aside when I came to you, giving up everything to run away and be with you forever,” Will whispered, like he was talking to a dream, a figment. His belly ached where the scar ran thick across it-- he’d lost a lot that night. “And you expected me to come to you? *I* needed you to come to me, and you never did. I woke for months hoping to find you by my side, to take me away from my living hell.”

Hannibal removed his hand, placing it in his pocket as he listened to Will's quiet storm. He'd expected this, naturally, and would have been disappointed had his mate responded otherwise. "Believe me, I wanted nothing more than to do that very thing, Will. But you had made your intentions clear when you alerted Uncle Jack to my true nature. You left me no choice. I did warn you about actions having consequences. I provided a chance for you to make a better decision, and you did not yield."

“I wanted to do the right thing and be with you. I did what I could,” Will said, going back to untying the rope from the dock, swiftly. They hadn’t been wise choices, but he was young, stupid, in love, and wanting to make a good impression with Crawford. Looking back, Crawford’s impression would have mattered little had he run off with Hannibal anyway.

Glaring at Hannibal, Will tossed the rope onto the deck of his boat. “I may have made the wrong choice, but you took more than just a piece of me.” Will’s eyes swelled with tears as he stood his ground. “You took a piece of *both* of us.”

He turned away from the doctor, and hopped back up onto the boat’s deck.

Hannibal was about to offer a witty explanation when Will said that last bit. Instantly he it hit him, the realization of what he'd done. His mate had been pregnant, he remembered smelling something different in the Omega's scent back then, but due to the circumstances, he hadn't figured it out. Unlikely for the good doctor but regretfully true. Tears filled the killer's eyes, but did not fall as he approached the boat ramp.

"William...had I been aware, I assure you things would have transpired in a different manner."

“So me being pregnant is all that would have stopped you?” Will shook his head, biting the inside of his bottom lip to try and keep himself from losing it. “You destroyed us. I was going to run with you, and then we’d have the pup… and we could have been happy.”

Hannibal slowly walked up the ramp, onto the boat deck, needing to be closer to his mate for such an intimate conversation. Still, he kept a bit of distance. “I would remind you, that it was you who set the unfortunate events into motion. Regardless, yes, knowing you were with child who have altered things vastly, as I mentioned,” he paused, taking a breath to retain his composure before continuing. “I wish I could give it back to you, reverse time so that we might have our pup now. I am sorry I took that away.”

“You took it away *forever*,” Will whispered with a swallow. “You punctured my uterus, they had to remove it, along with other things.”

It was not often that the doctor was rendered almost speechless, but this was one of those times; the tear that cascaded over his alpine cheekbones made it abundantly apparent. The teacup had long since shattered, and he could only hope to somehow fill its cracks with gold, and bring it back together. “I regret that this is the result of both of our actions and while I can not undo what has been done, I would like the chance to repair the state of our union.”

“You would wait until it seems like there’s someone else in my life. You just can’t stand that their might be,” Will said, though he knew very well that he and Molly were just friends, nothing happened between them, but seeing Hannibal riled to it made him feel… *powerful.*

"Do you really think you can give her what she desires and vice versa? She is an Omega, just as you are, nothing can become of your relationship. Even now, I can smell her scent...her desire for you. It hangs thick in the air like poisoned gas." It was foul to the Alpha, and angered him. He wanted to serve Will her heart, but he refocused. "We are mated for life, Will. I needn't bring that to your attention."

“And because we are, Molly knows we won’t be anything more than friends,” Will stated, wiping his eyes finally, his chest heavy and his shoulder tense. “She’s the only person to look at me since all this happened and not feel pity.”

A friend that Hannibal did not want Will to have. Not now that he was back and wanting to rekindle their relationship. The doctor dared to place both hands on Will's shoulders, upon seeing his state of being, having walked a bit closer. "William, I beseech you. Let us try to strengthen our bond. I have missed you terribly, I must admit."

Will's eyes trailed from Hannibal's feet to his eyes, gazing him over. Any good Omega would have melted right into their Alpha's arms, but Will was on so many medications to stop those things, that he resisted the urge. "Why? Other Omegas not as much fun?"

"I have been with no one else since you, Will," Hannibal answered, honestly. He had killed a few, and been propositioned by many, but there was only one he wanted. Only *his* Omega, now until he was to take his last breath. "Unlike you and your new friend…"

"Nothings happened with Molly," Will sighed, reaching out deft finger to grasp into Hannibal's heinous polo. "As I said, we're just friends."

Even with Will having told Hannibal that he and Molly were merely friends, the Alpha still wondered. Nonetheless, he had no real reason not to believe him. Besides that, two Omegas engaging in such an act was not often heard of. When his mate reached out for him, even the smallest capacity, Hannibal couldn't suppress a low purr from escaping his lips. Fingers gripped a little tighter on the young man's shoulders, aching to pull him closer.. "I am relieved to hear it, Will."

Will wrapped arms around Hannibal sliding into place against him, like he still belonged there, despite his bulk changing just a bit. His gripped Hannibal's shoulders, arms up and under, holding him there as he scented his long time gone mate, every nerve in his body reawakening, even through the fog of pills.

Hannibal closed his eyes at the embrace, the long awaited reunion at last here, his arms wrapping around waist. "My William..." The Alpha all but purred, scenting him back, savoring the blissful sense of eros and euphoria he felt. "I love you, I will never love another, the way I do you, as long as I shall live."

Though the young man was not so quick to believe, it did feel right to be back in Hannibal's arms, held tight and warm. The boat, no longer anchored, started to drift off, away from the dock, but Will didn't care. For the first time in years he felt at peace.

Hannibal knew it would take time, to rebuild everything, but he knew it would be worth it in the end. For now, he concentrated on this, only this. His lips kissed with worshipful awe up to Will's stubbled jaw and to his lips, tongue begging for entry into the garden of Eden once more.

As his pulse rose, Will canted his head just so, latching their lips together. Their tongues slid, and it was as though Will were transported back to before all of this, in their nice home, with the dogs, and fine meals, where they made out in every room of the house and fucked on every surface, unable to get enough.

"I will spend the rest of my days honoring you, Will," Hannibal panted, between kisses and twirls of tongues. He meant it, nothing would tear them apart again, he would not lose him a second time. Only death could do so now in his mind. "Inside...is far more suited a place, yes?"

Will felt like the boy that had been on the dock that night, a little shy, but yet full of life and wonder about the doctor who dared talk to him. He took Hannibal's hand in silence and took him below deck, the boat not large, but big enough to live in at least.

Hannibal took notice of the accommodations, his mind recalling the boat Will had once resided, and followed him through. It was homey, though not anything he personally would have purchased. The important thing was that it was the vessel that belonged to his mate.

Shutting the door and locking it, the dogs at their feet, Will shucked off his jacket and kicked off his sneakers as the boat drifted out of the harbor, away from the rest of the world. He really looked at Hannibal now, in the light of the cabin, all the lines on his face, the greys that now streaked his hair, all very distinguishing. Will pushed the jacket off Hannibal's shoulder and laid to rest with his own.

"I have missed you terribly."

"And I you, more than I ever thought imaginable." Hannibal quickly removed his shoes, and sat them aside, giving the now fully grown dogs a pat, and letting them sniff him after so much time away. Standing, Hannibal pulled off the atrocious polo and crashed their lips back together, walking towards the bed, the boat rocking with the waves in a soothing manner. "I never want to be without you again."

Will's palms slid up Hannibal's bare chest, over the thicket of hair, dragging his nails back down through it with a groan. Hannibal felt all too familiar, even after all this time. "Then don't. Stay with me."

Warm amber eyes took in his boy as he was touched. "I promise, I will not. I will be by your side from now until I leave this earth and as you know I always keep my promises, Will," he whispered, pulling his mate's shirt off to drink in his skin, to touch and taste it.

Will was still smoothed skin under his shirt, but his chest was well formed now, toned around his abs and chest, up his back and shoulders. Will pressed their lips together, eating the words from Hannibal's mouth. "Shut up and touch me."

There was the spirit and fire that Hannibal treasured. With a grin against Will's lips, he dove back in, plundering his mouth as his hands ran eagerly up and down his chest, and to his back, getting to know his mate all over again. As he did so, he undid his pants, and let them fall to the floor, not caring about their placement for this moment, besides it wasn't as if it was something he would normally wear anyways. Next, deft fingers worked Will's undone, tugging them as he kissed him back to the bed, gently pushing him onto it, his chest heaving with desire and need.

Will kicked off his jeans and pulled Hannibal over him, his weight familiar as a rush of hormones filled him. The synthetic ones he took to mock his mate near him brushed aside as Will wrapped long legs around his Hannibal. If this was a dream, it was a very good one.

Lips melded once more, his tongue slithering inside as Hannibal ground his cock between Will's cheeks. It felt like he was finally home after many years away, and now that he was back he would never leave again. "My beautiful William-"

"Hannibal," Will whispered against the doctor's lips, never letting them part for too long. He'd wanted this since the last night they had together. No longer consumed with guilt and heartbreak in that moment, Will rolled his hips down against Hannibal's cock, his hole wet with need.

Fingers slid between them, to Will's hole, knowing it had been quite some time since they'd done this. Two went in, slowly, knuckle deep, wanting to work his mate open, not hurt him with a rushed intrusion, even if he longed to drive right inside. The Alpha had thought of this moment, played it over in his mind again and again, at last it was here.

Will hadn't been touched or so much as touched himself since Hannibal left him. His need swelled deep in his belly as his head lolled back against the best, throat bared to his mate, the scar now so healed it was almost not there anymore.

Upon seeing Will's throat so beautifully exposed, Hannibal added a third finger, curling them and rubbing against his mate's prostate. As he did this, he kissed the Omega's gland, licking there before sinking in sharp teeth to reopen the wound, strengthening their bond once more with a possessive growl.

Will hissed, grasping Hannibal to him tightly, clawing fingers into his bare back. "Harder-"

Hannibal obliged, gladly. With another deep growl, he pulled his fingers out and instead, pushed his cock in, balls deep, his teeth biting the Omega's flesh, lapping at the blood as it dripped into his mouth. "How I've longed to *fuck* you again, darling Will..."

The Omega writhed under the doctor, his limbs tense, his breath coming out in heavy pants. "Had all the time to come find me and do it-" Will snarled back, much more mouthy in his years.

The Alpha responded with a violent, snapping thrust, his large hands tugging into messy salt kissed curls. "While that is true, I am here *now*," Hannibal rasped, groaning out the words as his lips captured Will's for a bloody kiss. He didn't mind the mouthiness, found it only spurred him on, enticed him.

Will bit at Hannibal's lips, sucking the bottom one into his mouth, sharing the taste of blood with him as his chest heaved and panted. "I've had no one since you left…"

"Nor have I," Hannibal promised, with another biting kiss, pistoning into his beloved with rabid ferocity, grunting. It was so immense, what he felt for his mate, so pleasurable of an experience that he knew he would not last much longer without a fight to contain his release.

"Good-" the young man groaned, fire burning through his thighs, up his spine. "Harder…" He was so close he could taste, like tinged metal in the air, Hannibal's scent surrounding him.

Hannibal lifted Will's legs flush against his chest, gripping them and practically bending him in half as he pounded him so hard the headboard was hitting the wall, sweat dripping down his back. "Come for me, William."

Falling apart, Will tensed, throbbing around Hannibal's cock, pulsing floods of come down his erection. His head rolled back, mouth agape as he groaned.

"Beautiful," Hannibal murmured, bearing witness to the whole magnificent show. A few more thrusts and the Alpha was coming too, pushing his inflating knot inside, roaring as he shot rivers of hot seed inside his mate. "Will-"

Will gripped Hannibal tightly, knotted together for the first time in years. Will breathed raggedly, pulling Hannibal down to so their foreheads rested together. "Please don't leave me again, please. I won't survive another separation, Hannibal."

Hannibal wrapped his arms under Will's head, keeping them close, sharing air and gazing. Being knotted together, conjoining once more, was akin to holiness for the Alpha. Will was the only deity he needed. "Never, Mylimasis. I could not survive it either."

Will felt all the emotion he'd let pent up over the years start to well up inside of him, raw and uneven as his arms wrapped tightly around his Alpha. Will sobbed against Hannibal's throat.

"I apologize, dear boy," Hannibal whispered, leaning up to kiss the tears away from his mate. Tasting them. He found then, that his own eyes were damp with the profound emotion he felt. "I love you, and will cherish you until my last breath."

Will didn't take Hannibal's words to heart, after all he hadn't believed him that night when he wanted to run away with him, after everything, and left him anyway. So, Will was reluctant to believe. "Okay…"

Naturally, the doctor knew it would take time to completely mend the damages caused, but the important thing was they were working on it, and back together. With a gentle kiss on the empath's lips, Hannibal rolled them carefully onto their sides. "I will make sure my actions serve to be a proof of the words I've spoken."

Will was expecting heartbreak, for everything to disappear come morning, and this all be a very, very nice dream. "Where will we go?"

"Anywhere you would like. I could show you Florence, or Paris perhaps," Hannibal offered, kissing Will's cheeks and lips occasionally as they spoke. He would never let him go again, under any circumstances. He'd fill the graveyards with the bones of any who dared to attempt such a thing.

"Won't they be looking for you still?" Will asked, aware that he was now slipping into the night with Hannibal.

"Certainly, which is precisely why staying here, in the states, would be the least advisable location for me, or for us," Hannibal answered, taking a pause to consider everything. "Will you be needing to...bid your friend a farewell?"

"It's best I don't, I think," Will murmured, hooking his leg around Hannibal's hips as he watched him, eyes dry for now.

"I would have to agree," Hannibal murmured back, his fingers skating over the lean muscles of Will's thigh to his hip. He was quite relieved that his beloved did not wish to bid her farewell. In reality, it had saved her life.

"We've drifted to sea now anyway," Will whispered, gazing up close at the lines on Hannibal's face, and how much the years had taken from them both.

Hannibal found himself doing the very same thing, admiring the widened jaw, the maturity in Will's eyes. How the cannibal longed to reverse time, for their pup that was to be, and for the time lost. "Sailing off together into the unknown, at your side, I could not hope for a more wondrous adventure than that..."

"A new life together…" Will whispered, sighing contently, for now, letting the boat rock them as the dogs laid at their feet.

Chapter 14

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Chapter Notes

Now on to the happy endings!

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They went south to Bermuda, for now, and dropped off Will's boat to be sold, and then bought another, untraced, unseen, untracked. Will moved everything onto the new boat, larger and more suitable for traveling across seas.

Most of their time was quietly spent, Will at the helm, Hannibal at kitchen unit making meals, or reading. They didn't speak of their time apart much, Will decided he didn't like thinking about it, but when he was alone still, he felt the dull ache seep into his chest and heart, and squeeze until he was breathless. Nothing would ever fix the loss of that night, not even Hannibal.

Late the next afternoon, as the sun was setting, Hannibal walked out onto the deck, wearing brown trousers and a white shirt. A bit casual, appropriate for the temperature. He knew there were certain things he could never make up for, things he wished he could undo, but they could only move forward from here and take the steps needed to rebuild. For now though, he wouldn't dwell on anything other than this moment. The cannibal stood next to Will, leaning on the rail, glancing over at him. "You look especially handsome, in this light, Will."

Some years younger, Will might have taken the flattery and ran with it, but now as soiled as his heart and soul were, he didn't see a need to be so keen on it. He looked at Hannibal, their boat drifting along in the pale dusk, cascading orange and purple hues around them, rebounding off the silvery water.

"Thank you."

Hannibal nodded, his hand in his pocket, clutching to something, the other on the rail. Despite Will's shortness, Hannibal decided to proceed.

With the pretext of adjusting his shoe, the Alpha got onto his knee, fishing the black velvet box out and opening it up. Inside, a simple white and yellow gold band flashed brilliantly in the light. Bermuda did not have many options and he knew his Omega would not be keen on anything audacious.

"William...I realize this might not be the right time, but as we have decided we can not live without the other," he paused, clearing his throat and reaching to take his mate's hand. "I wonder if you would do me the honor of making our union official. Will you marry me, William?" His tone was soft, wrought with emotion as golden iris' peered up, hopefully into sea-blues.

“Marry you?” Will was shocked, to say the least, and stared at Hannibal in utmost horror. He’d been gutted and left for dead, abandoned, their unborn child murdered… They had just begun to sync back up and Hannibal wanted to marry him.

If Will were not weary with his years and hardships, he would have said yes in an instant. He didn’t see his life without Hannibal, but a marriage left no room for an Omega.

"Yes, that is my hope," Hannibal whispered. He knew it was a lot to ask and even if Will declined, it wouldn't change their lifelong bond, but he had said he would prove his words to his mate. This was the first step towards that, in his mind.

“I need to think on it,” Will whispered, tugging his hand free from Hannibal’s. Honestly, he was a few weeks off all his medication, his mind was a wiry mess, up and down with his hormones.

Hannibal closed the ring box with a snap and stood up. His feelings were bruised, understandably, but he'd known this might be a possible outcome. Either way, at least Will hadn't said no. "Absolutely, Will, take all the time you need." With that, he went back to looking out over the ocean, contemplating.

Younger Will would have died to make it up to Hannibal, but maturity had aged the young man and he no longer felt compelled to drive to Hannibal’s every whim of want or sadness. Their bond did tug on it, but Will had honed himself so well against it, being away from it so long, he resisted the urge to fold himself into Hannibal’s arms and give him the satisfaction of knowing he’d wrangled him back in so easily.

Will gutted the fish he caught that day and descaled them, leaving the guts to make new bait later, and then set the filleted fish in the small dish, buttering and salting them. He put it in a pan and started to make dinner for them both, for once.

Hannibal merely observed, thinking back to his boy, to when they'd met, the way they had chased each other around his home. A vast difference between then and now, but even still, he couldn't love the Omega before him any less. He was curious what other changes might have transpired in the years they'd been apart.

"It smells delightful, Will, thank you," the Alpha said, now sitting in one of the lounge chairs.

Will smiled a little, as the smell wafted through the open cabin door and out onto the deck. “It’s not much, thought maybe I’d make you something for once. I’ve learned to take care of myself,” he called out to the deck.

Hannibal smiled back, rising from his chair, having enjoyed the few moments of silent reflection, even if it wasn't altogether pleasant, and walked over to where Will stood. "I appreciate the courtesy, Mylimasis, I am confident it will be delicious." He looked at the fish, and it was to his liking, prepared in a similar method to how he might have done. "It would appear that you have."

Will looked at Hannibal out of the corner of his eye, spatula in one hand and the other snaked around Hannibal’s hip, tugging him closer as they were now closer in strength and girth, though Hannibal still had a few inches on him. He nestled his face into Hannibal’s neck, breathing in deeply as his scent roused a calm in him, staving off the horrid effect of the drugs as they dissipated from his system.

His mate's strength was impressive, to say the least, which was evident by the grin on his face. The Alpha wrapped possessive arms around his mate, taking care not to impede his cooking abilities and scented him back, his nose dragging along the lines of his neck. He felt soothed by his beloved, comforted in his arms, how peculiar it was to be on the other end of things. "You are phenomenal, Will."

Will flipped the fish once and let it cook, and then set a cover over the pan for the moment, setting the spatula down. He wrapped both arms around Hannibal's waist, clasped at his lower back. “I don’t feel it. I’ve felt dull and listless since the moment I woke in the hospital. Fragile, broken… completely shattered, only brushing the pieces under the rug, only to mend them back together with tape.”

"We will fill the cracks with gold, you deserve nothing less than that, Will," Hannibal promised, rubbing their noses together. He thought afterward that maybe even an innocent gesture such as that, could be unwanted, given his mate's change. He was now a man, albeit a young wounded one. Time would tell. "I do understand, it is to be expected...given everything, but I assure you the feeling will not last forever."

Will wanted to go back in time and fix it all, every day he wanted that. But, he could not. “Do you really want to marry me? Or is this just you trying to apologize?”

Hannibal too, felt himself wishing the same. It wasn't often he felt remorse, but he did indeed now. At Will's query, he peeked a brow, and caressed his cheek. "I want to marry you because I love you, and in all reality I had planned on proposing to you, those years ago, had we made it to Florence..."

“We could have. You only had to let me run away with you,” Will whispered, turning back to the fish and switched off the little stove. “I don’t even know what sex the pup was… it wasn’t even a pup yet…”

The doctor looked away, briefly, trying to keep from tearing up again at that. He'd unknowingly killed their child, a child he'd wanted very much in all honesty, but had never discussed it with Will given his young age. "I know...trust that I feel a profound sense of remorse, and grief. I-" he trailed off, a bit too choked up to even continue...a rarity for the cunning cannibal.

Hannibal didn’t get to grieve now, Will would not allow it, not when he had to do it alone. “And you still want to marry me knowing I can’t give you any other children?”

Hannibal had righted his stance, and controlled his emotions, something he was good at. More than that, the fault was his own. "Yes, I do, William. I did not choose you for you to be a pup making machine. I am with you, because you complete me and I would remind you that, there are always other methods which we could explore, later, should we decide to...

Will absently let his fingers of his free hand glide over his stomach, over his shirt, tracing the scar that went deeply into him. “Maybe.”

The Alpha's eyes followed Will's fingers. A part of the doctor liked knowing that his mate was marked in this way, but the other, did not, given the outcome. Still, he captured the Omega's hand, and brought it to his lips, turning it over to kiss there on the inside of his palm. "A maybe is more than sufficient an answer, Will."

Will sighed, heavily, resting their faces together. “I want things to be how they used to be.”

"When a teacup comes back together, it will be whole, as if it were new, but the cracks remain," Hannibal explained, still holding Will's hand but not pushing for more in this moment. He wanted to say how badly he longed for that very thing, but knew he needed to be strong, since it had been his fault for the most part. "That does not mean that it is any less beautiful, merely changed, and reinforced. Stronger, just as you have become."

“I'm sorry for everything. I've been sorry since the day abandoned…. Since the day you left me,” Will whispered, uneasily. “I wanted to impress and I wanted to do good, and it scared me when I figured out what--who-- you were.”

"Your actions, while unfortunate, are understandable. You were young. I, however, should not have acted as impulsively as I did, I admit I was wrought with grief," Hannibal explained, gently, searching those blue eyes that he loved so much with his own. "But you are not the one who needs to apologize. I am your Alpha, and I admit I did not behave as I should have."

People told Will often that a true Alpha would not have left him in the state he was in, that their bond would have prevented that. Will went through years telling himself that Hannibal never loved him, never wanted him, never intended to marry him or ever have a family with him. Why was he so quick to believe everything now?

Because, what choice did he have? They were bonded and Will loved him even still. Unconditionally.

“You wrecked me and yet I take you back. I must be a fool, or foolishly in love.”

Hannibal was different than the traditional Alpha in many ways, he had never expected Will to be nothing more than a broodmare or an Omega that stayed him to attend to his every whim and desire, he'd wanted an equal. It was that line of thinking, among other things that had caused him to leave his mate that horrific night. One thing was for certain though he loved his mate very much and wanted nothing more than to comfort him, take away the painful memories of the past.

“Betrayal and forgiveness, are often correlated to being in love and I love you, William. I often take leave of my senses when I am near you or even think of you.”

“Even though I am not the boy you left?” Will asked, with a sigh, looking at Hannibal up close.

“While I loved the boy you once were, I too, love the young man you have become and will continue to be,” Hannibal answered, peering into Will’s eyes. He placed his hand over his mate’s heart, feeling the thud of it under a more defined chest. He noted that even now it was as though both of their hearts were in sync, in their own identically different way. “What matters is what is inside you, and while you’ve changed, your heart still belongs to me, and mine to you.”

“True,” Will said, and kissed Hannibal. “Okay. I'll marry you.”

Hannibal smiled, all of his features brightening at that. He kissed Will again, wrapping his arms around him tight. “I cannot express my gratitude enough, Mylimasis.” He reached into his pocket, to remove the box once more, and opened it, taking Will’s hand, and sliding the ring on after that. “I will never fail you again.”

Will laced his fingers with Hannibal’s, clasping their hands together, palm-to-palm. Leaning into kiss Hannibal again, he felt his heart race as their lives were all but sealed together, fated, once again. “I hope not.”

Bringing both of Will's hands upwards, he kissed them both and then his lips once more. All they had now was time, time and each other; the doctor intended on making each moment count. "I would not dream of such a vile thing."

Will inhaled deep breaths of Hannibal’s scent, letting it sink in deep side of himself, able to really taste his scent now that he was fading off the medications. “I love you, Hannibal…”

"And I love you, Will," Hannibal promised, a large hand pressing firmly in the small of his mate's back, keeping them close. As they drank in the other's scent, and reconnected, the Alpha could not deny a feeling of peaceful euphoria that washed over him, leaving him practically breathless.

Will smiled a little more openly, and then turned again, in Hannibal’s arms, to plate the fish. “Hope you’re hungry.”

"I am, very much so" Hannibal answered, grinning and releasing his grip so Will could finish with the task unobstructed. "I must say it is a nice treat, having a meal prepared for me."

A laugh escaped Will's chest and he handed Hannibal a plate and fork, and dished prepared rice on to his plate. “It's not much.”

“Nonsense, from you it is everything,” Hannibal smiled, taking the plate and leaning down to take another sniff. It smelled and looked delicious. “Shall we eat inside or on deck?”

Will plated rice on his own and then lead Hannibal to the deck once more, taking a seat in one of the loungers, the dogs at their feet. “Here is fine.”

"Perfect," Hannibal nodded, and went to sit down next to Will, taking his fork in hand. For the Alpha things were coming back together, bit by bit, reforming what is and always has been his universe. "I admit I even missed these two creatures."

“They were taken care of by someone else for the few months I was in a coma,” Will blurted out. “They were confused for a while.” He cut into his fish, perfectly cooked, flakey.

"I see. However, I must confess, I did keep up on your progress, while you were in the hospital," Hannibal stated, quietly, sympathizing with his mate. He cut into his fish and brought it to his lips, taking a slow bite, letting the flavor fill his taste buds. After chewing and swallowing, he hummed. "Very good, William."

“I wish you’d’ve sewn me back together,” Will said, quietly, around another forkful, making himself eat as he had for years.

Hannibal tilted his head at that, and took a sip of wine, following with a bite of fish with some rice. "Yes, but the doctor who operated on you was highly regarded, nonetheless."

“He was. I’m still here anyway.” Will set his plate own for the dogs to finish his meal.

"For that, I am thankful," Hannibal said, pursing his lips a bit at Will's dining etiquette, but he didn't say anything. The doctor took a few more silent bites, until he too was finished. "Have you decided where you would like to go? Paris, Italy or elsewhere?"

“It doesn’t matter,” Will said, having had no one to share a meal with in a while, so he usually shared with the dogs. Molly didn’t count.

"Italy then, to start. I believe we will not be there for too long, and then I can show you Paris," Hannibal offered, observing Will's actions, his moods. He sat his plate down onto the table next to them and leaned back, a leg crossing elegantly over the other. "I want to make you happy, Will."

Happiness was not something Will had known for a long time. Years and year of built up depression and anxiety had lead him to hermit himself on the boat, away from everyone, making his gift truly intolerable to himself. He sighed heavily and looked out at the ocean. “I want that too.”

"It will take some time, but I assure you, it will happen," the Alpha stated, leaning over to pick up Will's now clean plate, and stacking it with his own. Given his Omega's need for solitude, he wanted to offer him some space for a bit. "I'll do the dishes. Would you like some more wine?"

Will nodded his head, since wine was all they had on board right now, having drank the last of the whiskey a few nights ago. “Please.”

With a nod, Hannibal took the plates into the kitchen and returned with the wine. He poured Will a glass and then refilled his own. "There we are, mylimasis. I won't be but a moment."

“Thanks.” Will laid back in the lounge chair and covered his eyes with one arm, holding the glass in the other near him, away from the dogs.

"Of course." Hannibal paused a moment, and ran his hand through Will's curls before walking into the kitchen. If only he had his medical bag with him, his medicine. Nonetheless, about fifteen minutes later he returned to the deck, wine bottle in hand, the kitchen now spotless. "How have you been sleeping?"

"I sleep with you,” Will said, a tad snarky, his wine gone.

Hannibal chuckled, just a little and poured himself and Will another glass of wine. "Yes...Allow me to rephrase. I meant, do you find yourself having more nightmares, than what I have been made aware of thus far? I am merely concerned for your well being, William."

“More? Sometimes. It’s weird waking up to you next to me, I panic, I get sent right back to that night,” Will admitted, the hum of alcohol pleasant in his veins.

Hannibal was starting to feel a bit more relaxed as well, having partaken a bit more wine than usual. Not drunk, but content. Reaching out, he placed his hand over the Omega's. "That too, shall pass."

Will turned his hand to snatch Hannibal’s, his ring glinting in the low setting sun. “And if doesn’t?”

"Then there are medications, I could administer, should you be agreeable," Hannibal offered, his eye catching the ring, which then elicited a small smile to play over his full lips. “Regardless, it is nothing that can not be remedied in one manner or another, dear Will.”

“Administer?” Will wrinkled up his nose at the thought. “I’ve been on enough medications, I don’t want more.”

"Very well. There are also a few techniques I could attempt, without the use of medicine, should you agree," Hannibal explained, rubbing his thumb over Will's band, meeting his line of sight. "The one I would prefer, once we are on land, is a sort of...rewind technique, or desensitization reprocessing. It is safe, and successes bordering on the miraculous have been made in the treatment of post-traumatic stress disorder, which is what I believe you to have."

Will rolled his eyes, he knew that already, he’d been diagnosed, he just didn’t see anyone for it. “I know what I have.”

"Be that as it may, I would still be more than willing to help you," Hannibal said calmly, sighing just a bit. "However, I will leave that up to you."

“Okay,” Will said, scooting over to make room for Hannibal with him. Honestly, the dread left him when Hannibal’s scent was more present.

Hannibal got up from his chair and say by Will, wrapping an arm around his mate, nosing his shoulder. He didn’t say anything, he just stayed close, gazing and scenting. In the end, *this* was all that mattered. Will wrapped his arms around his mate and hooked his leg over his hip. The only time he never thought about the past was when they were close like this, curled into one another.

"There are many things I wish to show you in Florence, William. So much beauty there," Hannibal murmured, his voice coming out in an almost purr as they stayed close. The waves rocked the boat just enough to add to the comfort of the moment, gentle tapping sprays at the bottom.

“I’m sure it’ll be great,” Will said, quietly, resting his head against Hannibal’s chest to listen to his heartbeat, still sure that one of these days he would wake in his own bed, alone again.

"So it shall, with you by my side," Hannibal remarked, gently, kissing Will's curls and not minding at all how they tickled his nose. Achilles wandered over, curiously, and tried to get up on the lounger with them, nudging Will's arm with a wet snout.

Will chuckled and smiled as he let the dog up against them, petting him. They always knew when Will needed them, great pets for therapy. “Where had you been when you were gone?”

Hannibal gave their dog a pat and looked back to Will, smiling for a moment. It was good to see his boy laughing, even if he was anything but a *boy*now. "I went to Italy, acquired a home. A home I very much wanted to bring you back to."

“Wanted?” Will asked, looking up at Hannibal, eyes bright and careful, watching his mate with a tentative eye.

"Yes, wanted in the sense that it was before I knew if you would agree to return with me," Hannibal began, leaning forward to kiss under Will's jaw. "But you have now, and thus I need not speculate further. It was always meant for us, darling Will...just as

we are meant for each other."

Will kissed Hannibal soundly for that, and then pushed him over so he could straddle his waist, gazing down at him. “Is it nice?”

Hannibal gripped Will's hips, bucking up into him once with a quiet grunt. "Yes. I believe it to be. It's much larger than the place in which we resided previously. I made sure there would be ample room for the dogs."

“Can we get more dogs?” Will asked, sitting over Hannibal’s groin, hips touching as he wiggled down on him, feeling much more playful, as though loosening up around Hannibal brought him right back to being years younger.

With a subtle cant of his head, and snarl of pleasure, Hannibal looked back into Will's eyes, relishing the feel of his heat atop him. Truthfully, he did not mind getting more dogs, if it satisfied his mate. "Yes, certainly. If that is what you wish, William."

“I think it’s what I’m allowed after all,” Will crooned, rubbing his hands up Hannibal’s chest slowly.

"You may have anything that your heart desires, mylimasis," Hannibal whispered, huskily, his hands sliding up Will's sides and back down again.

Will smirked, slyly, and then rolled his hips against Hannibal’s. “Good. I want at least five more.”

Hannibal's breath caught a little a that, his eyes closing for a only a second before he tugged Will down by the nape of his neck. The next words were bitten into his Omega's mouth. "Still quite cunning, aren't you, Will." A statement more than a question, as he snapped his hips up again, harder, breathing a bit heavier. "Five, then."

Will groaned, a low mewling noise as he scratched his hands up and under Hannibal’s shirt, down his hips where he undid his pants. “Promise?”

"Yes, I promise," Hannibal breathed out, running his tongue along the part of Will's lips, veiny hands cupping his jaw. He was very hard, clear beads of pre-come dripping from the tip making his scent that much more pungent.

Will got between Hannibal's legs, and nosed against his cock, sucking the tip into his mouth. He hadn't done this in years, and Hannibal tasted better than he remembered.

Hannibal took a hold of Will's messy curls, gently, resisting the urge to buck up. His beloved's mouth felt like home wrapped around his bulbous, leaking tip. "Mm. William..."

Will slurped and sucked, tugging on Hannibal’s balls as he took him down, over and over again, tasting every last milked drop of precome he could get. He popped off, panting, jaw aching. “Daddy…” he whispered, meeting Hannibal’s eyes.

Reeling from his mate's ministrations, Hannibal growled, licking his lips hungrily. He sat up, and quickly started to undo Will's pants, sliding his own off after that. "Do you want Daddy to *fuck* you now, hm?" the Alpha rasped, fiery eyes meeting sea-blues.

Will’s eyes went dark with lust, spreading rapidly, as he kicked off his shorts and crawled over Hannibal once more, and sunk down over his cock. “Yes.”

Hannibal let out a long breathy groan, and hastily tugged off Will's shirt, and then his own, hands scrambling for purchase on his Omega's skin. He stayed sitting up, for now, and caught a plush lower lip between his razor-like teeth, drawing the empath's blood.

Will’s torso flexed as he rode the doctor, hips gyrating and rolling against Hannibal’s cock, taking him in until his whole body felt on fire with lust. “I missed you…”

"And I missed you, Will, terribly..." Hannibal panted, angling his hips up to get deeper inside, and press against the almond shaped pleasure gland there. Fingers found their way to Will's cock, encasing it, and thumbing over the slit to make for a slicker glide.

The scar over Will’s belly tensed with every roll of hips he made, not thinking about the line as he fucked Hannibal, wanting nothing more than to feel his mate’s cock spurt and coat him from the inside out. “Please don’t leave me again…” he panted.

Hannibal's hand slid from Will's hip, up his body and to his jaw in one languid movement. He glanced, briefly at the scar but quickly recaptured his Omega's hypnotic gaze, groaning and cupping his beautiful face. The other hand still worked his mate's cock as he leaned forward to kiss him slowly, sharing breath, hearts beating as one. "I will never leave you. Even death could not keep us apart,” he promised, heat beginning to spread through his body, and to his groin.

Will’s head lolled back on his neck, feeling every nerve in his body heat and explode at once, ready to come right then and there. His hands went to Hannibal’s throat, thumbs pressing into his pulse tightly. “Good.”

Something about feeling Will's hand on his throat, pressing there, incited a dark primal instinct. He leaned into it, pressing throat to palm and bucked up, his knot pushing in, and inflating, cock spurting out gobs of hot seed. "Will-"

Gasping and moaning, Will’s tightened his grip as he came, shaking with primal need, his fingers finally lifting away. His cock leaked out onto Hannibal’s stomach and fingers between them, panting and all but falling apart.

Hannibal released Will’s cock and brought his hand to his mouth, licking his mate’s taste off with a hum. He wrapped strong arms around him after that and pulled him in for a slow passionate kiss. Will groaned again into the kiss, content now and heavy limbed.

The Alpha leaned back and guided Will with him so he could be more comfortable as they lay locked together. “My William...I do treasure you and count myself as fortunate that you have given me the opportunity to show you just how much.”

“I trust you won't let me down this time,” Will said, carefully, laying over Hannibal.

“I assure you, that will not be the case, Mylimasis,” Hannibal said, kissing the words into his mate’s succulent mouth.

Chapter 15

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Weeks were spent on the boat until they finally docked on in Italy, paying to have the boat watched after and space used for it in case Will wanted to fish again, though he was sure he could find small patches of water to do the same. They gathered the dogs and their small amount of things into the cab and Will watched the city through the window quietly.

"Beautiful, is it not?" Hannibal asked, taking Will's hand into his own. It was good to be back, he felt a sort of peace in Florence, especially with his mate at his side.

Will shrugged, it was unlike any place he'd ever been before. "It's beautiful."

"Indeed it is," Hannibal answered, although this time he wasn't referring to the city as his eyes flitted over Will's strong jaw, his side profile.

Will looked over at Hannibal, curls in his eyes once more, longer now than when he had seen Hannibal last years ago. "Where do we live?"

The Alpha brushed an errant curl from Will's eyes, wetting his lips before speaking. "Campo di Marte, it is secluded and yet still offers stunning views of the city, and provides more than ample access to the the arts."

No idea where that was, Will nodded, and looked back out the window. "Your sort of thing."

"We are not far from home now, and you will learn your way around soon enough. It is relatively close to several things that might be of interest to you as well. A park for walking the dogs, fishing close to that," Hannibal explained, watching as the cabbie turned onto their street.

"Fishing?" Will perked up, a brow raised over at Hannibal curiously.

"Yes, I had you in mind when I purchased the villa," Hannibal pointed out, smiling over at Will. "Something for us both there."

So long as Will had the dogs and fishing, he'd find a way to be happy here. He'd been unhappy for so long that he was sure it wouldn't be too difficult. "Can't wait to see it then."

Hannibal kissed Will's hand and nodded, pleased that his mate seemed happy. A few minutes later and they arrived, the Alpha paying for the fare and getting out to unload the bags while Will wrangled the dogs.

The villa was ivory, three stories tall, with a large courtyard inside of the u-shaped building. Bags in hand, Hannibal started to walk towards the entrance. "I hope it will be to your liking."

"As do I," Will quipped, and walked the leashed dogs toward the villa, one of his own bags over his shoulder.

Hannibal chuckled at that, and sat his bags down to unlock the door, opening it for his beloved. "After you..."

Will stepped in, letting the dogs off the leashes as they ran throughout, sniffing everything. Will put his bag down in the foyer, and meandered through the large villa. "Bigger than our old house…"

"I did warn you on the boat that is was quite larger," Hannibal stated, watching Will and the dogs explore. He remembered then, that soon, there would be five more. "Are you hungry? Or would you like to explore the city? We may do whatever you wish."

The whole thing felt surreal all the sudden, like his mind wasn't quite there as he touched the marbled counter tops in the kitchen, walking them silently. He only barely heard Hannibal, but it didn't register right away. "Hm?"

After setting his bags down, Hannibal trailed after Will, his hands in his pockets. At the lack of attention, he canted his head, curiously. "What is on your mind, Will?" he asked, leaning against the counter.

Will smiled at Hannibal a little shyly, and then turned to wrap his arms around him. Sometimes he found himself just outside of his own mind, wandering, dissociating. He grounded himself to the moment, and nuzzled against Hannibal's scent gland. "Nothing."

Hannibal held him, and let it go for now. It was a lot of changes after all, which the psychiatrist understood. "As you say, William," he crooned, scenting him. "I had inquired what you wish to do. If you were hungry, or if you wanted to explore the city. Of course alternatively, we could do neither."

"If I were hungry we'd still need to set out to explore," Will said, aware there'd be no fresh food in the house.

Hannibal nodded at that, and kissed Will's brow, running through a list of everything they would need for themselves as well as the dogs. "We do need to do a bit of shopping, yes."

"Let's do that then," Will suggested, killing two birds with one stone.

The doctor nodded, again, and released Will, grabbing his keys and pocketing his phone. "It is fortunately a stunning day for such an outing."

"Do you have a car, or are we walking?" Will emptied his pockets of things he didn't need, swapping out old license and such for the things Hannibal had given him for his new identity.

"I have a car, certainly, but I thought a walk might be nice. Some fresh air to clear the mind, yes?" Hannibal suggested, watching Will as he emptied his pockets. Luckily, there were many stores in close proximity. "We could bring the dogs if you'd like, stop by the park."

Will smirked at the mention of a park, and nodded. He whistled for the dogs and leashed them once more. "That'd be nice."

"Very well, Mylimasis." Hannibal walked with Will and the dogs through the house, locking it afterward. It was a bright and clear day, warm but with a cool breeze blowing through the trees.

"Do people know you here? Do I need to call you something else?" Will asked, as they walked, the day bright but not too warm.

"Doctor Roman Fell," Hannibal answered, quietly, as they strolled. "I have a acquired a few people I socialize with, none of which I consider to be friends and most of whom I've met from my time working as curator at the Capponi Library."

"So, I'm Michael Fell?" Will asked, knowing they weren't technically married yet, but they were mated, it wasn't unlikely he could have taken Roman's name.

"Precisely," Hannibal said, looking over at Will, admiring him with worshipful awe. "Michael is a holy name. It means he who is like God. I thought it appropriate for you."

“It’s fine.” Will smiled over at Hannibal as they walked, the dogs sniffing out all the new things, clearly glad to be off the water and on land once more.

Hannibal smiled back, looking at the dogs for a moment before wrapping his arm around Will's shoulder, gesturing towards the park. "The park first, hm? Then we will stop by the market."

“Get it out of their system,” Will agreed, taking in the smells that were not the ocean or dirty puppy potty grass on the deck.

"Yes, and likewise this way we do not have to keep them away from the food we purchase," Hannibal added, winking. "You look breathtaking here, in this setting, William."

“Thank you, *Roman*,” Will said with a little smirk as he walked the dogs into the park, and let them off the leash to sniff around and play with the other dogs.

Naturally the doctor had checked to make sure no one was around to hear them but still, he offered Will a little smirk back delighting in his sassy nature. "You're quite welcome, *Michael*."

Will reached for Hannibal’s hand, getting a downwind sniff of his scent, which only made him wander ever closer, leaning in against him. His body was finally ridding the last of all his medications, and with it he could feel the first heat in years starting to come on.

Hannibal angled his head towards Will, his nostrils expanding as he took in a deep breath. How he'd missed that decadent aroma. The Alpha all but purred right there, leaning over to kiss his lips and pull him even closer, flush against each other’s bodies. “You smell intoxicating, dear boy. Truly.”

“Finally detoxed,” Will said, flushed hot and blushing just under his curls, down his neck and the small sliver of skin his shirt showed.

"Mm, and I am grateful for it," Hannibal said, his voice an octave deeper, his eyes roving over his mate. He was aware then, that the beginnings of his rut was being triggered by Will's pheromones and scent.

Will scented Hannibal, and then kissed him passionately, gripping his hands into his shirt, keeping him close. “Same.”

Hannibal twirled his tongue along with Will's, swallowing the word and backing him against the big shady tree with a low growl. "I want nothing more than to take you, here and now."

As much as Will wanted their first heat and rut together to be special, as it had been years ago, Will couldn’t deny his Alpha. “We’ll get knotted and stuck here…” he whispered.

"Home, then?" Hannibal breathed out, his skin beginning to burn, his knot throbbing in his trousers. He also wanted it to be special, but the desire was rapidly turning him into a beast. There wasn't much time before he would take him here.

They’d be knotted together for a while, nothing like their mating when they weren’t in heat or rut. “Pull out?”

Hannibal cupped Will’s jaw and leaned in to give him a reverent breathy kiss. “I feel you deserve better than that, but I leave it up to you.” He wanted Will, obviously, and badly, but he also wanted to show his mate that he saw him as an equal. It would be left up to Will this time. “Home is not far, or we can do as your suggested, mylimasis.”

His heat was not setting in full yet, they had some time, and it would only build up that much more. “Let’s get our errands done… quickly.”

An audible click was heard as Hannibal swallowed thickly, head nodding slowly. It would be much better at home, than out here, given the time of day especially. "Yes, agreed, Will."

Will kissed the doctor again, and then pulled out from under his weight and the tree, and called for the dogs, leashing them back, and then started back the way they came, his scent wafting through the air behind him.

Hannibal held Will's free hand, possessively as they walked. It was only natural for the Alpha to be even more protective given his Omega's heat. He lead them to the market, that was near by, and started collecting some fresh vegetables. "Is there, anything you need?"

Will offered Hannibal a sultry look over his shoulder. “Just you,” he said, and put some fruit in the basket, some French bread and honey, too.

"Likewise," the Alpha answered, narrowing his eyes seductively and licking his lips. They'd collected enough things for now, and could always come back later. As such he started towards the cashier, dogs wagging their tails and sniffing around. "I believe we are good to go..."

Will waited outside with the dogs, so they weren't bothering anyone. Hannibal finished checking out and rejoined Will, holding the bags as they started back for home.

The walk was mostly spent with Hannibal trying to keep down his impulses, the rut growing stronger by the minute. His skin burned and heart raced, muscles seeming to engorge and swell. Finally they made it back, and the Alpha walked with a bit more haste than usual, keys all but fumbling in need shaken hands as he unlocked the door.

Will let the dogs off the leash and then fed them, quickly, slipping off his boots by the back door as Hannibal put the food away so it wouldn't spoil. Will was not a young boy anymore, but a young man, but something about his heat made him feel ever younger again. He wrapped his arms around Hannibal from behind, biting his shoulder.

"D'you remember the time you belted me over the kitchen table?"

Hannibal leaned back, and canted his head to look at Will. "I do... it is an image I could not forget, among others," he murmured, turning around to face his mate properly, his hands going right to his ass which he kneaded roughly.. His shoes had long since been left at the door, next to Will's boots, suit coat hung up. "I would very much enjoy doing so again, at some point, should you wish me to."

"You should do it again, now," Will suggested, hungry for the brutality of his mate, the very thing he'd been missing for years in his mundane existence without Hannibal.

"Mm, you are a naughty boy," Hannibal hissed, his pointed teeth flashing white. The doctor was more than happy to comply. Which he then proved by leaning down to bite into Will's neck, his fingers gliding around from his ass to the front of his mate's pants to undo the fly. Once he'd undone them, he walked his Omega backwards, in an almost menacing way, eyes blown black with feral want.

Will let himself be lead, watching Hannibal's eyes as they started to breathe together, syncing up, as one. "I am, daddy, for you."

"Good," Hannibal grinned, dark and sensual. He followed the sentiment with a bite of his Omega's lips, enough to draw blood. Ravenously, the cannibal sucked it into his mouth, his hands tugging down Will's pants once they bumped into the table.

The boy let out groan, ass hitting the table first as he kicked off his jeans, toeing off his socks in the process. He pulled Hannibal in, kissing him deeply, undoing the belt on his pants, sliding it out and handing it to his Alpha.

After kissing his boy, Hannibal took the belt, and gave it a snap. So enchanting was the sound of the leather cracking and filling the air around them. "Over the table, just how daddy likes," he instructed, tone deep as veiny hands gripped tightly around his belt.

Will turned, hands on the table, and bent over the table, ass out. "Like this?"

"Perfect...yes," Hannibal answered, gripping himself through his slacks. He trailed the looped leather down Will's back, counting the vertebrae as he went along before stopping at the small of his back. It was then that he raised his hand, fingers curled around the belt and cracked it down against the boy's soft creamy cheek. "Beautiful-"

Will groaned, toes curling into the floor as his head dropped, blissfully. "Oh…" he gasped, biting his lower lip.

The Alpha ran his hand over Will's welting flesh, a finger dragging between his slick cheeks. Once again he lowered the belt, a bit harder this time, a thin line of blood left in its wake. "Do you want more, my exquisite boy?" he growled, leaning over him and speaking the words into his ear.

To feel anything but the numbness and emptiness he had for years was the most pleasurable thing he'd ever had. Will nodded. "Please, daddy."

"Good, so obedient for me," Hannibal praised, kissing the small of Will's back, noticing how his skin was pinking beautifully as he righted his posture. With this the leather snapped through the air, striking the Omega's ass hard, cracking loudly. "I am going to administer three more, back to back, do keep still..."

Will sucked in deep breaths, fingers curled into the other side of the table to leverage himself, to take the next three the best he could. "Yes, sir…" His taut body trembled, just a little.

Inhaling sharply through his nose, sweat beading on his tawny skin, Hannibal began to count. One by one, in rhythmic succession he went, not stopping to soothe the skin. The beast was out of its cage, and it was *hungry*. So much so that the blows were rough, red welts rising everywhere they struck, blood beginning to drip a bit more.

Chest heaving, Hannibal stopped, fingertips trailing lightly over his mate's crimson flushed cheeks. "You did well, William. I'm very pleased."

Tears pricked Will’s eyes, but he kept his head down, rolling hips back into the touch, no matter how much it hurt. The pain was better than the alternative of nothing, in fact, he loved it. “Thank you…” he whispered.

Where his touch had been brutal, it was now soft, loving--such was his nature. Hannibal stooped down, his tongue lathing over the cuts, licking the blood and working his way to his boy's twitching hole. "Well behaved boys get a reward..." he murmured and then dove in, spearing him deep, slick collecting onto his tongue in the most decadent of ways.

Pain turned to pleasure, and Will groaned loudly as his whole body turned to fire, like lava through his veins. Slick spilled from him, despite no longer being able to carry a child, everything else worked perfectly well. “Daddy…”

Fingers dug into Will's cheeks, spreading them wide as the Alpha devoured him like a starving man. A part of the cannibal wanted to stand up and fuck the Omega harder than he'd ever been fucked before, but control was held for the time being. Wanting to pleasure his mate, make him shiver and writhe with unspeakable desire, Hannibal inserted two thick fingers, lapping around them as they probed deep. "My boy..."

Will turned into a puddle of molten lava on the table, all but spreading himself out over it, curling one knee up and under him to spread his ass, to get more of Hannibal inside of him, writhing under his ministrations. “Hannibal, fuck… please.”

The Alpha bit at the inside of Will's cheek, and pulled his fingers out, sucking them clean before he stood up. He could not deny either one of them what they longed for anymore. Quickly, he undid his pants and slid them off, laying them over the chair, pumping his cock. Wordlessly, he lined the tip up with the Omega's drenched pucker and pushed in, groaning at the constriction. "I could indulge on your body for hours, Will."

“We have a week of this,” Will groaned, turning his head to look at Hannibal, eyes pricked red but dark with lust. “Pace yourself.”

"I do not lack the potential or the stamina to keep you *beyond* satisfied, I assure you," Hannibal murmured, each word punctuated with a low grunt and snap of his hips. “It will be my pleasure to fulfill both of our needs, mylimasis.”

Will smirked, and then dropped his head to the table, hands seeking purchase to give Hannibal something to push in on, to rut back, needy. “Show me.”

A challenge. Hannibal did enjoy those. The Alpha gripped Will's hips, pads digging into soft flesh, and started to fuck harder into his mate, breath coming quick. As he pounded, the table gave way, only moving bit, but enough to knock the expensive flower vase onto the floor, shattering, water dripping down. "Tell me then, is this what you desire? Shall I give more?"

“I want everything,” Will gasped, pushing up on his hands to arch back against his mate, taking him to the hilt every time, hitting that sweet spot enough to boost heated pleasure through his veins.

"You shall have that, and more," Hannibal promised, bending at the knees to get a better angle as he thrust relentlessly, balls slapping. "I love you, my perfect William...I would give you the world, if you asked. Every soul inside of it."

The boy’s eyes roll as he pants, harder, sure that his heart is going to beat right out of his chest at any moment. “Bite me, claim me.”

Hannibal didn't respond verbally, and instead guided Will up against his chest, hands holding his hips. With this he leaned forward and bit down hard on his boy's mating gland, popping flesh and reopening the wound with a loud feral growl while he drove into him violently.

“There-” Will groaned, softly, and then louder as the ache bled through his skin and bones, heart beating faster. He reached to hold Hannibal’s head there, hot white heat bursting through him.

The doctor continued pounding as he drank his beloved's sweet essence, deeply, right from the source. Hannibal could feel their bond strengthening again, tighter than before. "William...*My*William."

Shivering, Will came in droves suddenly, hot and fast, gasping and dripping down Hannibal’s cock. “Alpha… my Alpha… Hannibal-”

The constriction was enough to send Hannibal right behind his mate, body shaking, and pulse racing as come shot from his cock like a bolt of lightning. The knot inflated then, tying them together blissfully. "Aš myliu tave amžinai...I will love you, eternally."

Will reached behind him and held Hannibal right there by the hip, sighing heavily with contentment. “I love you, Hannibal.”

Hannibal hummed, and peppered kisses along Will's spine, over each notch, breaths coming out hot and ragged. Gently, he turned them around so that his Omega could rest against his thighs while relaxing on the table's edge, arms going around his waist lovingly.

Chapter 16

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

The days and weeks to come went fast, and Hannibal and Will were nearly inseparable. The time did come that Hannibal had to keep up appearances, and Will was left to his own vices. Fishing and taking the dogs for runs, of which there were still just two, and that was fine. Many eyes were drawn to the young Omega, but on seeing his ring and his mating scar, many let him be. All but one that kept pestering him out on the docks, every day that Will went. It was fine to start, but the longer it went on, the more annoyed Will became.

How many times would he have to say it?

Today was no different. Damon had just finished tying off his boat when he saw Will approach. *Mm. Right on time*, he thought to himself. The Alpha brushed his jet black hair back with one hand, his tattooed jacket clad arm flexing as he did, and walked over towards the beautiful young Omega.

"You know, I haven't ever caught your name, good looking..." Damon grinned, inhaling Will's scent, his tall and muscular form silhouetting in the sunlight.

No matter how rude and uninterested Will had been toward the Alpha, Damon never took a hint. Or he didn't care. Will rolled his eyes. "And you never will." The Omega set up his fishing lines where he sat on the dock.

Damon laughed at that. He really liked the fiery spirit in this one. "I've seen your...Alpha, you know. Old man couldn't possibly be making you happy," Damon crooned, leaning against the railing, blue eyes all but burning holes into the boy.

Will shot a menacing, narrowed eyed look at the man, listing off a million ways in his mind of how they might prepare this one's heart. "He's not old. Just older than me. It doesn't matter."

"You say that probably because you've never experienced anything better," Damon pointed out, licking his lips. "Look, I'm not trying to take you from him. You're mated, but that doesn't mean we can't have some *fun*...you can shower afterward, he'll *never*know."

Will canted his head a little, thoughtfully. Clearly nothing he said was going to stick, so, he would have to play this another way. He tied off some string on the rods and then used his knife to cut the ends. “He has a keen sense of smell not like other Alphas.”

"Well, you could shower, or we could, then maybe take a dip in the water here. You'll smell more like fish," Damon suggested, not relenting in the least. Which was evident when he extended his hand to gently grip Will's bicep. "Just one drink in my boat? Promise I'll make it pleasurable, baby boy."

“What makes you think I’m interested?” Will asked, looking at the man’s hand on his arm. Will was built a little larger than most Omegas, but he was also a male Omega, making him rare to begin with, which he knew was why Damon was after him.

"Why wouldn't you be?" Damon answered, squeezing Will's muscle once more before removing it and placing it in his black leather jacket pocket. It wasn't overly cold but the ocean air provided a cool breeze--enough to warrant the jacket.

Will enjoyed the breeze, unlike his home of New Orleans, it was nice, not muggy. “Because I happen to have a mate and more than satisfied. What do you have to offer that I don’t get now?”

Damon ran his tongue along his pearly white teeth, which turned into a grin, his head tilted to the side just so. "Some things are better left *shown* than told. Come on, just one drink. You seem like you are a bit...tight. A drink might help you loosen up a bit." Among other things, he thought to himself.

“Help me move my rods to my boat first?” The Omega asked, gathering a few of the ones he’d finished, and walked them toward his smaller boat to stash them away.

"It would be my pleasure, baby boy," Damon answered, and walked over to pick up the remaining poles, following the young Omega closely. “Tell me how you want it...them.”

“Just on my boat for later,” Will said, and set his things down. He offered the other man a coy smile. “Your boat then?”

Damon nodded, a charming smile still spreading across his full lips. He sat the poles down on the boat, and placed his hand on the small of Will's back. "Yeah, sweetheart, let's go."

“My name is Michael,” Will finally said, giving the man a look as they walked back to his boat, one hand in his pocket, fiddling with his knife.

"Damon," The Alpha said back, casting a look over at his prize for the evening. He'd show him just what he'd been missing out on, being mated to such an old washed up has been Alpha like the boy's mate. Damon stepped onto his boat and held out his hand for the Omega. "Right this way, Michael."

Will knew his name, he made it a point of knowing everyone in town they’d run into. Will took his hand, trying to hold down the cringe he felt, and then stepped down into the boat. “Nice boat.”

"Thanks," Damon winked, letting go of the Omega’s hand to take off his leather jacket, revealing a black wife beater and ripped arms underneath. "Make yourself at home. What do you drink, sweetheart? I have whiskey, vodka, and beer."

“Wine usually, but whiskey is fine,” Will said, looking around, taking it all in, one thing at a time. He had to precise in this.

"Sure, anything you want, baby boy," Damon said, and walked over to the bar and pulled out two tumblers. He poured them each two fingers and walked back over, handing one to Will. "You should have a seat." The Alpha gestured to the black leather couch. He wasn't rich like Hannibal but he held his own.

“Do you live here?” Will asked, sitting down with the drink, nursing it mostly. He needed his wits about him.

Damon took a large swig of his and sat right down next to Will, placing his hand on the other's knee. "I do, sold my house and decided I'd have an adventure. You like adventure, don't you? You seem the type that might..."

“I sailed from Baltimore to the Florida Keys once, lived on my boat there with my dogs,” Will said, sipping his drink.

"Did you? With your Alpha or?" Damon asked, arching a brow, his hand inching up Will’s thigh just a little bit at a time. His other held his drink, which he raised to his lips to take another drink.

“Alone,” Will eluded, blinking big blue eyes up at Damon.

Damon finished his drink off and leaned forward to set it down on the coffee table. "Sounds like a piece of shit Alpha. If you were mine, you would*never* be alone," he said, his tone low and seductive. The Alpha cupped Will's jaw, and started moving in, testosterone wafting in the air, a growl rumbling up from his chest. "You can be mine though, if not by bond, then in practice..."

Will's bond made it especially hard to even want another, but his was more controlled now than he used to be, and his scent didn't even give off any unusual emotion or smell. He drank another sip and then set it down on the table near him, hand pressed against Damon's chest, over his heart. "An affair?"

"Yes, that is what I had in mind," Damon murmured, wetting his lips. He was too blinded by his own primal need to notice anything else. He brought his other hand up to Will's groin, cupping it, to prove his intentions. "For one night, or many, but I'd prefer the latter since I can tell you'll be a lot of fun."

"Oh can you?" Will groaned, faking every last sound, one hand in his own pocket, flicking the knife out. "What else can you tell?"

Damon ate it up like candy. In his mind, of course 'Michael' wanted him, as many Omega's did. "That you'll be screaming my name here in a few minutes," he whispered, gripping a bit more and then closed the gap to press his lips roughly against Will's.

As their lips met, Will let the blade slip just between Damon's ribs, then out again, and up further as the shock of it set in. Damon's eyes went wide with confusion, their lips still connected when he felt the knife. He barely had time to think. Finally, the last blow was to the jugular, deep in his pulse, as blood sprayed across Will's face and chest. At the last stab, the Alpha let out a blood gargled groan and slumped over onto Will.

The Omega pushed him off, and quickly got to work.

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Night had fallen by the time he managed to get everything cleaned up, and no one was out and about the docks anymore. Will dragged the body home by a tarp, making it look like a load of fish heavy won in a day of fishing. Once home, He tugged the body up onto the table, and left it there as a prize well earned.

Hannibal had worked later than usual this evening, cataloging some new and rare pieces that were to be displayed. He arrived home, and took off his jacket, hanging it up. Pausing, he lifted his head up, scenting the air, detecting a change.

"William?" The doctor called out, loafers clacking on the floor as he walked into the dining room, following the scent of blood. At last the cannibal feasted his eyes on the body that was on the table, a swell of pride residing within them. "It would appear as though you caught quite the spectacular fish today."

"One that had been swimming around my boat and dock for a while now," Will said. He still had tiny flakes of flood in his hair, but for the most part, cleaned up. "He lived on a boat, so i set it out to sea."

Hannibal circled the table, eyeing the Alpha that dared to think he could take a bite of his Will. He wanted to kill him all over again, but was very delighted that his vicious boy had done so and all on his own. "The bird has flown from his nest and brought back supper without any help. You have done well, Will."

Tired, Will leaned into Hannibal, wrapping arms around him. "I'll help you this time take him apart."

Wrapping his arms around in turn, Hannibal scented him, humming his approval. "I can feed the caterpillar, I can whisper through the chrysalis, but what hatches follows its own nature and is beyond me..."

"Is this how you feel? Elated and relieved? When you kill?" Will asked, quietly, canting his head upward to gaze at Hannibal.

"I often think of God when I kill, his power, it feels good to God. So yes, elation and relief are present," Hannibal answered, cupping below Will's ear, over his strong jaw. He kept his eyes on his Omega's, his own all but twinkling with love and pride. "Tell me, what was rattling around in the bone arena of your mind, when you slaughtered your lamb?"

"How much he disgusted me, and saw me a thing to be won over. He didn't know me, he didn't want to," Will whispered, shifting his jaw.

"And now he never will, though you did give him a taste when you plunged your blade into his flesh," Hannibal murmured, breathing through his nose and leaning in to kiss Will's lips softly. "I would like to prepare a feast for you."

"Let me help?" Will asked, against Hannibal's mouth, eyes hooded and dark, he wanted nothing more than to let Hannibal devour him first, but the body needed taking care of.

Hannibal, likewise, wanted the same but the body first was the wisest choice. The Alpha kissed him once more and then released his hold, turning next to look over the corpse. "Yes, please, William."

“What can I do?” Will wasn’t sure how this worked, he hadn’t done much with the last body they killed together, as he thought the idea of it had been… horrific, even if relieving.

"I suggest we move him into the cellar, I have a saw that will aid us in dismembering him," Hannibal explained, contemplating which parts he might serve them for dinner. As he did, he also thought back to how Will had handled this so far, very impressive. "Sending off his boat was excellent. They will assume he fell overboard and left the boat go adrift."

“Exactly,” Will said, moving to pull the body back off the table and down onto the ground, to drag, too heavy for himself to carry alone without doing as much. “I hope I haven’t damaged the meat with the punctures.”

Hannibal, naturally, was going to assist his boy. As such, he walked over and picked up half of the corpse into his strong arms with a grunt. "I will examine further once we get him into the cellar."

Finally after a few minutes, they had both carried what was once Damon down into the cellar and placed him onto the metal table there. Hannibal took off the tarp and began cutting off his clothing, piece by piece until it was removed, leaving the corpse nude. They would be burned, of course, along with the unwanted parts of the body. With gloved hands, Hannibal sliced open the body and felt around inside, his eyes looking at Will as he did. "You did not damage anything I intend to keep, Mylimasis."

“Good,” Will said, watching Hannibal and assisting where he could. “What parts don’t we keep?”

Hannibal removed his hand and handed Will a handsaw before placing his hand back inside of the cavity to remove the liver, heart and kidneys. A feast indeed. "Everything but the organs I have removed, unless you wish to keep something? You can start by removing his head, and arms, if you'd like."

“I just… saw into the bone?” Will asked, not wanting to make more of mess than necessary.

There were drains on the floor, and the room would be sterilized afterward. "Yes, if you wish or you can observe and I will attend to it, I leave it up to you but there is much that can be learned by taking apart flesh. It is symbolic in the sense that, one must destroy in order to create."

“I got it,” Will said, and started with the hands, sawing into them, inelegantly, and then the feet and finally the head, cringing as he looked down at the man who fondled him earlier before meeting his fate. “I hope you are not angry I lead him on to get to this point,” he confessed.

Hannibal was wrapping up the meat, watching Will out of his periphery but looked at him completely when the boy said that. "How far did you lead him, dear boy?" he asked, holding Damon's warm heart in his hand, a bloody knife in the other. He wasn’t mad, not yet, it depended on how far the line had been cast, so to speak.

“He touched me. I stabbed him when he tried to kiss me,” Will said, his voice growing quieter, afraid of Hannibal’s wrath, that sinking feeling in his gut like when Will betrayed him.

The Alpha picked up the fear and sat down the organ and the knife, removing his gloves after that. He approached Will and leaned down to kiss his lips, softly. "I am not angry with you, you did exactly as I would have hoped you would."

“I didn’t want him to touch, I didn’t want him at all,” Will insisted, lips quivering against Hannibal’s, as he tried to calm himself.

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will and pressed his nose along the mating gland there, emitting soothing Alpha hormones to calm his mate. "I know, shh, it's alright, William. You used your cunning to reel him in. It is something you may be able to utilize in the future, should you choose to."

Hannibal not being angry or jealous left Will with nothing but his own guilt, which quickly subsided. “Y-you’d be okay with that?” He nosed against Hannibal's gland in return, breathing deeply. Since the day he had figured out who Hannibal was, Will had wondered how best to become one with his mate, and he finally felt they were merging completely.

“Of course, as long as it is only a hunting tactic,” Hannibal assured, closing his eyes to relish the feel of his mate needing him and seeking him for comfort. It was beautiful. He opened his eyes and scented him back, purring affectionately.

“Only ever you,” Will whispered, taking in Hannibal’s scent with long, deep breaths, until he was calm, and more himself.

Hannibal hummed at that, holding Will like he might never let him go. Their love was a very profound thing. "Good, Mylimasis. I hope you know that it is only for you which my heart continues to beat."

Will heart beat rapidly and only for Hannibal, and now that he’d found the killing of such a rude person so exhilarating, he knew their bond would only grow. Will leaned up and nuzzled against Hannibal’s face with his own. “I want to do this with you next

time.”

A next time sounded pleasurable indeed. With a breathy sigh of contentment, Hannibal licked his lips. "Yes, next time we shall take our prey down together, Will," he promised, nuzzling back and running his hands down the planes of muscle on his mate's back.

“I had to know I could do it, that I didn’t rely on you to do the worst for me,” Will whispered, gazing into Hannibal’s eyes.

"That is as it should be, dear boy," Hannibal whispered back, his hand gently holding Will's chin, eyes locked onto sea-blues. "The lamb has become a lion. I could not be more pleased than I am now."

Will smiled a little brighter, feeling as though he was finally becoming what he was meant to be, not what he had paraded around as after Hannibal left him. “Let’s finish up, I’m starved.”

"Agreed, I am quite hungry myself," Hannibal smiled back and kissed Will on the lips once, softly before releasing his hold. The doctor turned and resumed wrapping the meat, and helped his mate finish with the body.

Once they finished, they went up stairs to the kitchen to prep the meal of Will’s first kill. “What are we making?”

"I was thinking a simple kidney pie, with red and yellow beets and layered chevre," Hannibal answered, placing the meat into the freezer that he would use later, keeping the kidneys out. "It’s serve in a pastry shell, quite delicious."

“Okay. How can I help?” Will only knew how to serve fish and veggies, mostly.

"You may remove the fat from the kidneys or slice the beets," Hannibal suggested, tying on his apron, hands already clean. "The kidneys will then be ground up, and the herbs added after that."

“Show me how to remove the fat?” Will asked, getting another apron and then tying it around himself. “I don’t want to damage them.”

Hannibal nodded, smiling a bit. He sat out the two kidneys, and handed Will a knife, and began showing him exactly how to remove the fat. "In this instance, it will be ground in the grinder, so you can not damage them, but for future reference it is good that you inquired, dear boy."

“Oh, okay,” Will said, but he did want to be clear. He cleaned off the fatty tissue and then set them aside, and went to cutting the beats in thin slices.

"Perfect," Hannibal remarked, watching Will's progress as he took the two kidneys and put them into the grinder. "After that, if you would not mind setting the table and perhaps selecting a red for us?" Hannibal could do the rest, honestly, but he did love that his mate was helping him, it was nice to be able to do this together.

“What else?” Will asked, eager to please, eager to learn, as he set the beets aside.

"Apart from setting the table, and selecting a red, if you would like to set out the flour, that would be most helpful," Hannibal suggested, mixing the ground meat with the herbs he'd had ready. "Thank you for all of your assistance, William."

Will went to get the flour and then pulled down plates and silverware, setting the table. He got them glasses and then went to find a good red, something hearty, to go with dinner.

Hannibal watched Will, his eye always vigilant of his boy--young man-- and smiled to himself. His mate was truly growing into something phenomenal, he had many plans, many aspirations for what they might do together. All things in good time. Before too long, dinner was ready and Hannibal was bringing their dinner to the table. He announced it, once more and sat down, taking his fork in hand and wine glass in the other. "To your successful hunt, Mylimasis," he said, holding up his wine glass.

Seating himself and doing the same, Will touched their glasses together with a growing smile. “ Thank you.” He took a long sip.

“You're welcome, dear Will,” Hannibal said, taking a slow sip after inhaling. The doctor smiled at his Omega, and cut into his kidney pie. “Perhaps we can go look for another dog tomorrow? I do believe I promised you a few more, yes?”

Will grinned brightly, glad Hannibal remembered. “Yeah, you did.”

Hannibal grinned back, thinking to himself that it was worth the sacrifice to see his beloved smile in such a way. “Then so it shall be.” The Alpha took a bite of his food, humming and keeping his eyes on Will.

Will finally dug into his piece of kidney pie, and hummed around his fork, wondering if it tasted so much better because of what he’d done to get it. A lot like fishing. “Thank you.”

Hannibal nodded in response, his eyes crinkling at the corners as he smiled around his fork. It was a delicious meal indeed, Will had brought home their supper, ah how he had grown.

Chapter 17

Chapter by 11Mydesign11, AchillesLament (11Mydesign11), Destinyawakened

Chapter Notes

> This is it for these two, we hope you enjoyed the ride, and if not, hey that's cool too. Comments and kudos are always loved if you did! Give us a follow on TUMBLR! Please see end of fic for inspiration song title for this fic. If you haven't guessed already the movie as well.

“I *have* to go to this charity event with you?” Will asked, but before Hannibal said anything else he leaned in against his Alpha’s side. “Do *we* have to go?” Will withstood a lot of things, but charity events were boring. At least he could drink at these events now, which might make it a tad more tolerable.

"I would appreciate you being at my side, William," Hannibal answered, looking at his Omega. "It's for appearances, more than anything else." Of course the doctor planned on donating a sizable amount to the cause, but the truth was all of the elite of Florence would be there, and if he were to come alone, well, that would look poorly on the two.

Will huffed as he tugged on the sleeves of the dress shirt and slipped the cufflinks on. He had not worn a nice suit since he was nineteen. “What do I get for going?”

Hannibal quirked a barely there brow at that, a smirk playing on his lips as put on his shoes. His double breasted tan suit already on by this point, so he mostly just watched his boy get ready. "What would you like, hm?"

Will shrugged his shoulder as he slipped on his suit jacket and then his well polished shoes. “I’ll think about it.”

"By all means, please do," the Alpha said, standing up and smoothing out his suit. "I appreciate the company, in any case, Mylimasis."

Will gave Hannibal is own tie, as an offer to help him get the knot just right, as Will still had trouble with that one. “Don’t leave me by myself.”

"Never," Hannibal promised, and then took the tie, wrapping it gently around Will's collar and beginning to tie it. He took the opportunity to scent his mate at the proximity while he worked. A minute later and he'd tied the perfect Windsor knot. "There we are. You look very handsome, Will. A shame we have somewhere to be."

Will leaned up and kissed Hannibal’s high cheek bone. “We could always skip out…”

Hannibal gently grasped Will's jaw, and leaned down to kiss him properly. "Tempting, my cunning boy, but I'm afraid I must resist. That is, until we return tonight."

Will whined just a little, a bit from his throat as he tried his best to coax his Alpha into staying behind tonight, merely looking up at him with big blue eyes, lashing batted.

The Alpha answered with a low growl, one of need more than discipline. He backed Will slowly against the wall, his lips curled into a slight snarl. Pressing against the younger of the two, he nosed against the scent gland there, and then kissed up to those rosy lips. Will had such sway over him, he was the doctor's one weakness. "William," Hannibal breathed, "you are being quite naughty."

“Punish me now then,” Will groaned, knowing he could get away with this, that Hannibal would take him, and they’d be late or forget the whole thing if Will was able to keep his Alpha’s attentions long enough.

Hannibal looked into Will's eyes, lips ghosting. He pressed his groin into the Omega's, feigning that he might give in...and then he stepped back completely, a full pace. "Punishment, yes, I will need you to remove your pants and boxers, quickly please," he ordered, gently, eyes narrowed before turning to walk over to the dresser.

“What?” Will’s eyes seemed to dim a little, but still hopeful as he dropped trow all together as Hannibal asked.

"I do not like to repeat myself, dear boy," Hannibal said, still gentle as he gathered something into his hand. "You suggested punishment, and since you were naughty, trying to make us late, I think it is rather a fitting idea." With this, the Alpha turned around, letting Will see what he had in mind before speaking of it.

Will watched Hannibal's hand, seeing the plug shaped thing, and blinked, a frown forming on his face. "You mean to torture me."

"Quite the opposite. It will allow for you to have a more...enjoyable time," Hannibal remarked, stepping closer, and licking his lips. "Bend over, please."

Pants around his ankles, Will bent over, his ass pert and round toward Hannibal, feeling just a little bit ashamed. "Like this?"

Hannibal ran his hand over that beautiful behind, and gave it a smack on each cheek to show his approval. "Perfect, Will, yes," he praised, rubbing over Will's slick hole, massaging there. "Relax for me."

Will pressed hands into the wall, swallowing hard as he imagined how horrible this was going to be not to fall apart and come at the event. "I'm trying."

The Alpha inserted his finger, working him open enough to accommodate the toy, pressing against William's prostate. A bit of pleasure, but not too much, he'd thought to himself, keeping an eye on the time. "You're doing well, darling boy, Daddy's very pleased. Are you ready, hm?"

Will breathed out, relaxing even more now as his head hung. "Yes, daddy…"

Hannibal hummed at that and pressed the tip of the plug to Will's twitching hole once he'd removed his finger. "Good boy." He slowly pushed in, little by little, until it was seated as far as it could go. "How does that feel?" he asked, guiding his mate to stand up straight.

Will was flushed crimson. He swallowed hard and pulled his pants up and did up his belt. He looked at Hannibal, feeling like a young teen on the day they met all over again. "It's okay…" He had to concentrate not to let his dick get hard, or his ass leak.

The Alpha pulled Will into an embrace, letting his hands wander to the Omega's cheeks, where he pressed just a bit to move the plug inside. A small taste of the things to come. "Good, and remember, you are not to come, not unless I say...should you fail at this, the punishment when we return will be far more severe," he smiled, releasing William finally. "Shall we?"

"That's all this does? Sit… up in there?" Will asked, innocently, frowning a little more as Hannibal seemed to be enjoying himself.

Hannibal's lips twitched into a cunning smile, before he guided his mate into the living room. "All things revealed in good time, William," he said, elusively, having pocketed something else along with his wallet.

Will sighed and took Hannibal's arm, walking very oddly at first, trying not to let the thing slip out, but once he realized it was not going anywhere, he loosened up a bit.

The doctor lead them out of the house, and into the car, starting it up once they were buckled up. After a half hours drive of mostly small talk and occasional silences, he pulled up in front of the event, at the valet. "I will need to greet a few of my colleagues, William, but again I will not take leave of your side," Hannibal said, as he opened the door to get out. He left the car running for the valet and strode over to open the door for his boy, offering his arm right away.

Will took Hannibal's arm again, clearly uncomfortable and flushed, gripping onto him tightly. "Okay…" He wasn't listen more than he was concentrating.

Hannibal kept a keen eye on his boy, gauging his reactions, his breathing, and his scent as they walked inside.

"Doctor Fell," a portly Beta woman greeted first, "This must be the young man you keep raving about, he is handsome."

"Yes, my Michael is quite astounding," Hannibal beamed, looking over at Will and then back to her. "We appreciate the invitation to the event, and look forward to contributing, don't we, darling?" Hannibal asked Will, his hand in his suit pocket, flicking the silent motor of the plug in his mate's ass on, on the lowest setting just for a brief second.

Will opened his mouth to reply, but all that came out was a gasped and he swallowed it back down quickly with a nod of his head. He squeezed his hand around Hannibal's bicep with a look. "Yes."

Hannibal smiled, looking at Will before he turned back to Mrs. Porter. She didn't seem to notice anything, far too concerned with her social standing at the moment than anything else but she offered them both a smile.

"If you'll excuse us, we are going to find our seats," Hannibal said, politely, and then lead Will to their table. It was in the back, in the corner, somewhat dark though the candles lit the area just enough so he could look at his mate's face. "As I had said before,

Will, all things revealed in good time."

Will was panting slightly, swallowing hard when he had to sit *down*. He crossed his legs under the table to try and keep himself still. “Yes, sir.”

"Good boy, you're doing well," Hannibal whispered, wrapping his hand around the back of the Omega's neck, gently, playing with his hairline and feeling his pulse. People were starting to sit down, champagne being passed around as the speak set up his mic. "Would you like some champagne?"

From fishing and mundane conversations with Molly, to lavish parties and sex toys with Hannibal; it was enough to make Will’s head spin to wondering if this was real at all. He swallowed hard, and shifted in his seat, a reminder it was very real as the toy pressed tight into his hole.

“Please.”

The elegant doctor nodded, and gestured the waiter over. He thanked him and took two flutes, setting one before Will. Before his mate could reach for it, however, he clicked on the motor of the plug again, on lower but this time, he did not shut it right off as he had before. Hannibal then, casually raised his own glass and took a pleased sip. "Do enjoy your champagne, dearest."

Will made a low sound in his throat, swallowing hard as his hand shook, trying to keep in control, and took the flute of champagne. “Th-thank you.”

"Of course," Hannibal said, quietly, scenting the air subtly. The speaker began, announcing a singer which would be performing shortly. The Alpha, decided to kick the intensity up just another notch on the plug, his free hand now resting on Will's thigh.

Will downed the drink and set the flute on the table, wrenching his hands together roughly as he tried to be very, very still. “How long is this?” he whispered, his body starting to get warm like fire spreading through him.

"It depends, usually no more than an hour or two," Hannibal whispered back, "though it can go longer, should people stay and socialize." The lady began singing, a beautiful operatic piece. Then the auction would come after that. The Alpha clicked off the motor, for the duration of the song, also wanting to draw the game out.

Will relaxed and slumped forward a little against the table with a swallow. He snagged another champagne, this time to try and sip. “How long have we been here,” he whispered again half way through the song.

"Around half an hour," Hannibal answered, quietly, taking another pull from his flute and setting it back down onto the white linen table cloth. As the song concluded, and the auctioneer started preparing to get set up, the Alpha turned the motor back on to the highest setting. It would be interesting to see if the boy could keep from coming.

A low mewling sound came from Will as he tried to keep it down, hands on either side of his chair, trying to ease up off the pressure, but the vibration made little difference to that. He shot Hannibal a hefty, irritated look through thick lashes.

The doctor let it persist for a minute longer before shutting it off yet again. Leaning over, he kissed Will's jaw, his own cock half hard in his trousers. It was unavoidable with the scent of his mate's arousal filling his nostrils. Just after that, the auctioneer started with a beautiful painting, Achilles Lamenting the Death of Patroclus by Nikolai Ge. The bidding opened at one-hundred thousand, which Hannibal accepted, looking over at Will with a smile.

Will groaned, mostly unheard, and shifted once more in his chair, trying to only pay attention to what it was Hannibal was buying. The young man was flustered and annoyed at the moment, but his need was so strong, he could smell his own scent wafting about, sure others would soon detect it too.

In a way, the doctor wanted Will's scent to be noticed, he was one for exhibitionism. So he continued the bidding war, one hand toying with the remote control, the other gesturing to increase the cost. It seemed to flow into a rhythm, the intensity of the price increasing and of the toy in his mate's ass. Delightful on all accounts.

The higher it got, the harder it was on the young Omega not to make a sound. His eyes pleaded for Hannibal to stop, until finally Will stood, shoving away from the table, and sped off to the bathroom, locking it behind him.

Hannibal clicked off the remote and finished his bidding, and then excused himself to follow after Will. He tried to door, and when he couldn't get in, he knocked, thankful that the bathrooms were well out of the way from the public eye. "Open the door, please."

Will panted against the door, back to it, trying to center himself. “No.”

Hannibal considered turning on the motor again, seeing as he was now within range to do so, but decided against it, for now. "You were aware of what was to occur tonight, mostly. I insist you open the door. Perhaps some relief will find you if you do and if not..."

“You never said you’d be cruel and subject me to that publicly for so long,” Will said, but he didn’t open the door, he felt a tad humiliated, sure that everyone could smell him.

"I did not intend to be cruel, I assure you," Hannibal stated, honestly. He had hoped to help Will reach new heights, test his limits in pleasurable ways. "My apologies. You may remove it, if you'd like. I will leave you in peace and return to my seat." He wouldn’t force anything but he didn’t leave yet either.

It was fun to a point, but now Will was well on his way to being drawn over the edge of pleasure, and he couldn’t get the thing out without feeling as though he would explode. He unlocked the door.

Upon hearing the door unlock, Hannibal opened it and stepped inside, locking it behind him. "William, I ultimately never do something you do not wish. You could have asked me to stop, and I would have."

“Would you really? Or do you like seeing what happens maybe?” Will asked, well aware of Hannibal’s games, he also knew how to get to Hannibal to get what he wanted.

Hannibal did enjoy games, but he was not someone who forced things of a sexual nature, not truly, if it wasn't wanted. "I was curious about what would happen, how you might respond to tonight's events, however, I stand by what I said."

“And how was my performance?” Will asked, brow raised, still squirming at the thing shoved up his ass.

"More or less how I anticipated. I wanted to give you pleasure, Will, more than anything else," Hannibal answered, his hands in his pockets. He watched Will squirm as he'd spoken, finally removing one hand from it's place to touch his mate's shoulder. "Would you like me to help you with that?"

Will instinctively craned his head, gland presented to his mate, submitting to him. “Yes, please.”

Hannibal leaned in and nosed along Will's gland, kissing there for just a moment before righting his posture. Gently, he undid his mate's pants and slid them down. "If you would bend over, I will be more than happy to assist you, Mylimasis."

“Are you going to fuck me?” Will asked, heady with need, wanton, as he bent over just slightly, nosing against Hannibal’s neck.

"I would love nothing more than to do that very thing, take you right over the counter, my boy," Hannibal growled, deeply, his want for his mate being made apparent where it had been pushed back. He reached around gently removed the plug, slick dripping out as he did.

Will reached for the counter then, thighs spread for his mate. “Please…”

The Alpha undid his pants, freeing his cock from the confines there, and pumped it twice. Licking his lips, he moved his free hand to spread his Omega's cheeks and lined his thick glistening cock head up with his lover's hole. Hannibal wasted no time and slammed inside, to the hilt with a feral groan.

Fingers clenched into the counter, Will pushed back, meeting every thrust with a wanton roll of his hips. “Oh fuck, Hannibal-!”

"Will," Hannibal grunted, gripping the other's hips and piston hard into him over and over. "You are perfect." The Alpha knew that they wouldn't be heard, not with the auction still going on and the loud chatter of the mindless sheep who were enjoying it.

“Did you win your painting?” Will breathed out, huffing each word against the counter top.

"Yes, Indeed I did," Hannibal panted back, sweat starting to form in a fine sheen on his brow, his fringe clinging to his skin. He bent down, at the knees, just enough so he could hit Will's almond shaped gland as he jack hammered into him.

“Good-” Will gasped, starting to feel himself build with heat, and it wouldn’t be too long with how Hannibal had teased him. “Like that, more…”

"Like this, dear boy, hm?" Hannibal rasped, increasing his pace but keeping the angle how Will liked. Fingernails went down his Omega's back, leaving raised pink streaks in their way, his heart pounded as he fucked his beloved. It wouldn't be long for him either, having been more aroused than he'd lead himself on to be.

A low keening whine erupted from Will’s chest, and he gasped out, working on fist over his own cock as he came, in his own palm and the counter. “Hannibal…”

Hannibal all but howled as Will came, slick gushing over his cock. He continued his sinful assault, thrusting in harder and harder, his orgasm approaching and knot throbbing. "I do not wish to knot you in such a place..." He panted, preparing to pull out at any minute, leaving it up to Will where he wanted his seed to go.

Will lips his lips, wiping his hand on a towel and tossed it quickly, before looking over his shoulder. “On me. Let me taste you.”

"I would like that, very much," Hannibal murmured, his breath ragged as he met Will's gaze. With a nod he pulled out, and started to stroke his cock, waiting for his beloved to get where he wanted to be.

Will dropped to his knees, head canted up toward Hannibal and leaned in to lick his cock, and the taste of his own slick juices off of it with a little moan. He opened mouth, tongue out, big blue eyes gazing up at his Alpha, begging for Hannibal to unload on him.

Hannibal growled, low and throaty, his other hand holding Will's head gently. He pumped his dick, his dark eyes burning into his Omega's. His chest heaved, and body tensed. It was with a tightening of his grip that he alerted his lover that he was about to come. With one last stroke, he saw white, gobs of come spurting out of his tip, onto Will's tongue, some splashing on the boy's face in the process. "Will-"

Will closed his eyes, taking it all in, and licked his lips once before leaning forward to sucked the rest from Hannibal's tip, making sure he got every last drop before letting go. "Mm, daddy…" he whispered, wiping the rest from his face.

Such a beautiful sight it was, watching his boy in this way. Hannibal let out a slow sigh of pleasure and then helped Will stand, pulling him in for a kiss after that. "My beautiful boy, my William." He finally let him go, so he could tuck himself back into his pants and straighten out his attire. "We need only stay long enough to retrieve the painting and then we may leave, if you'd like?"

Will nodded, far less pent up now, he was bound to be a little nicer about it. He'd gotten what he wanted, played his Alpha perfectly. He tucked himself back in and gave Hannibal the plug back. "You get to decide how we get that home unseen."

Only one person could fool Hannibal, and that was Will. Nonetheless, they had both gotten what they wanted, in their own way. "We will purchase another," he said, simply and wrapped it in a paper towel, placing it into the trash after that. There was really no other way to conceal it, apart from being in Will's ass.

"You didn't want a turn?" Will asked, coyly.

"Perhaps...another time," Hannibal smiled, his head canted curiously. His boy was full of wonderful little surprises. "Have you thought of such things? Would it please you?"

"Aren't you curious?" Will left the item there though and took Hannibal's hand instead.

"You assume I've never experimented in such ways?" Hannibal smiled, looking over at Will, squeezing his hand as they walked out the bathroom door. "Not with others, but by myself, I mean. I would be open to such things, should you wish."

"I mean… sure?" Will said quietly as they walked out, hand in hand, as if nothing happened.

"Then we will," Hannibal said, just a quiet as they strolled out back into the thick of the event. The Alpha didn't mind doing new things with his boy, even if it meant a little temporary role reversal. He lead them back to their seat, so they could wait out the rest of the auction, still holding Will's hand. "Another fifteen minutes and it should be over."

Will waited for Hannibal to sit, and then seated himself across his lap, arms draped languidly over his shoulders. He nuzzled against his lap, far less distressed, as a purr resonated through his chest, soft and low.

The Alpha purred back, quietly, and deeply, arms going around Will's waist. Hannibal loved having his beloved on his lap like that, relished knowing he was his. "You are the most stunning creature in this room," he murmured, paying more attention to his Omega than anyone or anything else.

Everyday was a struggle for Will to believe Hannibal was keeping him, that he belonged and would not be thrown out. Times like this made easier to trust his Alpha. Will smiled and nuzzled Hannibal's neck. "And all yours."

"I should hope so, my darling boy," Hannibal crooned, taking Will's face between his palms, kissing his lips softly. "I am all yours, now and forever." He knew his mate still struggled, with various things, but one thing was for certain, he would never, *ever*let him go again.

Finally, the auction ended, and Hannibal nuzzled into Will once more. "I believe we can collect our painting and be on our way."

"Good. I want to curl up with you by the fireplace," Will said, slipping off Hannibal's lap, taking his hand.

Hannibal smiled, and stood up, squeezing Will's hand. "That sounds positively wonderful, my love," Hannibal hummed and then lead his beloved over to collect the painting he'd bought for two-hundred thousand dollars.

"Where are putting it?" Will asked as the bill was paid and the painting handed over.

"I was thinking in the study, or the sitting room," Hannibal answered, holding the painting as they started to leave.

Will walked along side Hannibal slowly. “Sitting room.”

"Then so it shall be," Hannibal hummed, loving that his boy was giving input on decor. He lead them out to the valet, and gave the man the ticket, his arms going around Will's waist right after that. "Thank you, for attending tonight, William."

“My pleasure,” Will murmured, hugging Hannibal back once before getting into the car when it pulled up.

Hannibal tipped the valet and put the painting in the trunk before getting in, buckling up and heading for home.

A half hour later and the Alpha was parking in the garage, having enjoyed the quiet intimacy of the ride back together. With the engine killed, he undid his belt and got out, handing Will the keys to unlock the door.

"Would you like some wine, or something else perhaps?"

“What else have we got?” Will asked, jogging get ahead to unlock the door and push it open for Hannibal. Hannibal thanked Will, retrieving the painting once more and inside they went.

“Whiskey, bourbon, and port,” Hannibal answered, smiling at his beautiful Omega. He sat the painting down for now, and took off his jacket, hanging it on the coat rack and then walked over to help Will with his.

“Bourbon?” Will asked, shucking off his coat for Hannibal, and then undid his suit jacket with a little sigh of relief.

"If that is what you would prefer," Hannibal stated, hanging up Will's jacket. Gesturing to the bedroom, the Alpha smiled. "I suggest we get comfortable first, yes?"

Will nodded and ran up the stairs to disrobe, carefully taking his suit off and hanging it back in the closet. He got into his nice satin pajamas Hannibal preferred him to wear when they lounged around the house.

Hannibal walked into the room, and started undressing, hanging his tux up after that. It would need to be dry cleaned, along with Will's suit. He also put on his satin pajamas, and his house shoes. "I'll get our drinks," he said, and leaned over to kiss his boy's mouth once.

Will smiled with a nod. “I’ll start the fire!” He slipped on his house shoes and headed down after Hannibal, but took the left instead, and lit up the fireplace, humming as the dogs scattered in, all seven of them now.

The Alpha doctor poured them each a glass of bourbon, smelling the scent of the wood as it began to burn in the other room. A perfect evening, he thought to himself, walking into the sitting room after that.

"Here you are, Mylimasis," Hannibal said, offering Will the glass of brown liquid, a charming smile on his face as he took his seat on the sofa.

Will gathered his feet under himself, sitting next to Hannibal and curling up to his side. “Thank you.” He took his glass and a small sip from it.

“You're welcome, Will.” Hannibal wrapped an arm around his Omega and took a languid pull from his own. He looked at the boy, noting how the glow from the fire illuminated his exquisite features. “I find that even a charity event is made enjoyable, with you at my side.”

“You would have had fun without or without me,” Will whispered, nuzzling Hannibal’s neck, over the light scarring he’d given the doctor years ago, his own claim on the Alpha.

Hannibal canted his head to the side, giving Will room to do as he pleased. As a rule he enjoyed life to the fullest, but far more since Will had entered into the picture, years ago. "It would not have been the same, without you, be assured of that, dear boy."

“Of course not, no one to toy with and have exciting sex in the bathroom with either,” Will grinned as he kissed Hannibal’s jaw.

"Ah, William, such a way with words, however, yes, you are correct," Hannibal chuckled, and turned to capture his Omega's lips, nipping on the lower one. "You found the thrill of being in a public setting to be exciting. We could explore that further sometime, if you’d like?"

“Like?” Will asked, head canted slightly as he tipped it back to look at Hannibal. “Like what?”

Hannibal took another drink of his bourbon and thought to himself for a bit. "Near the ocean, or amongst the trees," he said, eyeing Will to gauge his reaction. "I could bring you to your release in a room full of crowded people, they would never know, or they might, which would be all the more thrilling, would it not?"

"You’d want people to see?” Will blinked, brows furrowed.

"Certainly not directly, I would have no one viewing you in such a way." Hannibal's lips curled into a snarl at the thought. "There are many ways with which I could bring you pleasure, in public, without being seen. It would be up to you, to control your responses to that. Do you wish to be seen?"

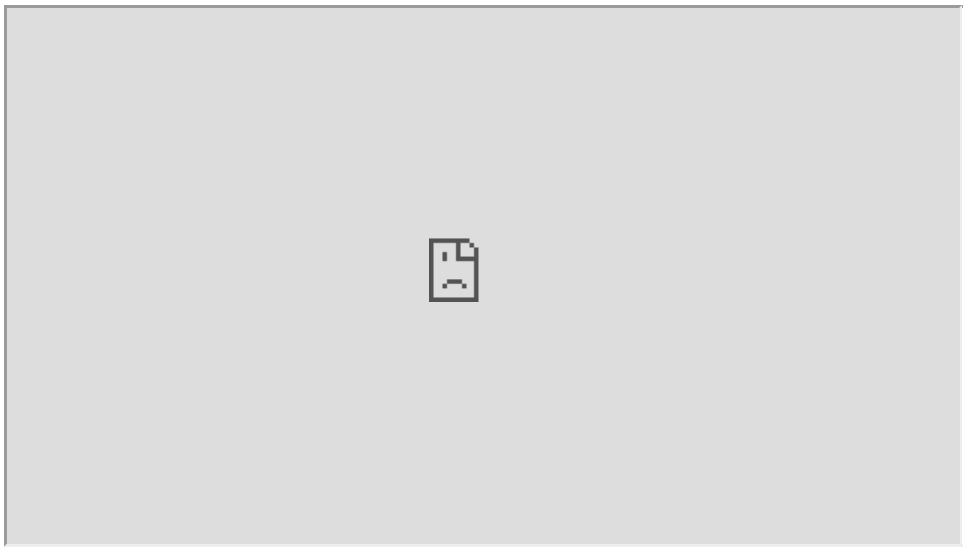
“I don’t want another accident like what almost happened today,” Will whispered, taking another sip of his drink and curling around Hannibal, nuzzling against him anywhere he could, putting his scent on him.

Hannibal sat his drink down and wrapped his arms around Will, nuzzling him back to scent mark him as well. "No, of course not," he purred, deeply, becoming delightfully distracted with how his Omega was on him.

Will set down his own drink and crawled into Hannibal lap, arms around his shoulders, nose to nose. “I’m only yours.”

"Good," Hannibal murmured, his hands resting on the small of Will's back. "I belong only you, no one else could catch my attention, William. You...overpower me, in your own way."

“I know,” Will said, kissing Hannibal’s lips slowly, eyes half closed as he enjoyed their warmth together, their connection that even in the years apart, had never stopped being.



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